Nov. 20, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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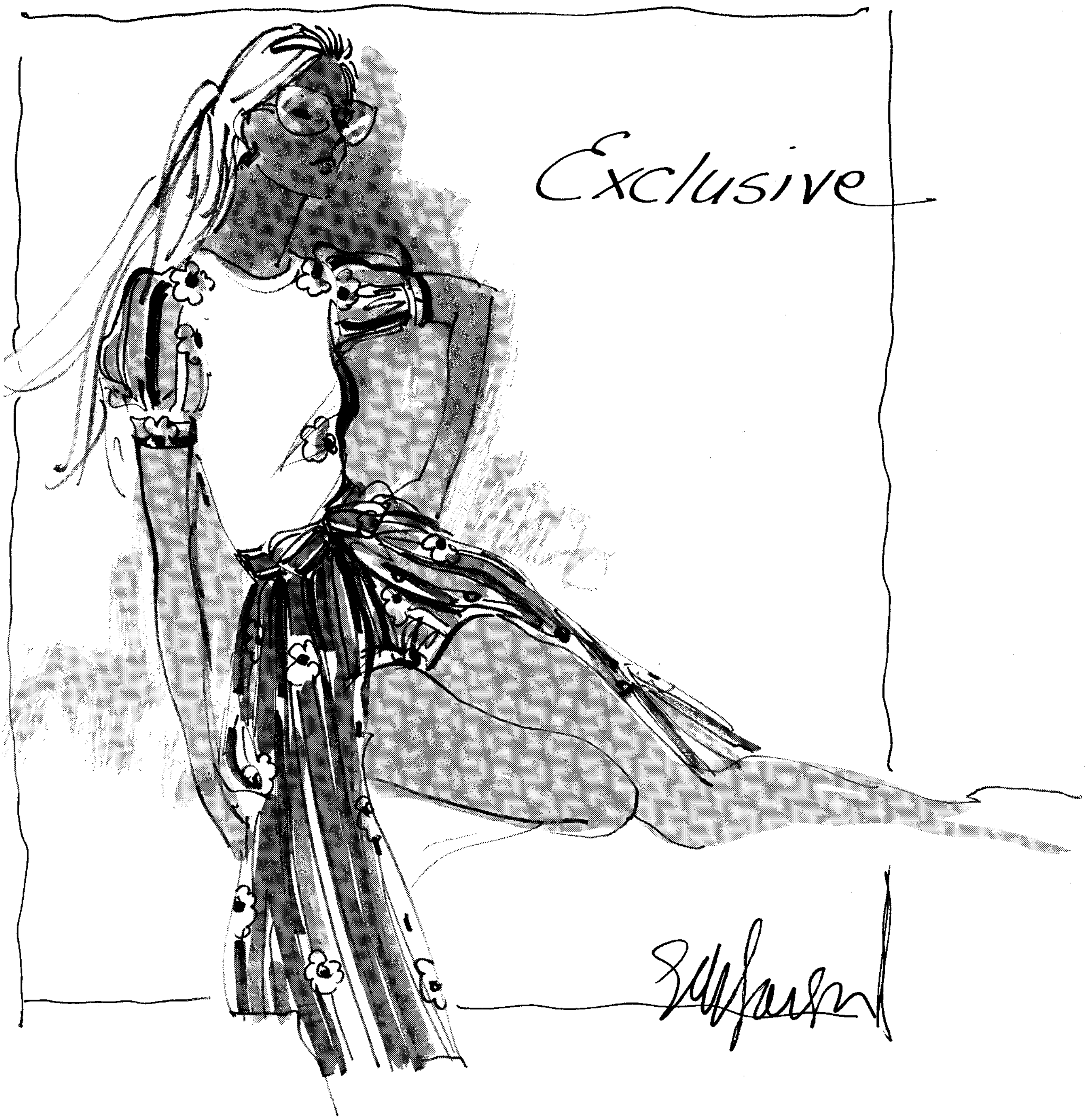

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The form is nightmare, and the sufferings of the audience, which is manhandled in various ways, are greater—or at least more immediate—than those of the prisoners on the stage. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 22nd St. 673-5470, from 4 to 8. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Richard Fariña: Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone—A play with music, adapted by Nancy Greenwald from the stories and poems of the late writer and folksinger. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 473-9698. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

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Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30;

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COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

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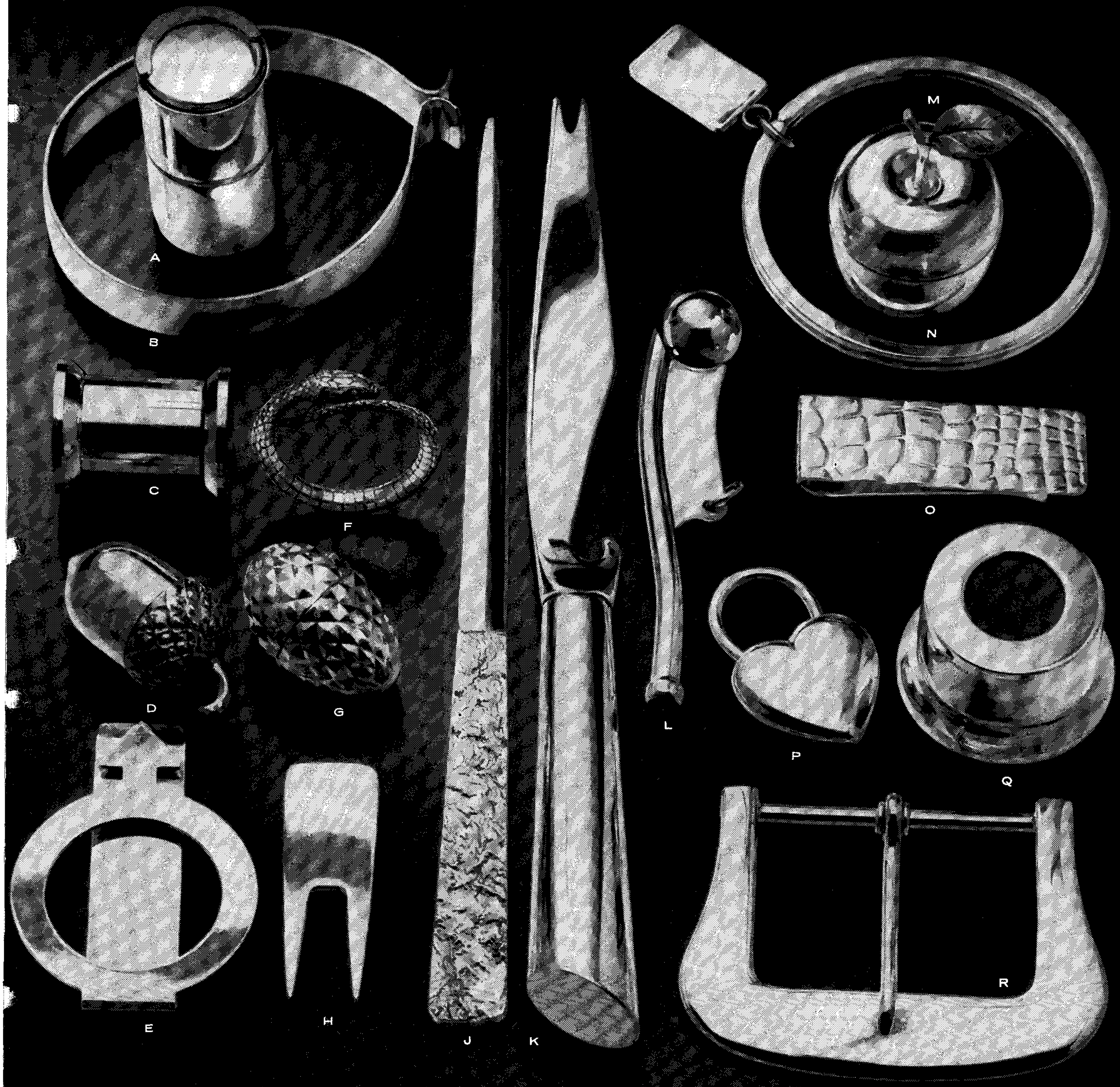

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			17	18	19	20
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Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. *Matinées Sundays at 3.)*

The Master Builder—Even this shallow, lacklustre production cannot dim Ibsen's blazing play, in a bright translation by Michael Meyer. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—Harold Pinter's new play, starring Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. Directed by Peter Hall. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. Directed by Yossi Yzraely. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 21, except Friday, Nov. 19, and Wednesday matinée, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 22. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

On the Town—Little remains alive in this old musical except the Leonard Bernstein score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 9:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Schiller's **MARY STUART**, translated and adapted by Stephen Spender, with Nancy Marchand and Salome Jens. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Athol Fugard's play **PEOPLE ARE LIVING THERE**, with Estelle Parsons and Leonard Frey. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer—An Israeli musical. Bouncy and aggressive and ho-hum. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia Plus Iphigenia in Concert—From London, a musical adapted by Doug Dyer from Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," with a score by Peter Link performed by a rock chorus of women. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Terrence McNally's episodic comedy about the one-man rebellion against our society of a compulsive prankster and émigré to this city from St. Petersburg, Florida. The play lacks the force and bite of true satire, but it is quite entertaining most of the time. With Robert Drivas and, among other strong supporting actors, F. Murray Abraham. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Vivian Blaine, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,589 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,807 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 2,985 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays, except Nov. 23, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,493 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,233 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** John Guare's farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival *of that immortal work of the twenties.* With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Musical hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... ***1776:*** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Four Last Songs," "La Source," "Tarantella," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1" (formerly called "Reveries"), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 1," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Four Last Songs," "La Sonnambula," "In the Night," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Source," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—A one-week engagement of The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" as a curtain-raiser. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, at 8; Friday, Nov. 19, at 6:30 and 10; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 7.)

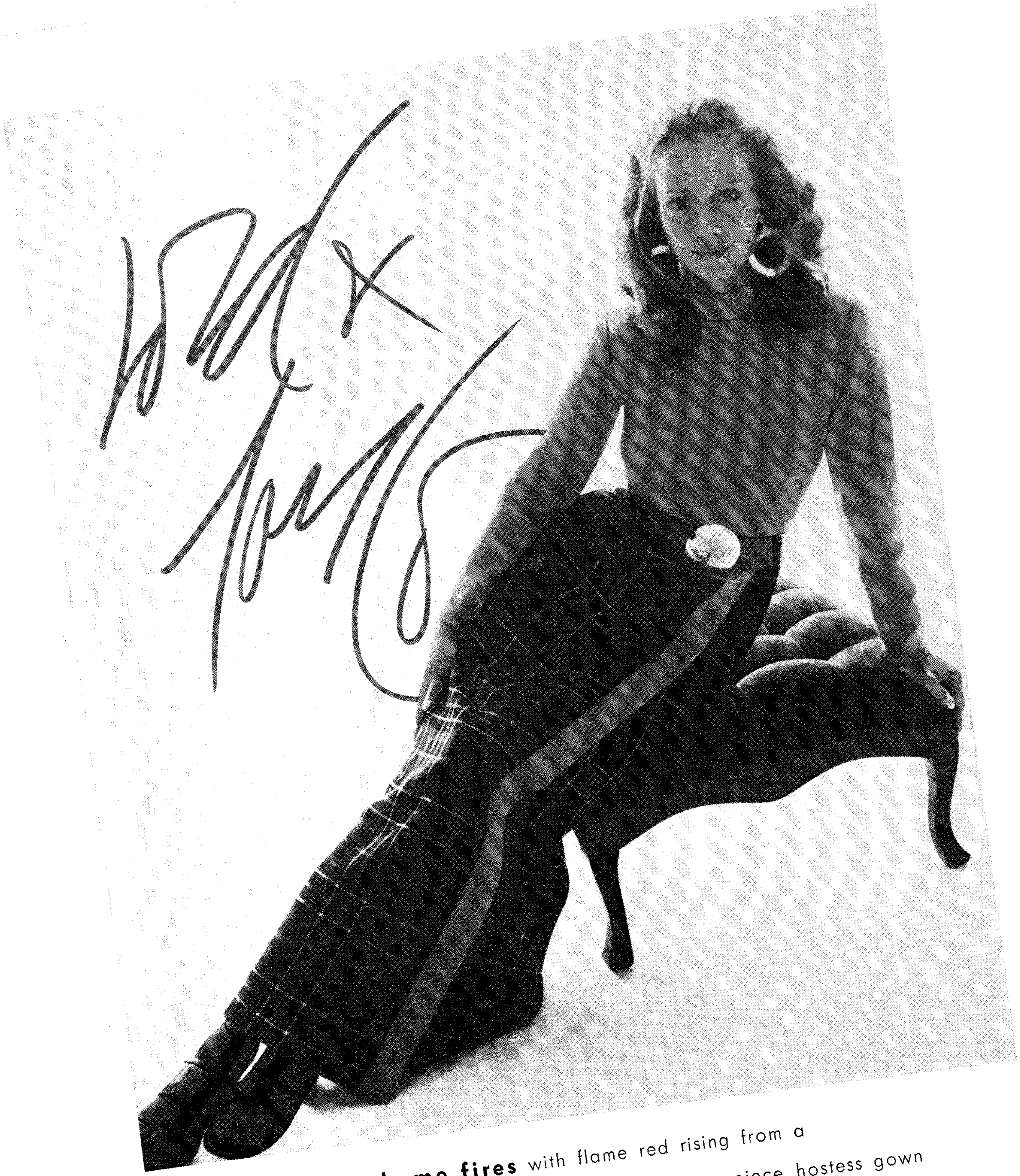
Sierra Leone National Dance Company—A company of forty singers, musicians, and dancers in a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 7:30.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of *fifty dancers, singers, and musicians.* (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Ext. 254, between 9 and 5.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 5—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 25, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Renard," "Firebird," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Les Fleurs du Mal," "Nomos Alpha," and "Bhakti." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

F.T.A.—A benefit show performed by Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Dick Gregory, Nina



Fan the home fires with flame red rising from a green-navy-red wrap skirt. Our wonderful one-piece hostess gown in wool-nylon with a medallion-buckled belt, sizes 8 to 16, 65.00 Fourth Floor negligees, Lord & Taylor—WIsconsin 7-3300 (24 hours a day). And all Lord & Taylor stores.

Robert Randall

Simone, Faye Dunaway, Ben Vereen, and Ossie Davis. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. For tickets, call 924-8032.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. Through Monday, Nov. 22, comic Albert Brooks will share the stage with Gary Wright, who used to be Spooky Tooth's keyboard man and who now is doing a singing, playing single. Singer Shawn Phillips will replace Wright on Wednesday, Nov. 24. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 17, pianist Bob Sardo and bassist Bruce Johnson; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 18-21, the Bobby Timmons trio; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 22-23, pianist Dottie Stallworth; Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 24-28, the Bobby Timmons trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20, pianist Michael Abene will work with a bass player. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—An old friend, the acoustical guitar, in the hands of little Anita Sheer, who is acoustical herself, mostly in the Latin languages, for which she and her instrument are eminently qualified. Sammy Price, living in the great years of our boogie-woogie past, takes frequent whacks at the piano. This all goes on from eight to one as far as Saturday, Nov. 20. On Sunday, Nov. 21, Cyril Haynes sits in on piano, seven to midnight; on Monday, Nov. 22, Marian McPartland, blithe and brilliant, begins a long run on piano, aided and abetted by a bass player. Thereafter, Sundays will belong to Mr. Price. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffeehouses have their ups and downs, but so far this one has had more of the former. A variety of musical types play jazz, rock, and many things in between. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 17-21, guitarist Bill Matthews—who plays de Falla and so forth like an Andalusian breeze—will trade sets with the Sam Brown duo. Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 24-28, guitarist Joe Puma—who ought to be much better known than he is—will work with a bassist. Activity from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Saxophonist Buddy Tate will lead a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 21. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, reed man James Moody will bring in a foursome. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band takes charge. Light Italian dishes are available.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Spunky and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays and Saturdays, is bassist Jamil Sulliman. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in.

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Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 18-21, Roy Ayers' Ubiquity will be on the stand. Soul-food dinners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, the Sonny Henry trio will be on the stand. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, the Jimmy Heath quartet will take turns with the Henry group, and Sunday, Nov. 21, the Heath men will play alone. Monday through Thursday, Nov. 22-25, the Henry trio will be up again, and it will alternate on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, with Roy Ayers' Ubiquity. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Through Sunday, Nov. 21, drummer Max Roach will be in charge of a quintet; on Tuesday, Nov. 23, Charles Mingus, known for his towering musicality and strong opinions, will come in with a fivesome. Closed Mondays.

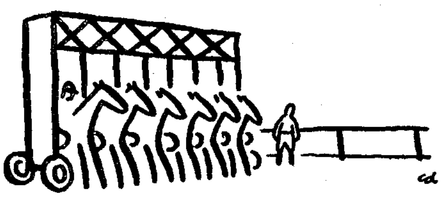
Trude Heller's, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark is moving jazzward. Blues singer Joe Lee Wilson and the Reggie Moore trio alternate with some musical hybrids known as the Midnight Sun. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Mose Allison leads his bluesish trio until Tuesday, Nov. 23, when Bill Evans will come along with his glassy piano, a drummer, and a bassist. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp has charms, alternates with the regulars. Mondays, all these people are absent, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Pianist Chick Corea, who used to work with Miles Davis, leads a quintet Friday through Sunday, Nov. 19-21. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, Rahsaan Roland Kirk—a *sui generis* reedster—brings in his sextet. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18. Mondays are reserved for the powerful seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Nov. 21, Roy Eldridge will drop in to play trumpet. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch. Activity until three-thirty every night.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Transmogrification becomes the old Yellowfinger's. Now great bunches of pseudo-grapes hang from the ceiling, and there is a groaning board of cheese and fruit and things. The drinks, the sound system, the discs, and the dancing are right in there where they always were. Open from three on Sundays, from five other days. Closed Mondays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (335-2500)—A little of this, a little of that, a little peculiar. When the old Motown records aren't spinning, some jazz people are up there playing—Dee Felice and the Mixed Feelings through Saturday, Nov. 20. Then on Monday, Nov. 22, Earl Hines—who just isn't heard around here often enough—brings in a combo, and nothing else really matters. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (during the making of that cinematic pound cake "Cleopatra," for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly the Vix performs, until Monday, Nov. 22, when singer Clint Holmes and the Bacchanal take over. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

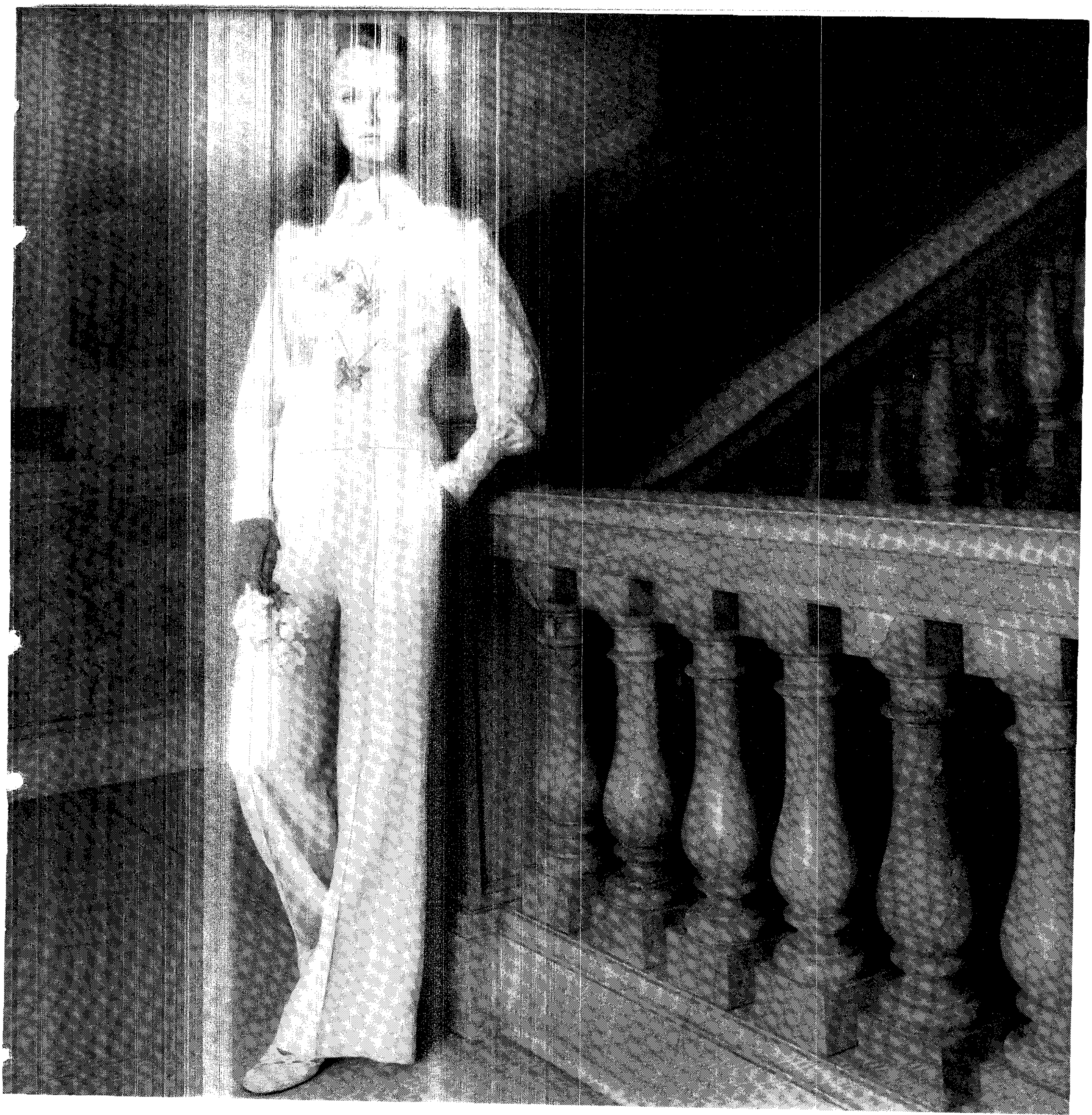
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The ceaseless patter of tiny Castilian feet, all of them the lower extremities of La Zambra, a collection of flamenco buffs. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Frank Fontaine, an early settler of this town who is now in his second (or is it third?) anecdotage, will stop talking about Crazy Guggenheim on Wednesday, Nov. 17; next evening, in comes Dick Capri, a considerable merrymaker, along with Jerry Vale, a sort of Johnny-One-Note, as tenor. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Only Tuesdays through Saturdays, however. The **CAFÉ,** though, equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is in midseason form, gliding blithely along on the music of Burt Farber's and Mark Monte's bands. At ten through the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday, John Rowles, a young Lochinvar, gives the East its first hearings of his balladry. On Monday, Nov. 22, another rearrangement: Myron Cohen's impressions of the Stephen Birmingham crowd, and Bobbi Martin's soprano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **PLAZA 9,** a revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven every night but Monday. Young though it is, it's old enough to have its own phone: PL 9-3933. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the grand rooftop, Helen O'Connell, an honor graduate of the Old School, sings the way she was brought up to sing, and sings well. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and there is dancing, to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—The life style here is hardly the life of Riley, but let it be recorded that Sy Oliver has his taut, tense, tantalizing earlier-days orchestra on the deck. Music from six to two Mondays through Saturdays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Godfrey Cambridge is taking everyone into his confidence during his dinner and supper speechmaking in the resplendent **MAISONETTE**—speechmaking of a quality superior to most of what we all have to put up with. The band run by George Cort provides the dance music, and the ambience has been there all along. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE,** across the way from the Maisonette. Gunnar Hansen, whose violin is part of the history of New York supper-club life, shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnny Mathis ends his dinner and supper sessions of cool, clear song in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Monday, Nov. 22; on Friday, Nov. 26, Anthony Newley, a singer, talker, performer who has what was once known as Style, moves in. Closed Sundays and Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 23-25.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

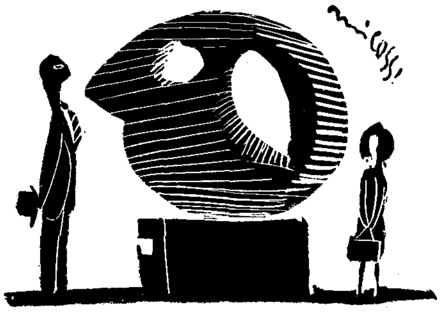
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sandy Baron, a mind at times too nimble for his old colleagues along Broadway, is the life of whatever party happens to be going on here. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven. No Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with voice and piano, done troubadour fashion, by Jerry Scott, from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Gone are the days of Southern comfort in Goldie's New York, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of the pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

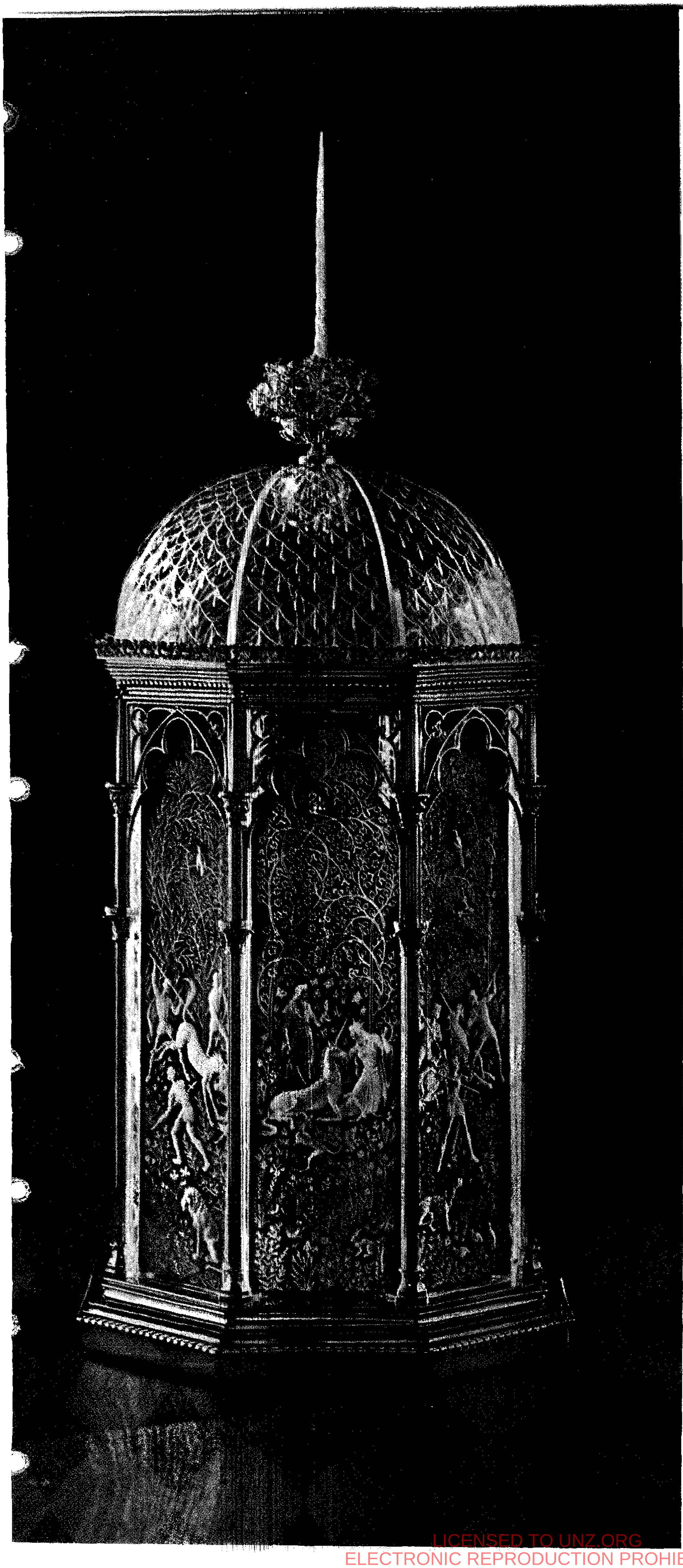
GALLERIES

Edward Avedisian—Large canvases with circular forms; through Dec. 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Bohrod—More of this veteran artist's hyperrealistic paintings of assembled objects; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Danenberg & Roman, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morris Broderson—Portraits and still-lifes by



THE UNICORN
AND
THE MAIDEN

"The Unicorn and the Maiden," which has taken more than two years to design and execute, is one of Steuben's great masterworks.

Inspired by the famous unicorn tapestries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is composed of engraved crystal mounted in eighteen karat white and green gold, ornamented with jewels and ivory.

An octagonal temple in Gothic style, "The Unicorn and the Maiden" stands 14½ inches high. Eight engraved crystal panels are set like tracery windows under the trefoil arches.

A bouquet of gold lilies and roses, studded with diamonds and sapphires, crowns the domed roof. From its center rises the ivory horn of the unicorn, carved from a narwhal tusk.

Each crystal panel illustrates an episode in the allegory of the Hunt of the Unicorn. In medieval legend, only a virgin could capture the elusive creature, the symbol both of Christ and of courtly love.

Designed by Donald Pollard with engraving design by Alexander Seidel, "The Unicorn and the Maiden" is limited to a single example.

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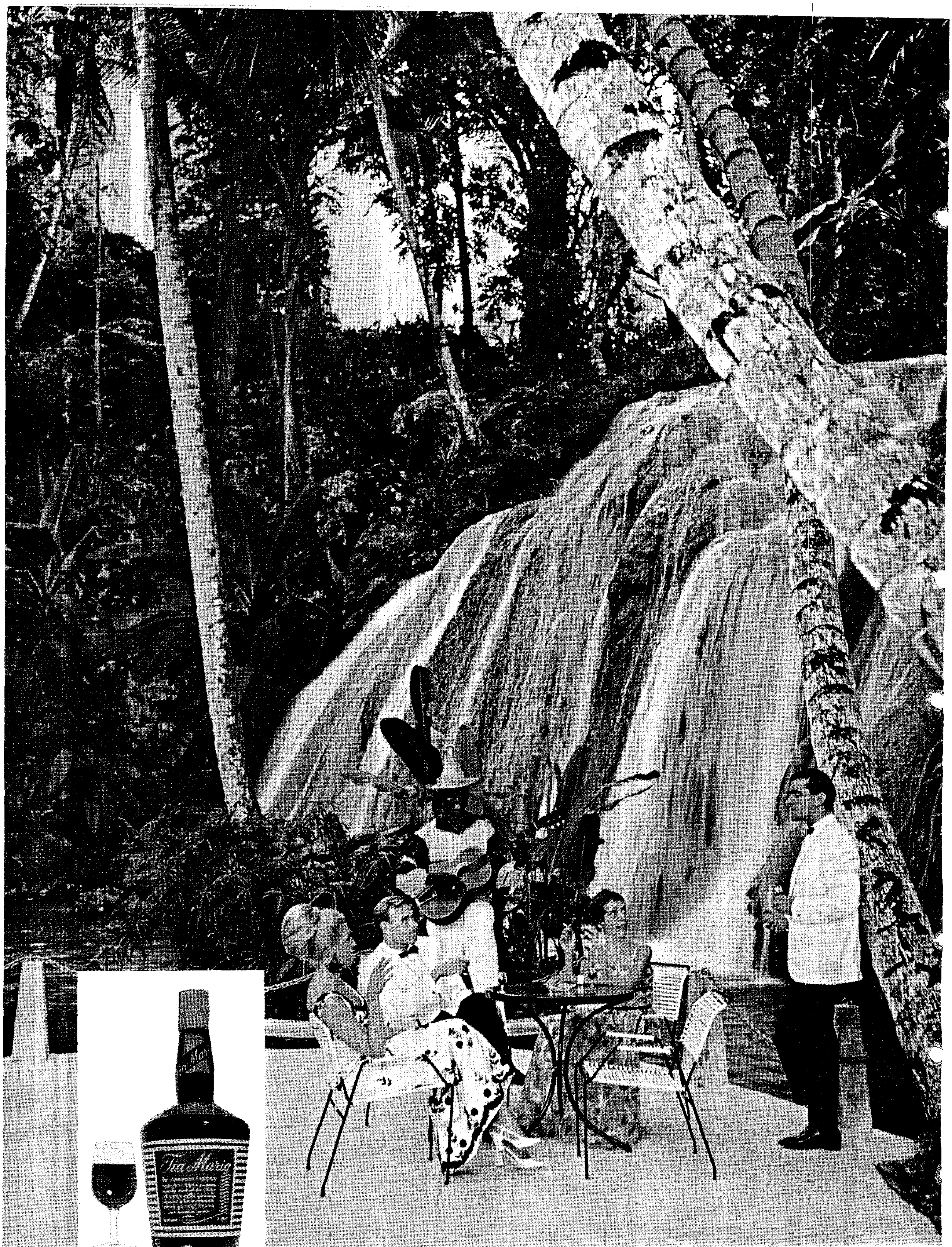

Dining terrace at "The Ruin" night club, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a California painter; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Buchwald—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract color paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Paolo Calzolari—The first one-man show in New York of the artist's works in light, sound, and words; through Dec. 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Don Carrick—Landscapes of Vermont and Martha's Vineyard, plus portraits; through Nov. 28. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Alson Clark (1876-1949)—Paintings of interiors, landscapes, and figures by an American student of Whistler and William Merritt Chase who worked in Paris and the United States; through Dec. 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Pierre Clerk—The first one-man show in New York of geometric black-and-white paintings by this American who studied in Europe; through Dec. 4. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall—Paintings by a veteran abstractionist; through Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corneille—Figurative Expressionist paintings by a founder of the Cobra group; through Dec. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Allan D'Arcangelo—Thirty paintings on canvas and paper which develop the recently inaugurated "Constellations" theme of this artist, who is known for his compositions of highway and traffic symbols; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Two exhibits of paintings consisting of vertical stripes; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . ¶ Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Giorgio de Chirico—Early drawings; through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Avel de Knight—Landscapes with African themes by an award-winning Afro-American; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

William F. Draper—Realistic paintings of scenes in Ecuador; starting Thursday, Nov. 18. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Abstract landscapes in oil and studies in crayon; through Dec. 4. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Ferro—The first one-man show of the artist's metal sculptures made of bolted bridge-building elements; through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Two showings of paintings by this influential Abstract Expressionist; through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Tibor Freund—More of this artist's paintings that seem to move; through Dec. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Gillson—The artist's first one-man show of figurative and abstract paintings that stress drawing; starting Friday, Nov. 19. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Leonel Góngora—Oils, watercolors, and drawings of humorous and erotic conceptions of women; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Grashow—Giant-size figures of men (of polyester, fibre glass, wire, and paint) engaged in a free-for-all; through Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Gropper—Almost two hundred drawings from the past fifty years by this left-wing social commentator prominent in the thirties; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Nancy Grossman—Figures and heads covered with leather, zippered, stitched, or nailed; through Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

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George Grosz (1893-1959)—Drawings done between 1912 and 1920 by the great German satirist of the First World War period; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Armand Guillaumin (1841-1927)—More than forty paintings by a French Impressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—Thirty-three paintings, including ten in circular shape, featuring women and symbolic themes by a veteran American; through Dec. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Eleven large paintings by this specialist in flowing pigments; through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Color-field paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Robert Keyser—Paintings of abstract forms derived from nature; through Dec. 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—About forty early and recent drawings; through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Noel Mahaffey and Charles Waldeck—Two one-man shows: realistic paintings of city scenes by the former and kinetic sculptures using light and sound by the latter; through Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—A showing of monochromatic paintings based on a geometrical scheme which will run concurrently with his show (starting Friday) at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Marquet (1875-1947)—A benefit exhibition of seventy paintings by this contemporary of Matisse, Vlaminck, and Derain; through Dec. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Raymond Mason—A high relief depicting the closing of Les Halles, the market in Paris, and the departure of the vegetables, their venders, and their buyers, plus watercolor studies for the piece; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mitzi Melnicoff—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Nov. 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

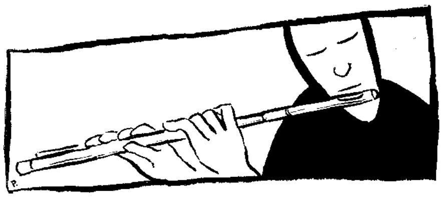
Mario Micossi—Etchings of Italian views; starting Thursday, Nov. 18. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Richard Miller—Bronze and wax female figures; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—A show of oils and one watercolor which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Oils by a School of Paris artist celebrated for his paintings of women; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Impressions of ancient Persepolis, also paintings on the theme of modern estrangement; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)



Larry Poons—Recent paintings; through Dec. 1. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Poor—Landscapes and flower still-lifes in oil and pastel; through Dec. 4. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes with closeup effects; through Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Reginato—Lacquer-covered welded-steel abstract sculptures; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edwin Ruda—Color paintings on unstretched canvas; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—The artist's customarily violent imagery devoted to the subjects of "The Art World Establishment," "Black Power," and "The Political Scene;" through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Julius Schmidt—Interlocking cylindrical forms in stainless steel, wood, and bronze; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits; through Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—Heraldic paintings by a Swiss Surrealist well known in New York; through Dec. 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Paintings, watercolors, gouaches, and drawings, many never before exhibited; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Recent paintings by a leading Mexican who combines modern and folk modes; through Dec. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Watercolors of Maine and European landscapes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings from 1969 and 1970; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Heavily painted canvases divided into squares; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings of birds by a veteran American Expressionist; through Dec. 2. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Drawings and prints by, for example, Dibbets, Hesse, Humphrey, and Agnes Martin, and sculptures by Robert Lobe; through Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by, among others, Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, and Kandinsky; through Dec. 18. (Closed Mondays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, and the like; through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Robert Vickrey; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; through Dec. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans (Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, Nevelson, and others); through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Sculptures in paper by Eleanore Lockspeiser, intaglio prints by Lore Riess, and a large figurative triptych and smaller paintings by Peter Chapin; starting Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Master drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: British and Eu-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ropean paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by three practitioners of "Aesthetic Realism"—Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman and Hank D'Amico; through Dec. 31. (Thursdays and Saturdays through Mondays, 2 to 6; open Thanksgiving Day.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; starting Saturday, Nov. 20. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6; open Thanksgiving Day.) ... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century East Indian paintings on cloth; through Dec. 4. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their thirty-fourth annual, composed of about eighty pieces (by Doris Caesar, Helen Beling, William Talbot, Lyman Kipp, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; starting Friday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years. . . . ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, houses about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools. . . . ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth. . . . ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas; starting Thursday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1909-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; starting Tuesday, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Stained and sprayed unstretched canvases suspended from the ceiling by Sam Gilliam, a Washington, D.C., artist; through Dec. 6. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-two works, of which a hundred and seventeen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Through Dec. 12. A complement to this showing is the one at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. . . . ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; starting Friday, Nov. 19. A complement to this exhibit is his show (starting Saturday) of paintings at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Forty-nine prints in exceptionally large sizes; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings by Frank Bowling, a recently prominent black artist; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Fourteen sprayed canvases and eleven color studies by Jane Kaufman, a participant in the Whitney's recent "Structure of Color" exhibition; starting Monday, Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Over forty stone and whalebone carvings and twenty-four prints of animals and figures by contemporary Eskimo artists; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Romare Bearden, Marcia Marcus, and Philip Pearlstein, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings by forty-five members of the Institute; through Dec. 12. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and the Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), among them stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

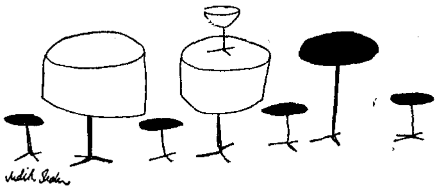
Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; starting Friday, Nov. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Contemporary English bookbindings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The Blake collection of Mrs. Landon K. Thorne; starting Friday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Northern European drawings; starting Friday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Blake's illustrations for Milton; starting Friday, Nov. 19. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)



New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers: typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

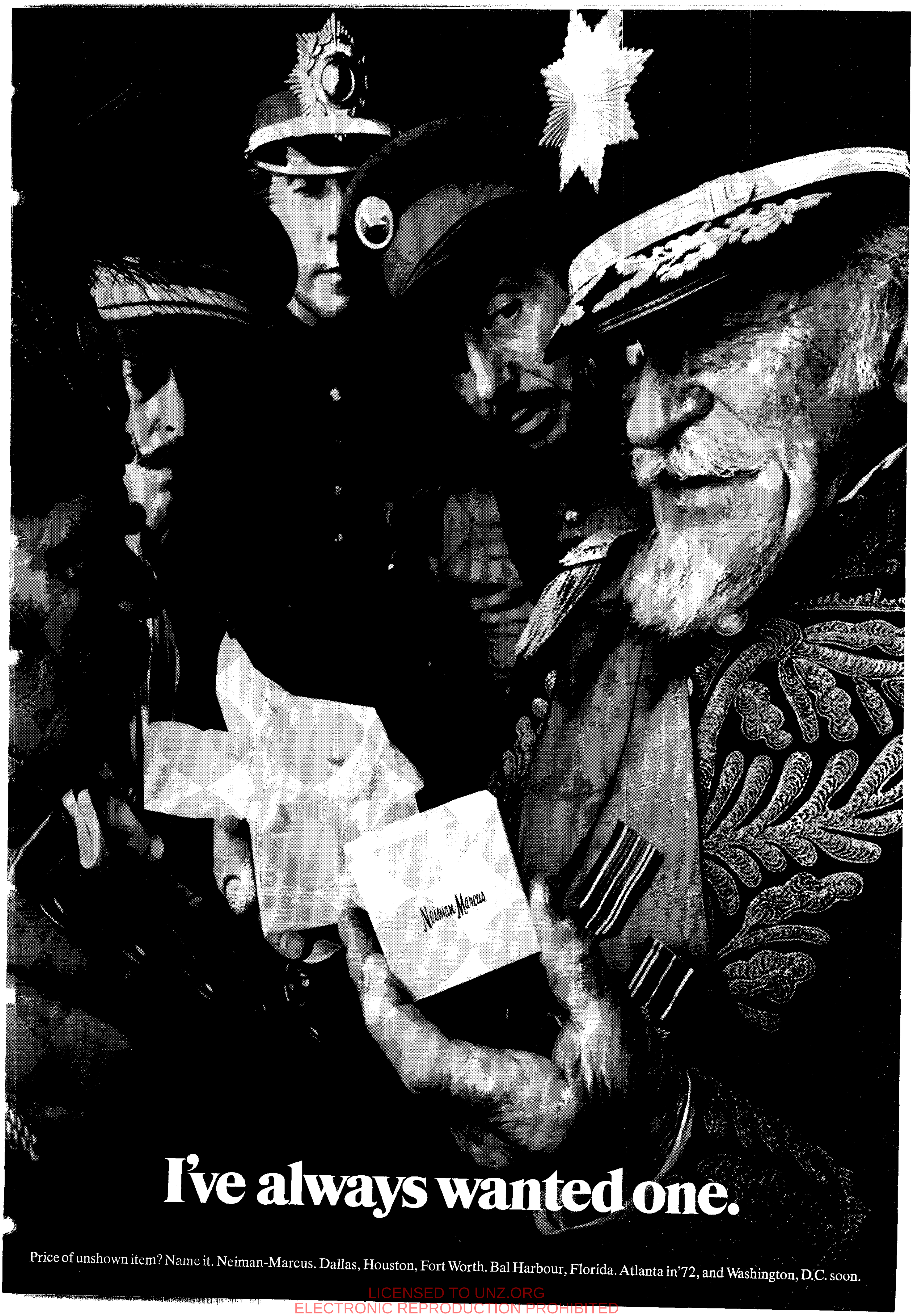
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 7:30: A new production of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Viorica Cortez, Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Jean Kraft, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Shirley Love, Alfredo Kraus, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Grace Hoffman, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27 at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—An all-Liszt program on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with William Cochran, tenor, and the Westmin-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ster Choir); and a varied program on Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 26, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: A varied concert; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: A performance of Schoenberg's opera "Moses and Aaron," in concert form and in English, with the Chicago Symphony Chorus and a children's chorus; Karen Altman, soprano; Richard Lewis, tenor; Hans Hotter and Donald Gramm, bass-baritones; and other soloists.

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—György Lehel conducting, with Zoltán Kocsis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 838-3773.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the second in a series of four all-Haydn programs, this one with Jean Hakes, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and others. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30. For tickets, call 920-5563.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Philip Cho—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, in a recital originally scheduled for Dec. 10. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—In an all-Mozart program, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:15.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lucy Ishkanian—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles and Alicia de Larrocha—Soprano and piano, in a second performance of a concert on Nov. 13. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Béla Siki—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A program of music played on the Cristofori pianoforte from the Museum's collection, as well as on a modern piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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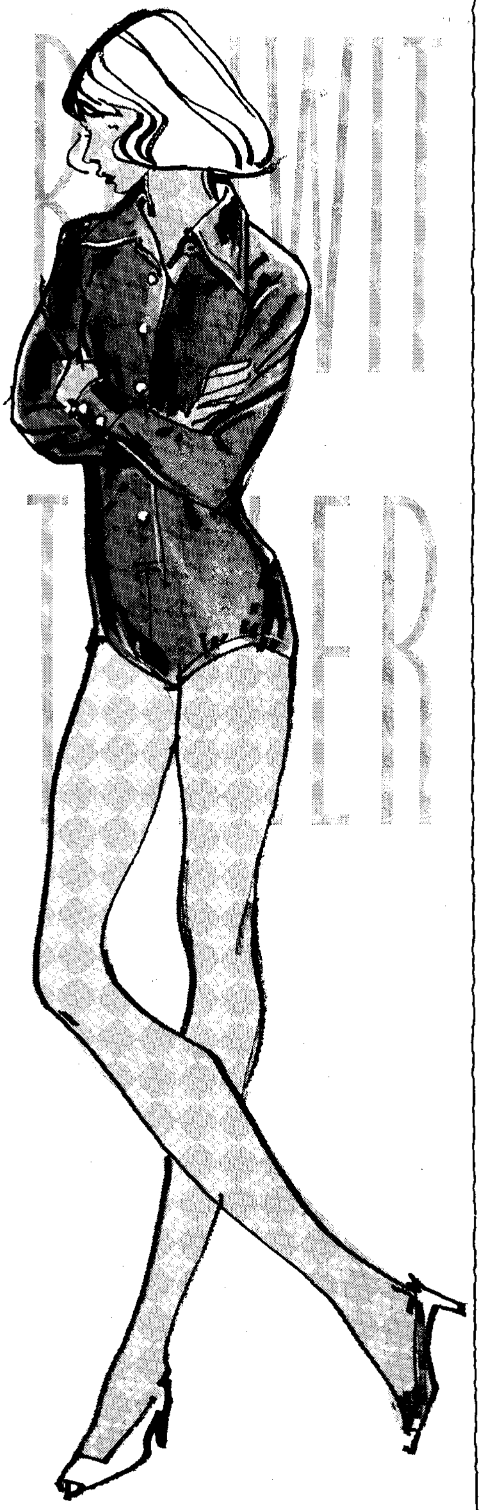

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—György Pauk will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Isaac Hayes—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Delaney & Bonnie & Friends—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Ten Years After—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Betty Carter's Trio—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Nov. 19, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

James Gang and Jimmie Spheeris—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Kinks—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.

The Doors—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30.

Richie Havens—Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 23, and Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8.

Allman Brothers Band—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—With the J. Geils Band. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Dick Hyman's Quartet—With Toots Thielemans. (Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel. Friday, Nov. 26, at noon.)

Miles Davis Quintet—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Pete Seeger and Frederick Kirkpatrick—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 7:30.)

Bill Withers—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Boxing—Enrique Pinder vs. Davey Vasquez, 12 rounds, for the North American Bantamweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8; a closed-circuit telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Buster Mathis heavyweight bout in Houston will start at about 10:30.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 20** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 27:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Morgan State, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:05: Rangers vs. California. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 20; the Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 25; the Remsen, Friday, Nov. 26; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays, last day Friday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 1 through Wednesday, Nov. 24; after that it will be 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—The prelude to the turkey and the pumpkin pie. A thousand costumed marchers, nine giant balloons, thirty-one floats, and fifteen bands. Starts at 9 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:15.

Opera—"La Bohème," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "The Hunting of the Snark," a children's opera by Edwin Roberts and Bill Tchakirides, based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the same name. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3:30 and 5:30; Sundays at 1, 3, and 5; and Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call 427-2906.)

The Little Angels—A company of thirty young dancers from Korea. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:15.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 1 and 3:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Nov. 21, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **king's players:** "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **new york children's theatre center:** "Babes in Toyland." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Friday, Nov. 26, at 1.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 26, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Interplanetary Travelers." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 23, there will be a new show, "Star of Stars." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.) . . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30, and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—William Gass and John Hawkes reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave.

at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

THOMSON SYMPOSIUM—Virgil Thomson speaking about twentieth-century music, theatre, and criticism. Other participants will be A. Tillman Merritt, Henri Sauguet, Michael Steinberg, Henry Russell Hitchcock, and Janet Flanner. (Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 4. Admission is free.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Thanksgiving Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Nov. 17, from 12 to 4.

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The twenty-third annual exhibit comprises four hundred frames, displayed by dealers from the United States, Canada, and England. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 21, from 1:05 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: Post-war and contemporary art by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenburg, Andy Warhol, and Jim Dine; from a number of collectors, among them Nelson A. Rockefeller and Norton Simon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 2: Jades and Chinese paintings, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art, from the collection of George Green. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 2: English and Continental silver, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 2: Modern paintings by such artists as Laurencin, Rouault, and Renoir; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 19.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "I Love You, I Kill You" (1971), in German, directed by Uwe Brandner. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8: "Viva la Muerte" (1971), in French, directed by Arrabal. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Question de Vie" (1970), in French, directed by André Theberge. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor, with Daniel L. Haynes. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1968), in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Loving Memory" (1970), directed by Anthony Scott. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 1: "Breathing Together: Revolution of the Electric Family" (1971), directed by Morley Markson. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6 and Nov. 23 at 2: "Romeo and Juliet" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5:30: A program of films by Sandy Daley. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963), directed by Adolfas Mekas, with Peter H. Beard. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2: "Winter Kept Us Warm" (1965), directed by David Secter. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showing at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Nov. 19: "Potemkin" (1925), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 20-21: "The Ghost That Never Returns" (1929), directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 24: "The End of St. Petersburg" (1927), directed by V. I. Pudovkin. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Hanoun, Dreyer, Kubelka, Griffith, Jordan, Landow, Markopoulos, Keaton, Mekas, Menken, Melies, Nelson, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except Nov. 23), and 10 (except Nov. 17 and 19). No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmaker" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 18: "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Libeled Lady."
Nov. 19-23: "Red Dust" and "Bombshell."
From Nov. 24: "Red Desert" and "Juliet of the Spirits."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 17: "Ziegfeld Girl" and "Pigskin Parade."
Nov. 18-20: "Varsity Show" and "Sunny Side Up."
Nov. 21-24: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."
From Nov. 25: "The Wizard of Oz."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Nov. 17: "Mother."
Nov. 18-20: "Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000," "Othon," and "The Battle of Algiers."
Nov. 21-23: "Une Simple Histoire" and "Before the Revolution."
Nov. 24-25: "Yojimbo" and "Burn!"

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Films by John Knoop, Arch Brown, Travis Alice Ripst, Allan Holzman, Bill Doukas, D. Samatowicz, Dominic Sicilia, James Broughton, Scott Bartlett, Thomas Spence, James Pasternak, and Steve Dwoskin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Kotch."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 23: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
From Nov. 24: "The Gang's All Here."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"King of Hearts."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 23: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"200 Motels."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Films by Constance Beeson, John Agazzi, Victor Faccinte, Thomas Spence, James Pasternak, Steve Dwoskin, Bill Doukas, D. Samatowicz, Dominic Sicilia, James Broughton, and Scott Bartlett.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Safe Place."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"T. R. Baskin."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 23: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 24: "Scrooge" and "Blue Water, White Death."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Nov. 18: "Cry Uncle."
From Nov. 19: "Maddalena."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"One Night at Dinner."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 18: "The Anonymous Venetian" and "Belle de Jour."
Nov. 19-23: "Love Story" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From Nov. 24: "Joe Hill."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Kotch."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 23: "The French Connection."
From Nov. 24: "Man in the Wilderness."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 23: "The Organization."
From Nov. 24: "Going Home."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 24: "Three Lives" and "Persona."
From Nov. 25: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Nov. 23: A week of Errol Flynn films.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 23: "Airport" and "Anne of the Thousand Days."
From Nov. 24: "Cry Uncle" and another feature, to be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 23: "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" and "Something for Everyone."
From Nov. 24: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and another feature, to be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Medea."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 18: "The Anonymous Venetian" and "Belle de Jour."
Nov. 19-23: "Shaft" and "Fortune and Men's Eyes."
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 18: "Secrets of Women" and "Monika."
Nov. 19-21: "Wild Strawberries" and "Hour of the Wolf."
Nov. 22-23: "Dreams" and "The Naked Night."
Nov. 24-25: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "A Lesson in Love."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Kotch."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Haunted Samurai" and "Ninjitsu, Master of Magic." (No performances on Sunday, Nov. 21.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Nov. 17: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 18: "Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 23: "Cry Uncle."
From Nov. 24: "Far from the Madding Crowd."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Is There Sex After Death?"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 23: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 21: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."
Nov. 22: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 23: "Raga."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Kotch."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 21: "It Only Happens to Others."
From Nov. 22: "King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 18: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Nov. 19-20: "Romeo and Juliet."
Nov. 21-22: "Macbeth."
Nov. 23-24: "Falstaff."
From Nov. 25: "Henry V."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Organization."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 23: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker" and "M*A*S*H."
From Nov. 24: "Friends" and "Stolen Kisses."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 23: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "A Fine Pair."
From Nov. 24: "Scrooge" and "Blue Water, White Death."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 17: "The Miracle" and "Stromboli."
Nov. 18-24: "Voyage to Italy" and "The Rise of Louis XIV."
From Nov. 25: "Socrates."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Kotch" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 17: "Ninotchka" and "Anna Christie."
Nov. 18-23: "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "Gigi."
From Nov. 24: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 18: "The Anonymous Venetian" and "Belle de Jour."
Nov. 19-23: "Love Story" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From Nov. 24: "Joe Hill."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Nov. 17 (evenings only): "Nights of Cabiria" and "Two Women."
Nov. 18 (evenings only): "Two Women" and "Boccaccio '70."
Nov. 19-20: "Boccaccio '70" and "The Damned."
Nov. 21: "The Damned" and "The Organizer."
Nov. 22: "The Organizer" and "La Viaccia."
Nov. 23-24: "La Viaccia" and "Open City."
From Nov. 25: "Medea" and "Juliet of the Spirits."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Airport (1970)—The publicity aura of the film makes you think that it might be a good dopey film-to-read-on-a-plane, so to speak, but it's dull stuff. (Waverly; through Nov. 23.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Thalia; Nov. 17.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Waverly; through Nov. 23.)

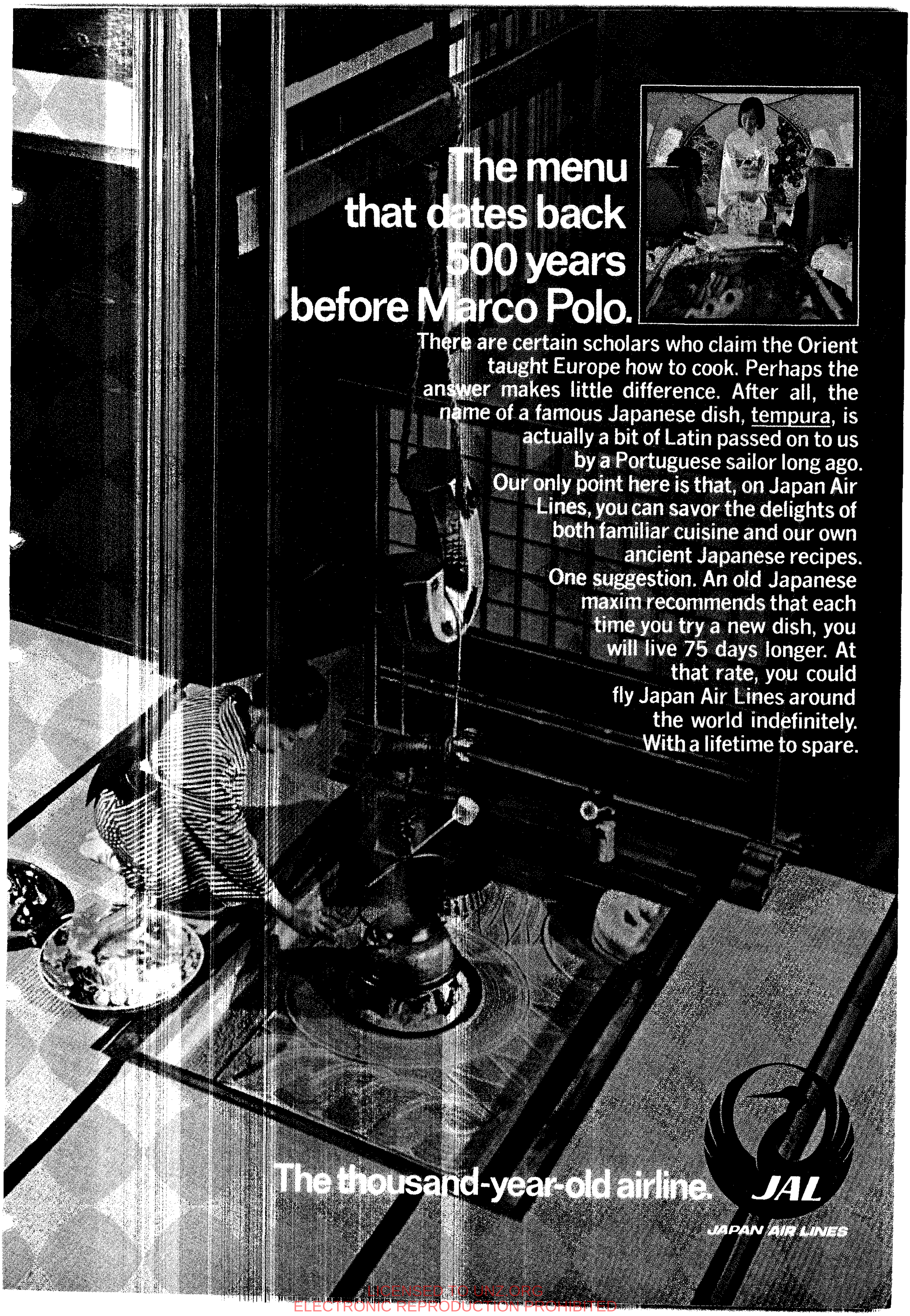
The Anonymous Venetian—And let everyone connected with the film be anonymous, too. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Nov. 18.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 18-20.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury in a feature from the Disney studio, partly animated and partly live action. (Music Hall.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 21-23.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine



The menu that dates back 500 years before Marco Polo.

There are certain scholars who claim the Orient taught Europe how to cook. Perhaps the answer makes little difference. After all, the name of a famous Japanese dish, tempura, is actually a bit of Latin passed on to us by a Portuguese sailor long ago.

Our only point here is that, on Japan Air Lines, you can savor the delights of both familiar cuisine and our own ancient Japanese recipes.

One suggestion. An old Japanese maxim recommends that each time you try a new dish, you will live 75 days longer. At that rate, you could fly Japan Air Lines around the world indefinitely. With a lifetime to spare.

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If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
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Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through Nov. 18.)

BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 24.)

BOCCACCIO '70 (1962)—The Fellini segment features Anita Ekberg as a big blonde on a gigantic poster advertising milk; the skit gets to seem as padded as Ekberg. The Visconti segment is an elegant though overextended sketch featuring Romy Schneider in an attractive performance as a wife who holds her husband (Tomas Milian) by making him pay for her favors. The De Sica segment—the liveliest, and the only one with a Boccaccio flavor—features Sophia Loren as a girl who works with a travelling carnival; in each town she is the prize of a Saturday-night raffle. The way she looks, the whole world would buy tickets. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 18-20.)

BOMBSHELL (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star, and also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Art; Nov. 19-23.)

BURN! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 24-25.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

CRY UNCLE—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Juliet 1; through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Festival; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Nov. 24.)

CUBA: BATTLE OF THE 10,000,000—A documentary by Chris Marker. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 18-20.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Olympia; Nov. 19-21.)

DEATH IN VENICE—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Murray Hill; through Nov. 23.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Trans-Lux East and Little Carnegie; through Nov. 23.)

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical Camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell" in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "South American Way" she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21-24.)

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DREAMS (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 22-23.)

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE (1970)—Joe Orton's clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life. All the while they are speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter's journalese, and pieties desperately lifted from advice columns, they are in the middle of acts as violent as any in "The Cenci." Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 23.)

FALSTAFF (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Paramount; Nov. 23-24.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay.)

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Festival; starting Nov. 24.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison, and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli, Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Fridays through Sundays and Thanksgiving at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 1:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A FINE PAIR (1969)—A fizzle. Rock Hudson as a New York City police captain and Claudia Cardinale as a jewel thief in a dull, dull attempt at a romantic suspense movie. La Cardinale is good to look at, but the cinematographer got so infatuated with her hair that the pointlessly opulent movie turned into a shampoo commercial. Director, Francesco Maselli. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 23.)

ERROL FLYNN—A week of films starring Mr. Flynn. Nov. 17: "Captain Blood" (1935). Nov. 18: "The Dawn Patrol" (1938). Nov. 19: "Charge of the Light Brigade" (1936). Nov. 20: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938). Nov. 21: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939). Nov. 22: "Dodge City" (1939). Nov. 23: "The Sea Hawk" (1940). (Garrick.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michale Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Greenwich; Nov. 19-23.)

THE FRENCH CONNECTION—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loew's Ciné; through Nov. 23.)

FRIENDS—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Regency; starting Nov. 24.)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (1943)—With Alice Faye, directed by Busby Berkeley. (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 24.)

GIGI (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style. (Thalia; Nov. 18-23.)

THE GO-BETWEEN—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

GOING HOME—With Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Herbert B. Leonard. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 24.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Guild; Nov. 17. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 23.)

HAUNTED SAMURAI—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Nov. 21.)

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER (1968)—Carson McCullers' shining, fastidious book about the freakish and the afflicted is present in this clumsy film as a minnow might be in the stomach of a hippopotamus that had gulped it down with a gallon of pond bilge. Alan Arkin does all he can to restore the book's subtle warmth and intelligence. (Symphony.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. 'Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 23.)

HENRY V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Paramount; starting Nov. 25.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 19-21.)

IS THERE SEX AFTER DEATH?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Mar-

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shall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris; through Nov. 21.)

Joe Hill—Some pretty period re-creation, but sadly shallow. With Thommy Berggren as the Wobbly-troubadour. Directed by Bo Widerberg. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting Nov. 24.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Art; starting Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 25.)

King Lear—Paul Scofield in the title role. Directed by Peter Brook. (Paris; starting Nov. 22.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Sutton.)

Kotch—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (Gramercy, U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Lincoln Art, and Symphony.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 24-25.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Art; through Nov. 18.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; Nov. 19-23.)

Macbeth (1960)—With Maurice Evans popping his eyes and Judith Anderson smiting her brow. The stodgy production that George Schaefer directed for television. (Paramount; Nov. 21-22.)

Maddalena—With Liza Gastoni, directed by Jergy Kawalerowicz. (Juliet 1; starting Nov. 19.)

Man in the Wilderness—With Richard Harris, directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Loew's Ciné; starting Nov. 24.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—Know-all and floundering. With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. (Regency; through Nov. 23.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Regency; through Nov. 23.)

Medea—With Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 25.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Thalia; Nov. 18-23.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Paramount; through Nov. 18.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 17.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least seen movies. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 18.)

Mother (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all times. Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaia plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors, in his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; starting Nov. 24.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 22-23.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 17.)

Ninjitsu, Master of Magic—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Nov. 21.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicity omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Thalia; Nov. 17.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 24.)

One Night at Dinner—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Tony Musante, and Florinda Bolkan, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. (Juliet 2.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 23-24.)

The Organization—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Nov. 23.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though oversimplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 21-22.)

Othon—A version of the Corneille play, directed by Jean-Marie Straub and his wife, Danièle Huillet. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 18-20.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 24.)

Pigskin Parade (1936)—Atrocious but fun. A Twentieth Century-Fox musical (that's not a recommendation, as anyone who went to musicals knows) featuring the young, pudgy, budding talent, Judy Garland (three years before "The Wizard of Oz"), Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Stuart Erwin, and Dixie Dunbar, and also, to be truthful, Jack Haley and the Yacht Club Boys. David Butler directed this nonsense about a football game. The songs include "Balboa." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, directed by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Nov. 23.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Art; starting Nov. 24.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Art; Nov. 19-23.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (New Yorker; Nov. 18-24.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Paramount; Nov. 19-20.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

A Safe Place—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Columbia II.)

Scrooge (1970)—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 24.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 18.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war

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Une Simple Histoire—A Marcel Hanoun film. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 21-23.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 24-25.)

Socrates—Roberto Rossellini's most recent film. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 25.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 23.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; Nov. 19-23.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Regency; starting Nov. 24.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 17.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This very early musical was an enormous success, and you can still see why. Full of twinkles and dimples and adorableness though it is, it has extraordinary charm. The romantic leads are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell; the comics are Joe E. Brown and El Brendel. David Butler directed; a lovely score by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson includes "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," "(I'm a Dreamer) Aren't We All?," and, of course, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-Camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies Bergere." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. It is chiefly memorable for the huge glassy necklaces draped on poor Alice Faye's chest and for her glassy stare that said, "Why, Twentieth Century-Fox, oh why?" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21-24.)

Three Lives—A film by Kate Millett and the Women's Liberation Cinema Co. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 24.)

El Topo—Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

T. R. Baskin—Baroque in its stupidity. Candice Bergen, looking like a million dollars, as an alienated, friendless typist in Chicago. The movie feminizes alienation by turning it into whimsy. Herbert Ross directed. (Tower East.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only. Starting Nov. 22, continuous showings.)

200 Motels—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Plaza.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soldiers. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Olympia; through Nov. 18.)

Varsity Show (1937)—A Warners collegiate musical, featuring Dick Powell, Ted Healy, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, and Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, and, more important, Buck and Bubbles—one of the great teams in American show-business history. The songs ("We're Working Our Way Through College," "Moonlight on the Campus," "Let That Be a Lesson to You," etc.) are by Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting; William Keighley directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18-20.)

La Viaccia (1960)—The director, Mauro Bolognini, sustains interest in the nineteenth-century Florentine atmosphere. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a sensual but stupid farm boy, Claudia Cardinale a moody, perverse prostitute. Literary and too dour but not altogether negligible. In Italian. (Olympia; Nov. 22-24.)

Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), and yet deeply marred by banality and clumsiness. In Italian. (New Yorker; Nov. 18-24.)

Who Says I Can't Ride a Rainbow—With Jack Klugman, directed by Edward Mann. (Guild; starting Nov. 18.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Art; through Nov. 18.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; starting Nov. 24.)

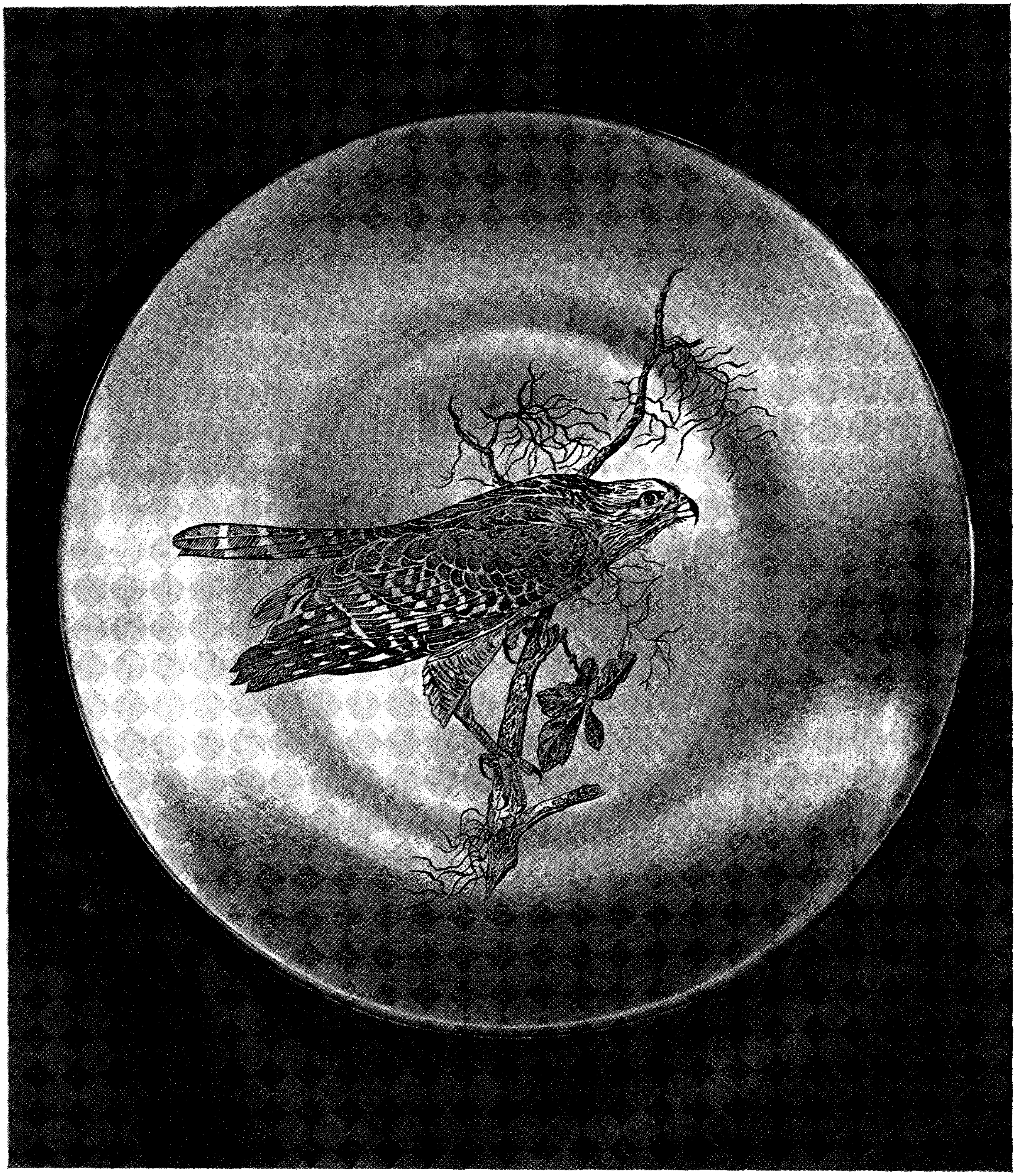
Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 19-21.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 25.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Cinema II.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 24-25.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prize-fighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)



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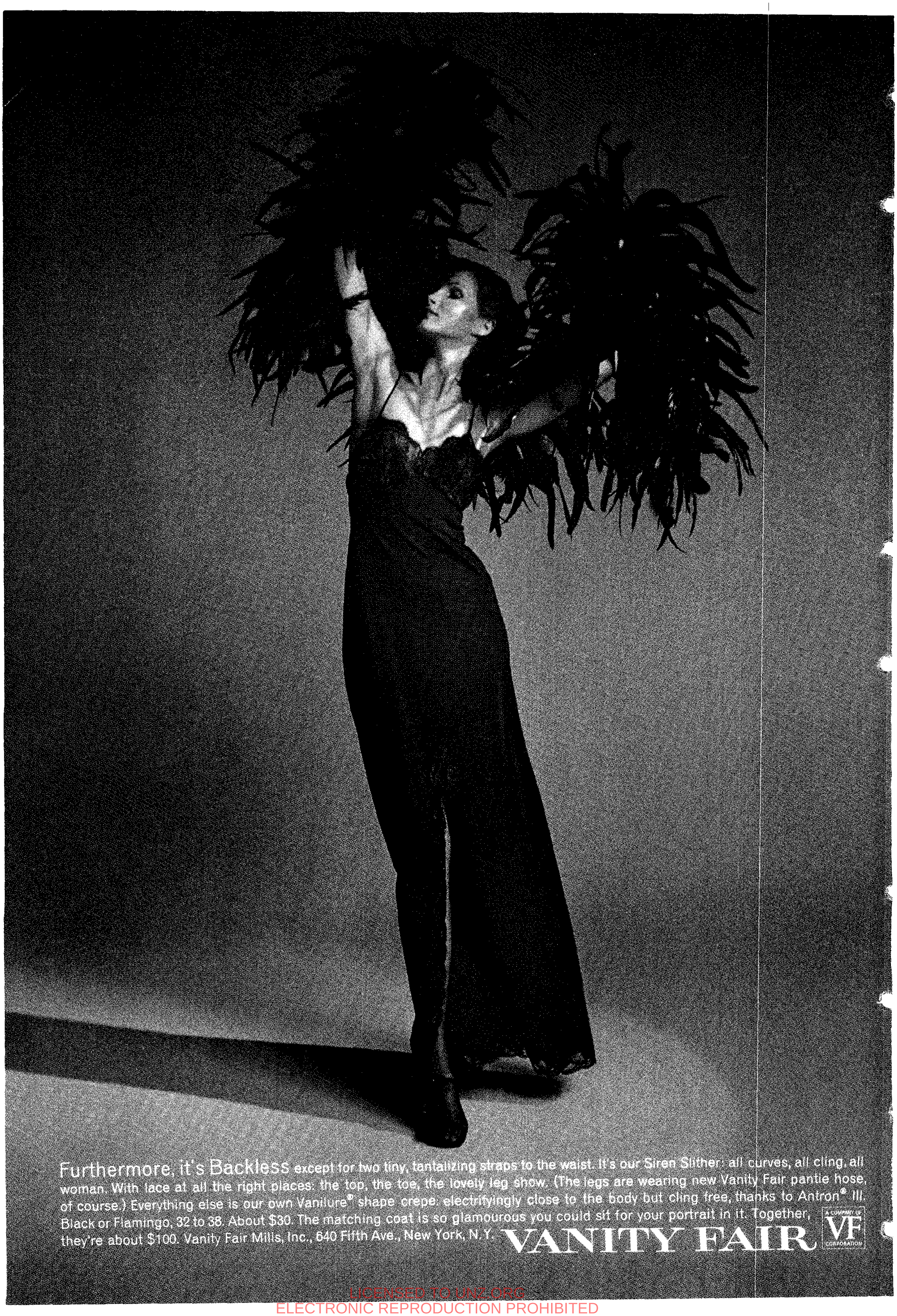

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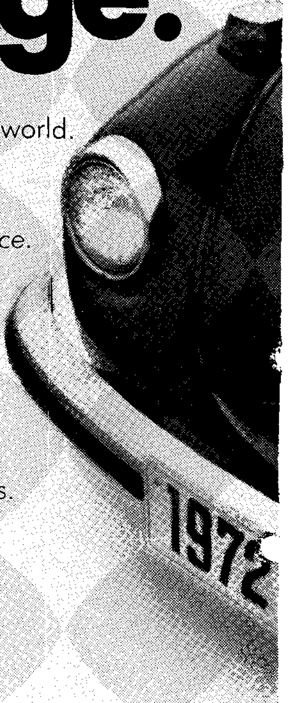

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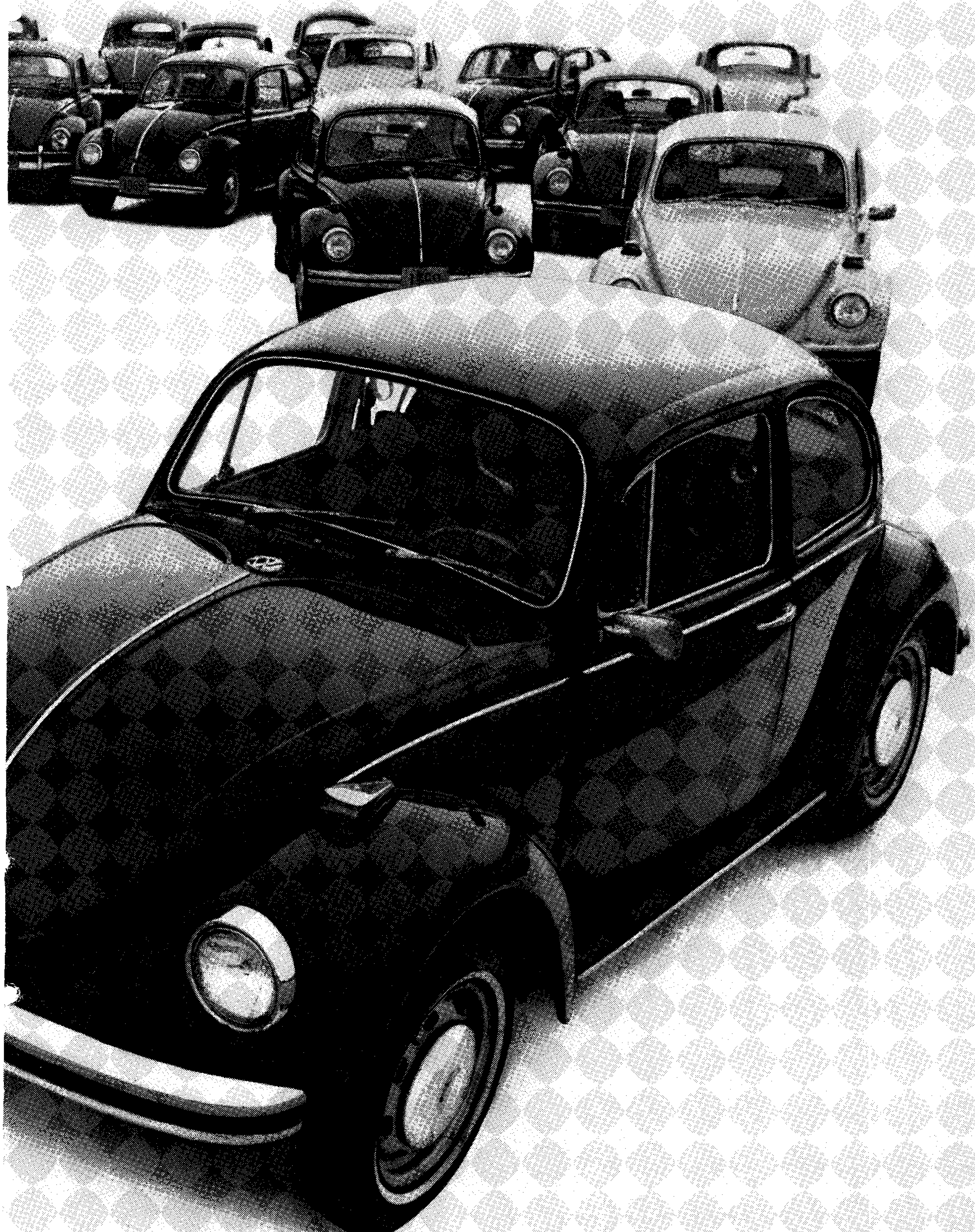

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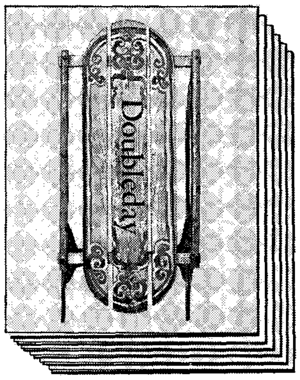

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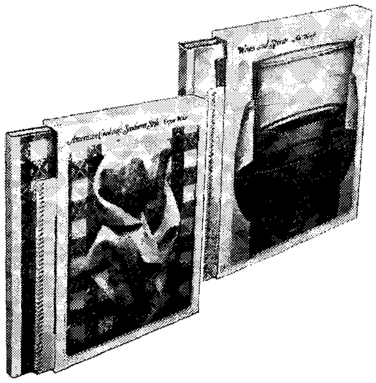

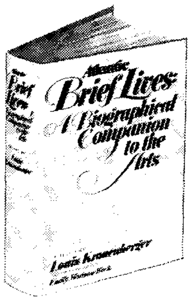

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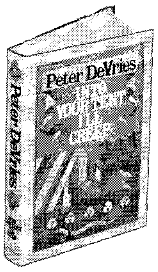

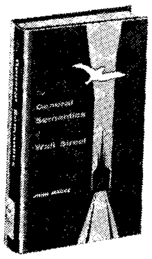

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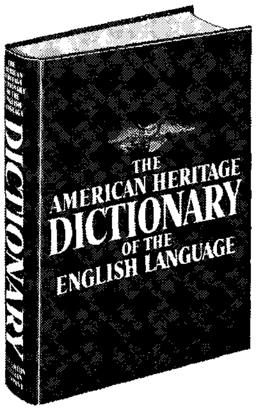

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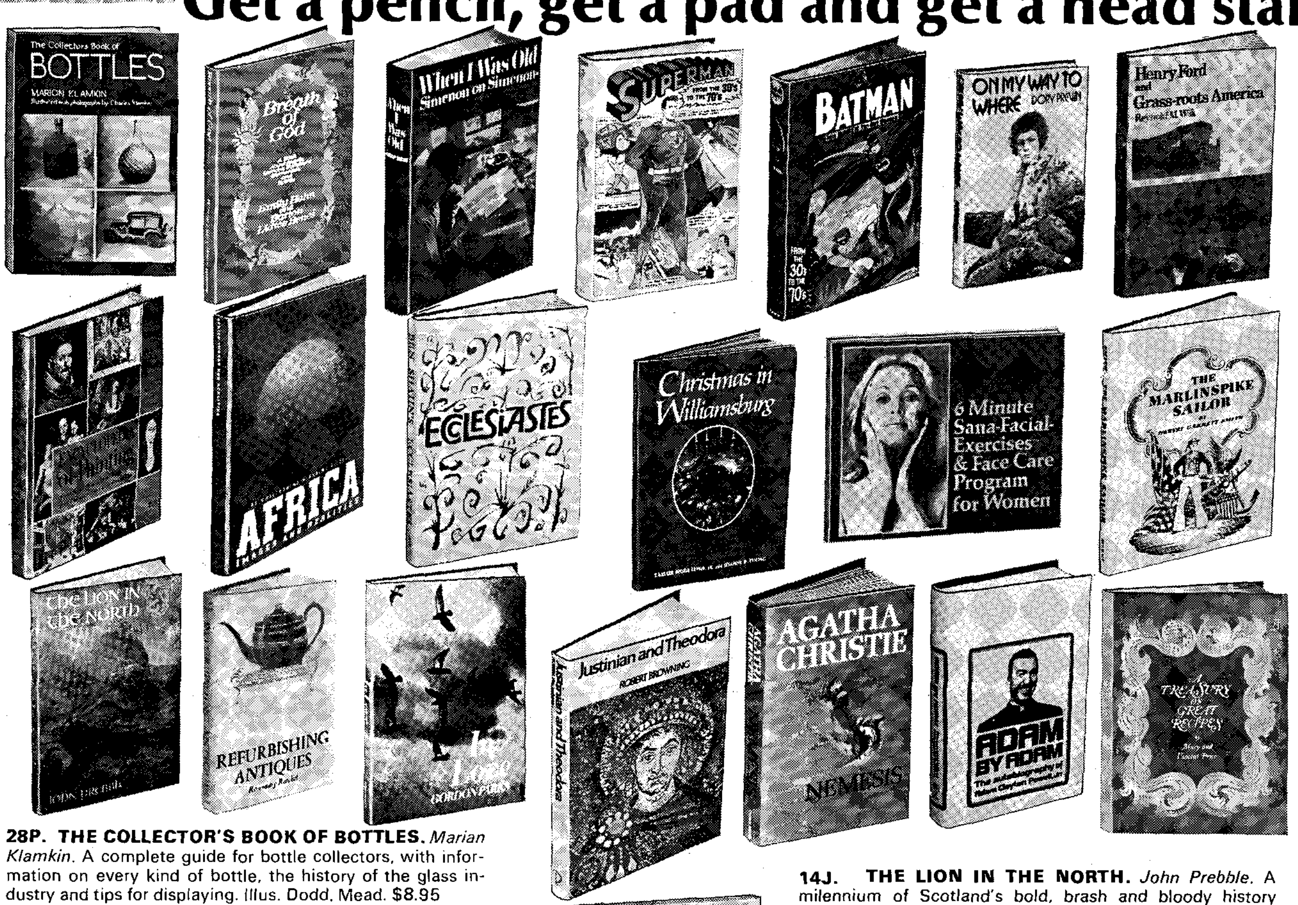
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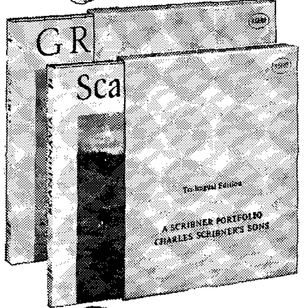
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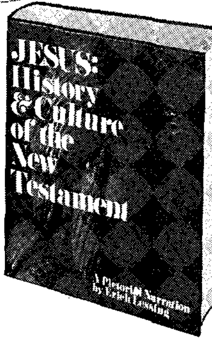
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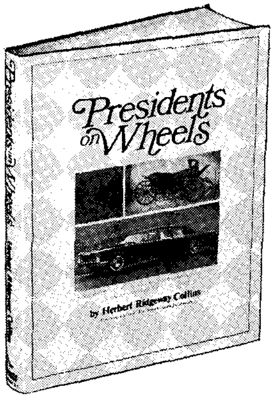
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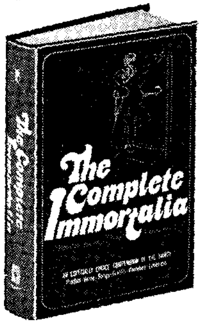
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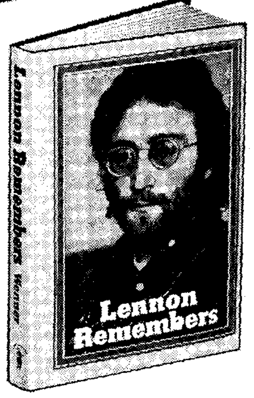
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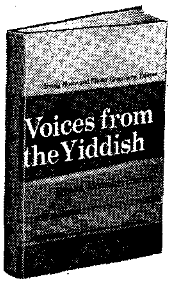
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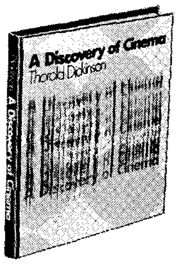
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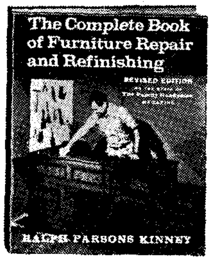
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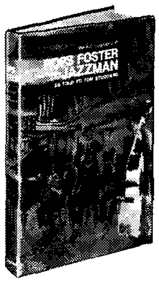
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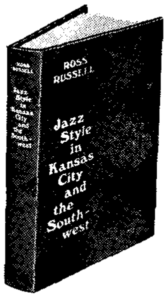
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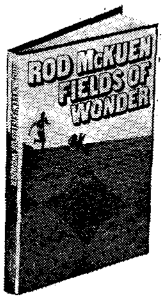
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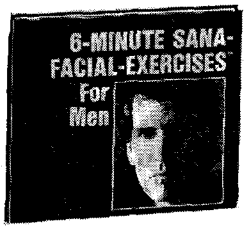
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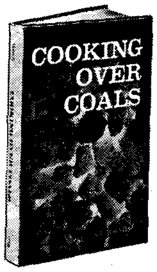
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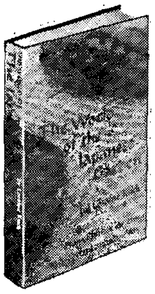
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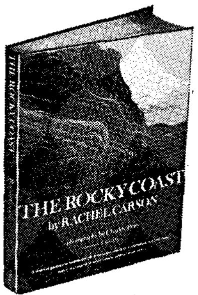
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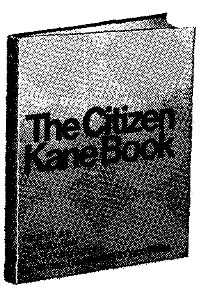
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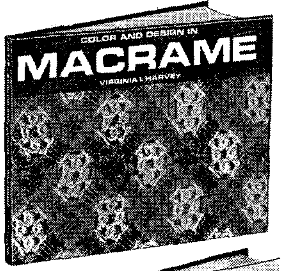
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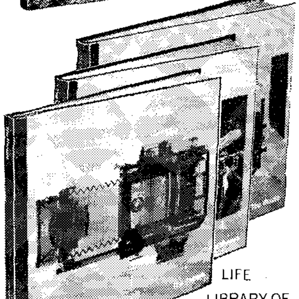

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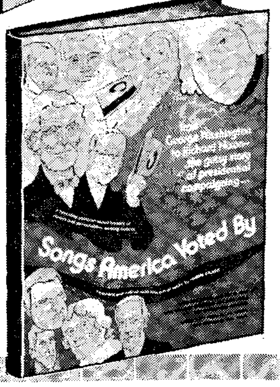
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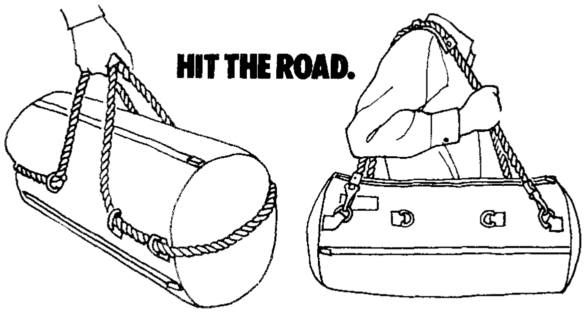

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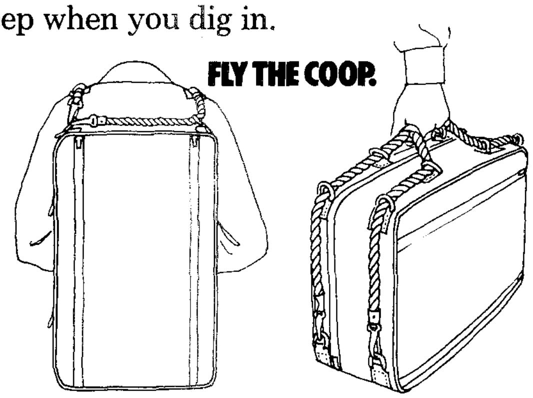

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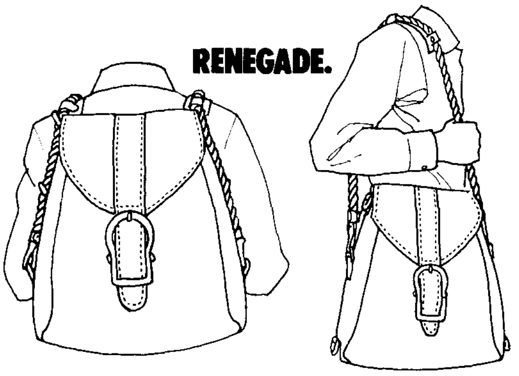

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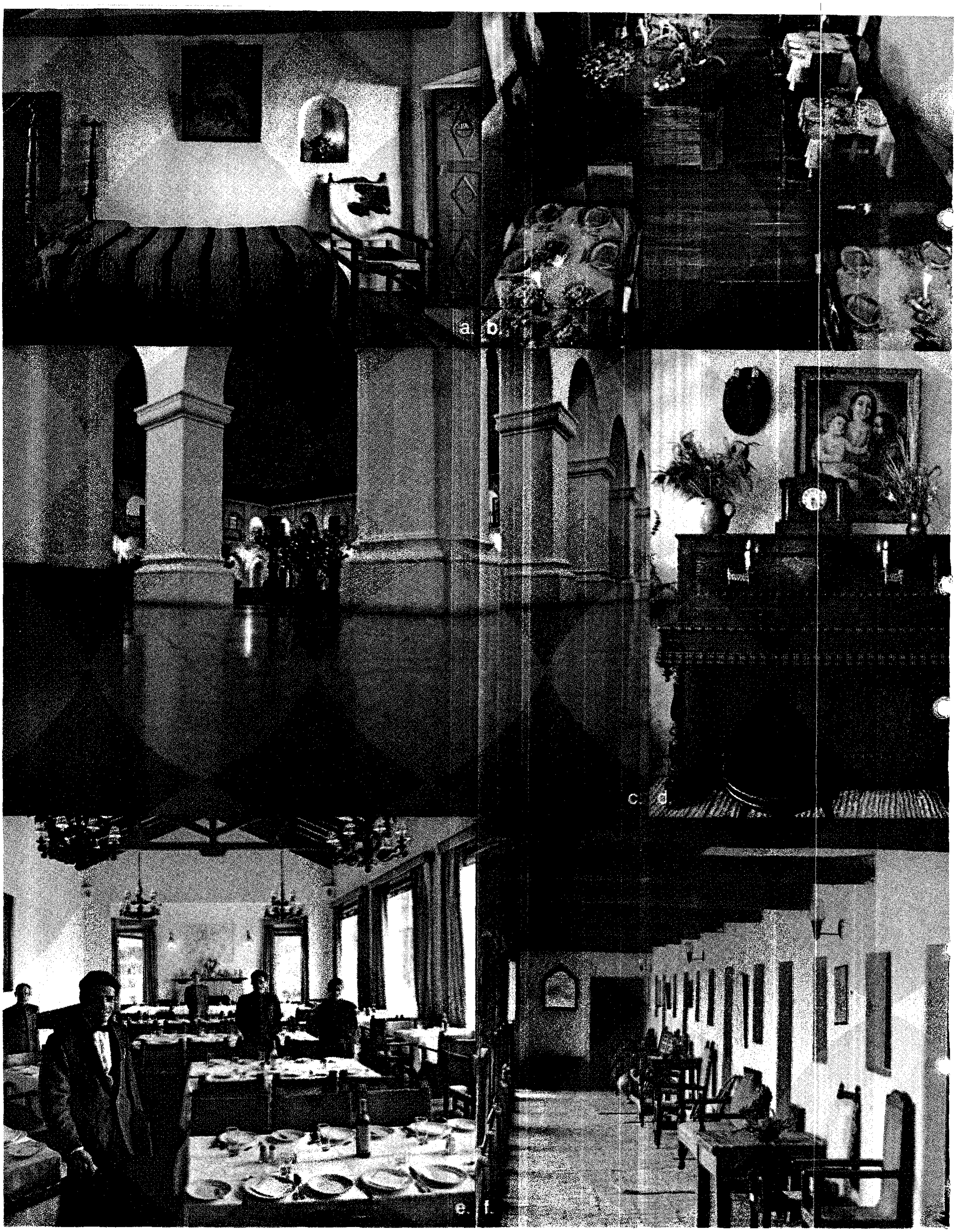

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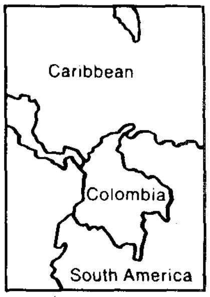

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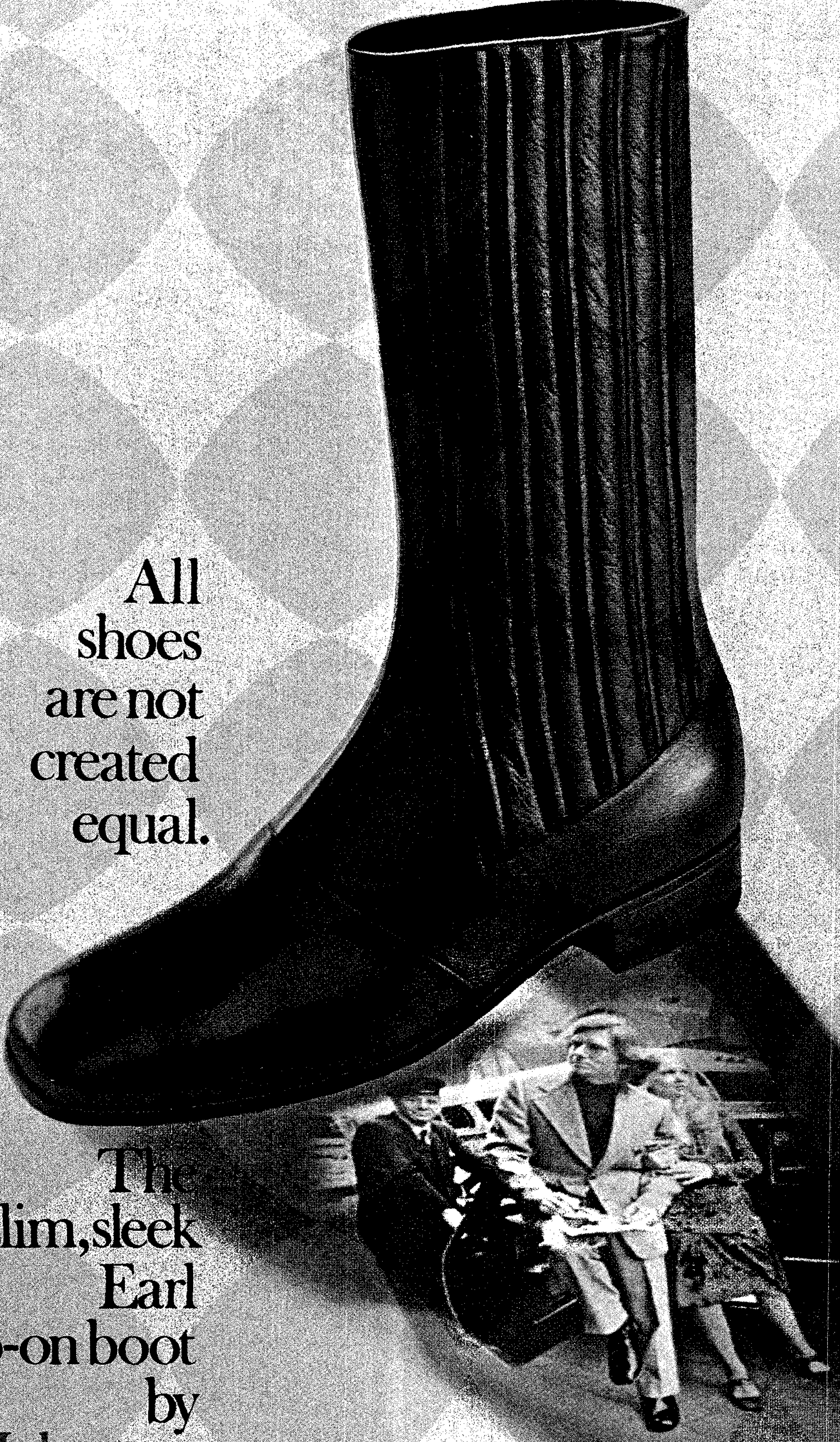

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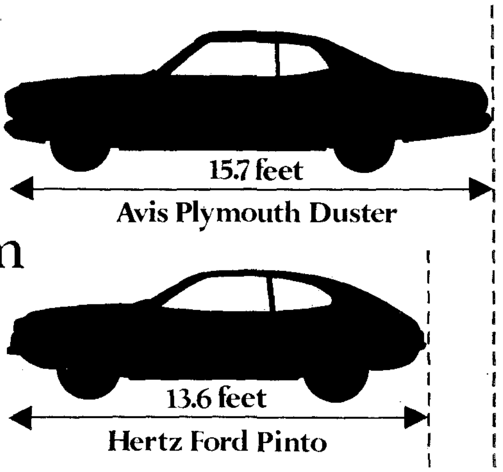

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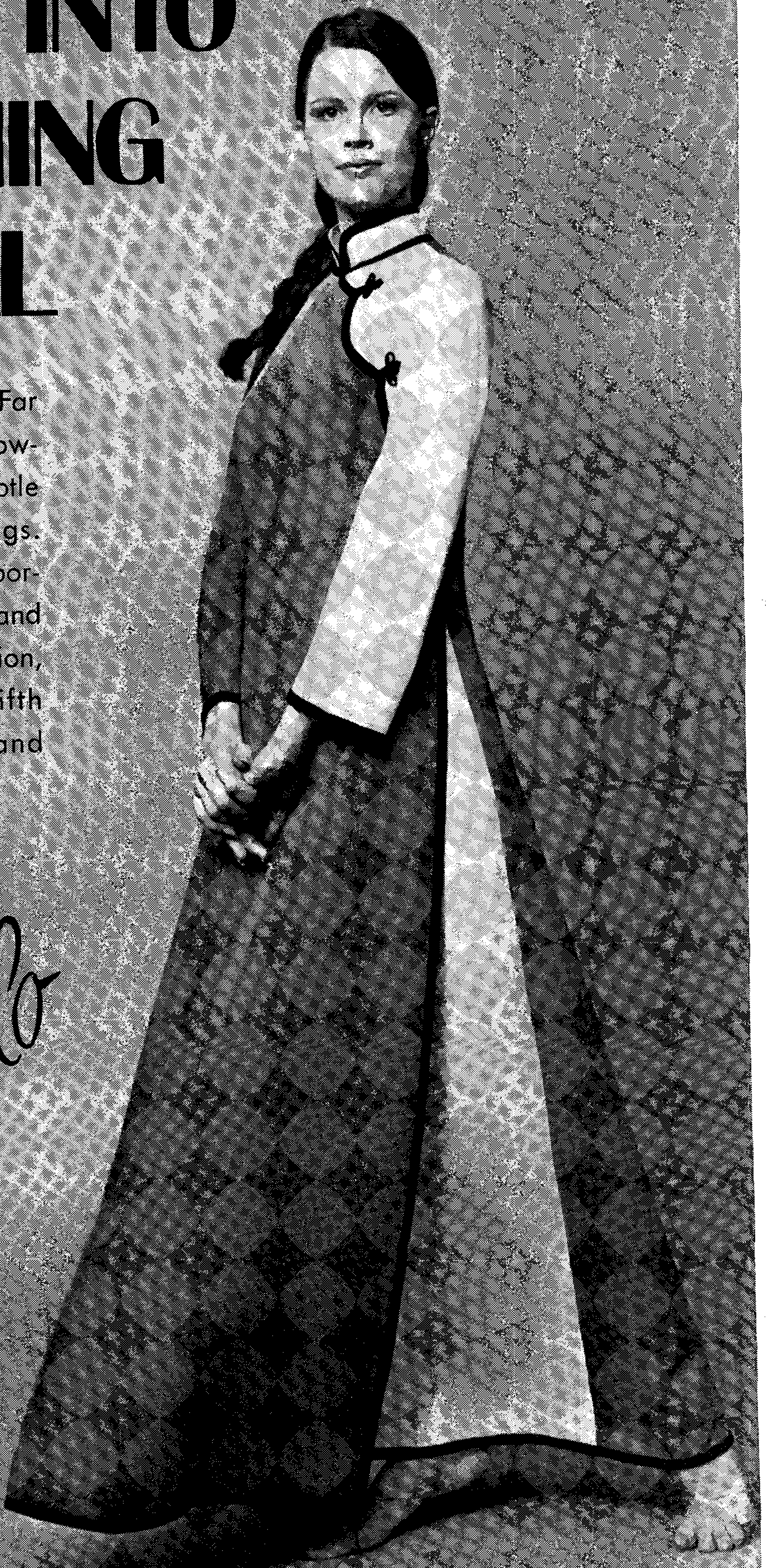

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THE
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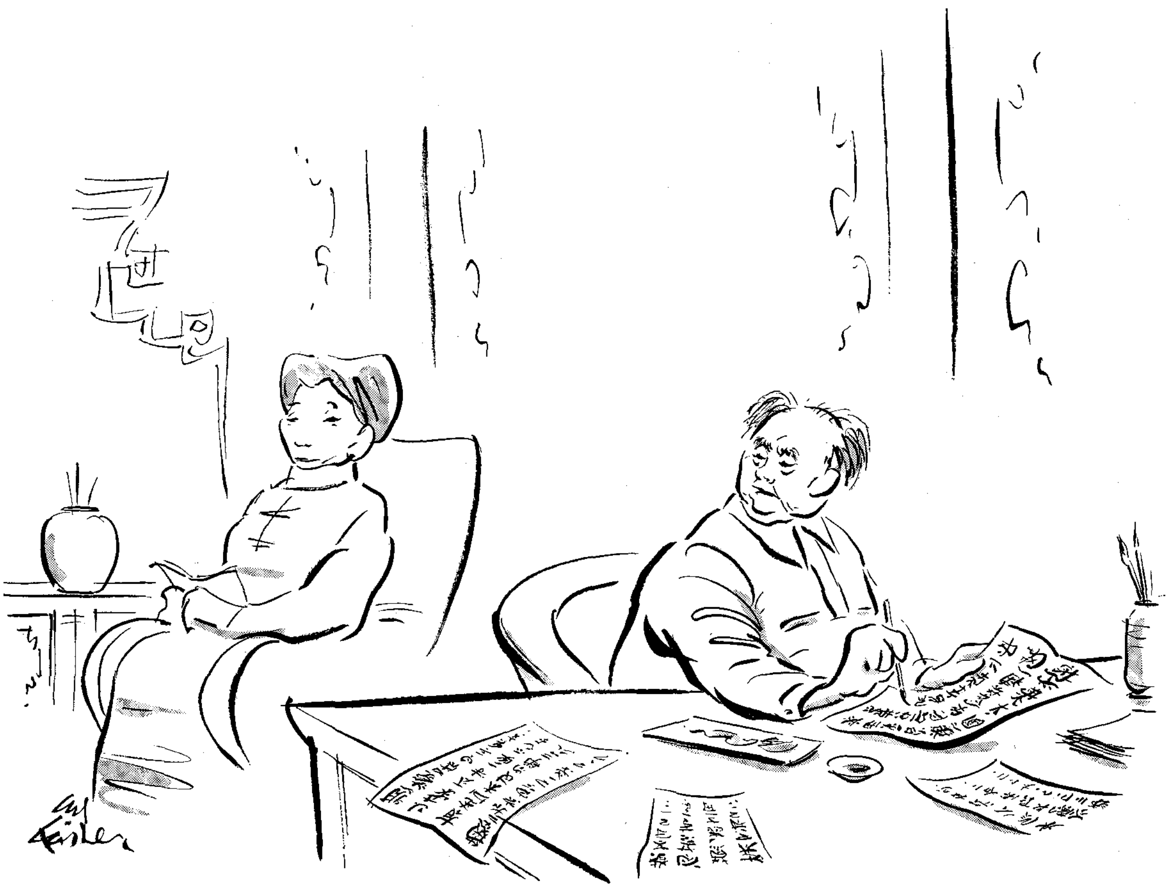
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE test at Amchitka is over—safely, as far as anyone can tell, or, at least, as has so far been reported, which means that the wildlife in the Aleutians wasn't knocked to pieces, that an earthquake wasn't set in motion, that radiation wasn't released into the surrounding atmosphere, that Australia is still in place, that Japan is not under water, and that the Atomic Energy Commission, the folks who have been bringing us the Peaceful Uses of the Atom since 1945, found out what they so badly wanted to learn; not, mind you, just for their files, or for some generals or admirals, but *on behalf of all of us:* which has to do with the emission of gamma rays, neutrons, and X-rays from a prototype warhead of a Spartan missile, which, in turn, is part of the Safeguard Anti-Ballistic-Missile System. You do remember the Safeguard Anti-Ballistic-Missile System, don't you? It is the wonderful, expensive new missile system that, on the available evidence, is either (a) already obsolete or (b) not already obsolete, and either (a) will keep us slightly safe or (b) won't keep us safe at all. At any rate, the A.E.C. has announced that it is "elated" at the results of the test. The technicians and generals and admirals are on their way home. Already home is plucky Mrs. James Schlesinger, wife of the chairman of the A.E.C., who hied herself and her two kids off to Amchitka two days before the big event, on the plucky (although clearly unlib) basis that "it is my husband's big day and I want to be with him." President Nixon, one gathers, is mightily pleased. On the day before the blast, there were periodic emanations from Ronald Ziegler, the White House press secretary, as to how the Presidential decision to go ahead with the test would be "vindicated" by the "safety" of the explosion. The explosion apparently was safe. The President is thereby vindicated. Everybody lives happily ever after—more happily, in fact, since the bomb scientists can now build the possibly obsolete Spartan and get it right about the gamma rays, neutrons, and X-rays.

We feel like hurling plates against the wall. Can't anybody ever get the main thing right? And by the main thing we suppose we mean the responsibility—or, anyway, the relationship—that should exist by now between leaders and the people they have been asked to lead: the rest of us. Caesar spoke a good deal about leadership. O.K. It probably sounded better in Latin, and, besides, if you're standing waist-deep in a frozen river at the beginning of history it's probably as good a word to bellow out as any other. Charlemagne. O.K. Richard Cœur de Lion. The Duke of Marlborough. O.K.—although the bodies are beginning to pile up in the fields. The harvest is not what it used to be. (Didn't one hear that smart young major in Planning explain that we were there because of the *national security* of the Low Countries? Or was it Austerlitz? Or was it Carthage?) Napoleon. Wellington. Bonnie Prince Charlie. Kubla Khan. *Tell me, Leftenant, wasn't that a village, or possibly a subcontinent, there when we passed by before?* Sargon II. Clemenceau. General Paul D. Harkins. I lead, you follow. *Vorwärts!* Over the top, my buckos. The free world can no longer sit by in silence, nor can free men abide the rule of Spain, the fleet of Rome, the tanks of Vercingetorix, the French in Aquitaine, the English in Aquitaine, the Mex. in the Alamo, the heathen in Acre, in Hué, in Haute-Savoie, Sebastopol, the sultan's flag over Fort Zinderneuf, the gunboats at Algeciras. Leadership! If anyone questions leadership—can't you see?—the whole damn thing will fall apart. Ten thousand or ten million years of human achievement will tumble into nothing. The school will never field another team. The Goths, long-haired and greasy, carrying placards, posters, and enormous spears, and painted unappealing shades of blue, are only waiting outside the gates—waiting for *you* to show lack of confidence in *me*.

You'd think, forgetting Caesar, or Charlemagne, who at any rate was keen on writing, but remembering at least back into this century: our fathers, grandfathers, all those fine parades, Field Marshal Lord Haig upon his white horse, good Maréchal Joffre, the flower of English youth (Or was it French youth? Or German youth? Or Russian youth? Or Vietnamese youth? Or Chinese youth? Somebody's youth, anyway, somebody *else's* Spanish Succession, or Geneva Convention, or peace in our time)—you'd think that anyone old enough to remember the bugle calls that summoned everyone to the Somme and Château-Thierry, the different bugle calls that beckoned the survivors back to Versailles, and Hooverville, and Munich, and that led to the still different bugle calls that got us all out again for Dunkirk and Dresden, Stalingrad, Anzio, Uncle Joe and Winnie, hands across the Elbe; the countless other bugle calls since then: the Yalu, Inchon, the Missile Gap, the Missile Crisis, Laos, Vietnam, the Gulf of Tonkin (ah, that was a fine clear note!)—*you'd think* that one of those grand, medalled, epauletted people up there on the bridge of the ship would by now be getting just a little *diffident* about putting that damn bugle once more to his lips. "Look," an aide must surely be around to say. "Look what bugling has done for us in the past. Look out the window. Look at the land. Look at the bodies." But no. If there is anybody up on the bridge who is thinking this, nobody is saying it. Consider the argument of Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold in favor of the Amchitka



"What, if anything, rhymes with 'Tricia'?"

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test: he said that the Supreme Court should not "second-guess" a decision made by the executive branch, adding that "grave damage" would be done to the security of this country if that should occur. It appears to have been a forceful argument. A majority of the Court, in any event, came out in favor of not second-guessing the leadership. That is one reason we want to throw plates against the wall—the notion, affirmed by Justice, that, two thousand years after Caesar, we are still supposed to go skipping forward, trusting the bugler. The other reason for throwing at least a platter or two is that this time the bugler not only fudged some of the data but admitted that he had fudged the data. When challenged by the Committee for Nuclear Responsibility for not having properly inserted the negative points in the A.E.C. statement—as per President Nixon's shiny new Environmental Policy Act—the government's man, Griswold, first tried to dodge the challenge on a technicality, then calmly asserted that (a) the A.E.C. had done all right, because it had printed *some* of the negative points, and (b) "there is nothing in the act that requires the statement [on impact] to be right." Terrific. The bomb explosion was safe. California didn't slide into the San Andreas fault. The otters are in great shape. The bomb people found out about their gamma rays. The government found a back door out of the Environmental Policy Act. On Saturday, when the bomb went off, we thought: You leaders in brown suits and gold braid (sabres dangling against the brown suits), you leaders, with your brave, lonely resolves, your grace under pressure, your glimpses of history— *Stop.* You are monkeying around. It is our place here, and you are just passing through.

Turkish Culture

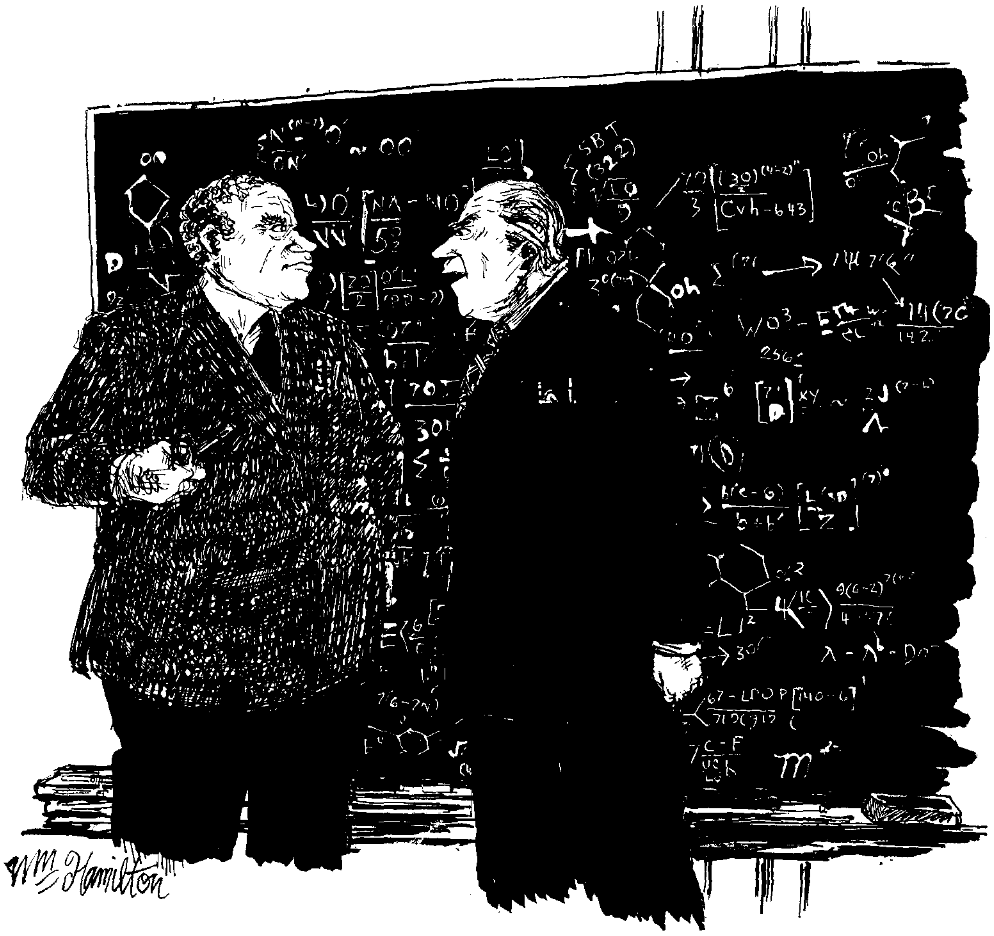
FOR the first time in its history, Turkey has added a Minister of Culture to its Cabinet, and we had a talk with the designee, Talât Sait Halman, a few hours before he left Greenwich Village for Ankara to assume his new duties. A forty-year-old poet, translator, journalist, and teacher, who has spent nearly half his life in the United States, Mr. Halman was offered his portfolio in mid-July by Prime Minister Nihat Erim. "Turkey used to be known as a land of agriculture," Mr. Halman told us, "and it's my aim to deëmphasize the 'agri.' We're extremely fortunate in having many layers of civilization—so many that archeologists can't count them. We have sixty-seven archeological digs under way at the moment, and every summer they augment our national resources by no fewer than fifty thousand additional unique items. And the reservoir seems to be inexhaustible. My Ministry will have charge of eighty-seven museums, including the famous Topkapi Palace, in Istanbul, which was built over a five-hundred-year stretch and occupied by the sultans until the middle of the nineteenth century. There are four hundred rooms in the harem section alone. My Ministry will also be responsible for, among other things, a national library, a national folklore institute, eleven art galleries, seven theatres, two ballet companies, and two opera companies. There was no full-fledged opera in Turkey until twenty-five years ago; now we have a repertoire of sixty works, including six by Turkish composers. We have four main types of music, you know—Turkish classical, Western classical, folk, and modern. I like to stress this variety, because I think that out of it a magnificent cultural synthesis can emerge. One of our leading rock singers is a son of the grand old man of Turkish classical singing. Amazing—to have both that disruption and that continuity in a single generation. Oh, we have so many plans—our own recording industry, and documentary films on Turkish civilization and art, and translations of Turkish literature into English, French, and German. Were you aware that one of our greatest poets, Yunus Emre, who died six hundred and fifty years ago, was the original 'make-love-not-war' man? He was a mystic and a humanist who lived when the Mongols were ravaging the Turkish countryside, and he once wrote, 'I'm not here on earth for strife; love is the mission of my life.' "

Mr. Halman, who was born in Istanbul, has impressive poetic credentials himself. The son of a commander-in-chief of the Turkish Navy, he convinced his father, by having some verses published at the age of six, that he was not destined for a military career. After graduating from Robert College, in Istanbul, he produced the first Turkish translations of William Faulkner. Then he came to the States and enrolled at Columbia as a graduate student in political science. Concurrently, he became a clerk at the Fifth Avenue branch of the shop called The Record Hunter, and within a few months he had worked up to the position of general manager. Following that, he taught Turkish language and literature at Columbia, New York University, and Princeton. "It is not an overwhelmingly popular field of study," he said. "Sometimes I had only one or two students in a course, and if I had seven or eight I considered my class unmanageably crowded." No man to stick to one pursuit at a time, Mr. Halman also served as a writer and announcer for United Nations radio programs beamed at Turkey. While he was in the United Nations library one day, he met Seniha Taskiranel, a young Turkish woman who also was working for the U.N., and he subsequently married her; the daughter of a Turkish Air Force officer, she had studied journalism at Northwestern. All along, Mr. Halman continued his literary endeavors. He has had nine books of poetry and translations published to date, among them trailblazing Turkish versions of Wallace Stevens, Langston Hughes, Shakespeare's sonnets, and some Eskimo poets, and he has a translation of ancient Egyptian poetry on the fire. In the winter of 1969, while briefly resident in his homeland, he began turning out a daily column on Turkish politics for *Milliyet*, the principal newspaper of Istanbul, and he suspects that the column was largely responsible for his being invited to join the Cabinet. "Most Turkish columnists are ideological and polemical, and often irresponsible," he told us. "I tried to be nonpartisan and to avoid personal denunciations. One of my American friends was kind enough to suggest that I was sort of a cross between James Reston and Pete Hamill."

Mr. Halman regards himself as especially lucky, as he embarks on his new mission, because Turkey, which had no television four years ago, is starting to embrace that medium. "I see television as an invaluable tool for increasing cultural awareness, if it's properly used," he said. "If all goes well, we'll soon be reaching twelve million people by television—in Ankara, Istanbul, Bursa, and Izmir—for although few of them can afford sets, there's no reason the government can't install sets in schools, town halls, and other central gathering places. I hope that by means of television we can give our citizens the urge to aspire to the better things in life. And I hope we can produce television shows for foreign audiences, too. Not enough outsiders know enough about my country. I want to make tourists feel that they can't afford *not* to visit Turkey. In 1973, moreover, to tie in with the fiftieth anniversary of our republic, we'll be sending a big art-and-sculpture show to the United States, and we'll also be exporting our celebrated Ottoman military band—the only band on earth I know of that walks sidewise as much as forward. I hope, further, to have the honor of being the first man to present real whirling dervishes outside Turkey. There are only seventy-two of them extant. They were considered subversive when they began, in the thirteenth century, as an artistic and philosophical movement; they advocate the love of God, in contrast to the traditional Islamic concept of a God who is to be feared. The dervishes espouse a spiritual communion between the believer and the godhead, and I consider them one of the best antidotes around to drugs, because they encourage people to attain ecstasy not through narcotics but through aesthetics."

Classical Walk

ONE cold, bright, windy day last week, we paced around midtown Manhattan with a group of dauntless pedestrians who are members of Classical America, a society formed around the radical idea that Classical art and architecture are not merely relics of the past but real possibilities for the future. Twenty of the hardiest members and their guests, wrapped in woolly sweaters, coats, and scarves, gathered at two o'clock on West Forty-third Street to begin a tour of buildings designed by one of their favorite architects, Stanford White, and his firm, McKim, Mead & White, which produced, among other things, the late lamented Pennsylvania Station. The gathering place was the Century Association building, designed by the firm in 1889 for a men's club, which still occupies it. We found the woolly walkers waiting in a small room inside, where the president of Classical America, John Barrington Bayley, was passing out brochures on the society and explaining that the tour would be a perambulatory



"We go to Stockholm, we accept our prize, and then I never want to see your ugly mug again!"

celebration of Stanford White's birthday. It had been conceived by, and would be led by, one of the society's members, Michael George, with assistance from Mr. Bayley.

Suddenly, Mr. George burst upon the scene, breathless. "Sorry I'm late," he said, puffing. "There'll be a ninety-second delay." He hurriedly opened a large, crumpled cardboard portfolio, jammed with books and leaflets on Stanford White, and pulled out a box of small birthday candles. "Stanford White's birthday is November 9th, two days from now," he said, with a wide smile. "I'm giving each of you a candle, and I want you to pause at some time during that day and remember the great architect." Everyone looked startled. We were given a green-and-white striped candle, which we put in our pocket. Mr. George, who was wearing a purple necktie and an olive-green windbreaker, is young, black, and bountiful in his enthusiasm for Classical architecture. He is an assistant cameraman for C.B.S.-TV in the daytime, but he spends most of his evenings and weekends roaming New York and looking at buildings whose design has come down through the centuries from the Greeks and Romans, simply because he thinks that that kind of design is better than any other yet devised.

Mr. Bayley, who was wearing an immaculately pressed light-brown overcoat and a dark-brown felt hat, is white, dry-humored, and composed. A tall man with a sandy-white mustache, he is an architect, an architectural photographer, a staff member of the Landmarks Preservation Commission, and one of the founders of Classical America. He ushered us all into the lobby of the Century building and pointed to the walls, the ceiling, and the floor. "We have here the Tuscan Order in a pilaster, and, above it, a very neatly turned cornice. Notice the head of Apollo on the ceiling, and the mosaic floor. All are touches typical of Stanford White."

Our group began shedding its coats and scarves as it followed its guides up the central marble staircase to rooms for reading and dining. Mr. Bayley drew our attention to more pilasters, with gilded Renaissance capitals; to high carved-oak mantels; and to gold-and-green embossed wall coverings. In the library, which is panelled in oak and has a ceiling two stories high, Mr. George said, a formal tone moderating his usual exuberance, "Stanford White was born in 1853, and he was a man who was very important to American architecture. Not only did he give New York a lot of beautiful buildings but he and his firm helped to elevate the idea of city architecture to *civic* architecture, which the public could enjoy, and which could symbolize the city." Then he grinned and said, "Let's go."

Off everyone went, down the stairs, pulling on coats and scarves again, striding out to Forty-third Street, then up Fifth Avenue and onward, leaning against the November wind.

We caught up with Mr. Bayley and asked him if one of our favorite buildings, the New York Public Library, is Classical.

"Definitely! A fine example," Mr. Bayley said. "Designed by John Carrère and Thomas Hastings in 1898."

We turned up our coat collar and asked him to define Classical.

"First, Classical is the only kind of art and architecture that can shelter the human form in painting or sculpture without distortion," he said. "In the Byzantine style, the human form is two-dimensional; in Gothic, it has many distortions; in Modern, it isn't even an essential element. Second, Classical has the five orders of columns—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Tuscan, and Composite—which we've inherited from the ancient Greeks and Romans, and any architecture that doesn't use them can't be called Classical. Third, there are certain forms of ornament—such as the Greek fret, the scroll, and the acanthus leaf—that the ancients gave us. The great acanthus leaf is to Western art as the lotus is to Eastern art—the immortal morphological symbol." Mr. Bayley turned up *his* collar, and also pulled his hat more snugly down on his head. "You see, the Greeks and Romans devised an extraordinary style, which was developed further in subsequent Classical epochs—notably in the Italian Renaissance, and later in our American Renaissance, at the turn of the century, when architects like White renewed and enlarged a tradition that has never died. Modern architects have pushed aside that tradition, and we call them Secessionists. We believe that the Classical will return; it always has returned. It's just a matter of time."

By now, Mr. George and the group were blocks away, heading for the Scribner bookstore (the Roman lamp above the entrance was designed by Stanford White), St. Bartholomew's Church (porch by McKim, Mead & White, in a Romanesque adaptation of the Classical style), the General Sherman statue (base by Charles McKim), the Villard Houses, the University Club, the Harmonie Club, and the Metropolitan Club (all by McKim, Mead & White). At the end of the tour, a woman in an orange coat said that on White's birthday she was going to visit the Washington Square Arch, Columbia University, and the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument in Fort Greene Park (all M., M. & W.). Mr. George said, "Every year, I take the day off and spend it in libraries, reading books on Classical architecture."

Rabe

DAVID RABE has two plays running simultaneously under the capacious umbrella of Joseph Papp's Public Theatre—"The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel" at one end of the building (Newman Theatre), and "Sticks and Bones" upstairs and at the other end (Anspacher Theatre). In all, it's a tonic situation for a thirty-one-year-old playwright from Dubuque, Iowa, especially since large numbers of people who see a Rabe play sense that they are in the presence of a real and powerful writing man. We had a chat with Rabe the other morning at a friend's place, and found him broad-shouldered, blondish, open-faced, modest, soft-spoken, introspective, evaluative, and forcefully honest. He thinks before he speaks. "There's a thematic connection between 'Pavlo' and 'Sticks,' " he said, "since both are about the Vietnam war, but there's a moral connection, too—a connection of moral outrage. My experience of the war is somewhat ambiguous. You see, I was drafted when I was twenty-five, and went to Vietnam in 1966, and for me the debate was really one of convenience. Is this a good time to go, isn't it a good time—that sort of thing. I accepted a lot of what I heard. I hadn't given anything too much thought. I'd had a Catholic childhood in Dubuque, played football, gone to Loras College, out there, and then to Villanova, in the East. Father was a high-school teacher and then a meat packer. In Vietnam, I was part of a support group for hospitals all over the place. I saw no combat, but I was stationed at Long Binh, near an ammo dump, and I can remember the strange excitement and sensation of watching the other side go after that dump. You sit and watch, fascinated. You know that *they* have someone of theirs inside the dump, trying to blow it up, and you know that *we* are trying to find out where *they* are, but you don't know where anyone is, so you watch the wild, sharp lights and the tracers. They

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hit that place pretty hard after I left. The strange things began to happen to me when I came back home. Everybody seemed totally removed from the war. It was the oddest feeling. There was a total lack of involvement. The war was another world *completely*. People were interested in simplifications. They were interested in stories of massacres and corruption. Massacres and corruption. People were interested in the *debate* about the war rather than in the experience of the war itself. Someone would ask me a question, and when I'd answer he'd say, 'But it didn't happen that way.' Hard to take."

Rabe stared quietly at the ceiling for a moment. "I would like to see the word 'inhuman' struck from the language," he said. "Acts that people perform are all too human, and people save their egos by saying that such-and-such was performed by a 'monster.' If you think a monster did it, this clears you. The mother in 'Sticks,' for instance, tries to save her sanity when her blind son returns after living with a lovely native girl by completely locking herself off from the concept of the girl, by telling herself that the girl was yellow, a different breed, totally alien, not human—a monster. It's a language thing, really. Oh, I know there are monsters here and there—people who are just *sort* of human, like the brother in 'Sticks' (a monster!), and some monster politicians, who have to be outsmarted. But mostly I've discovered it's people, and this took a long time. I've been doing a great deal of thinking the past few years, I'm struggling toward a new sensitivity, one of patience and compassion, and toward a longer view of behavior. People who see 'Pavlo' often think that the automaton drill sergeant is a monster. They have a dreadful time incorporating reality into their preconceived notions. As far as I'm concerned, that sergeant behaves throughout with human dignity. He has a nine-to-five job. He tells his troops exactly what they are going to face, and perhaps how to save themselves from death. He does the best he can. Incidentally, I don't share many people's view of this war as racist, or even anti-Communist. I see it as a national effort on our part against Asian unification, and in our arrogance we lump everybody together—Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laotians. And even with the anti-war movement and all the rest (hardly a murmur when I first came home), I am afraid that people will now say, 'O.K., so we're responsible for a lot of things, but let's have another one.' "

Rabe smiled a small smile. "I'm pretty happy these days," he said. "I'm working on a long play and a long one-acter. I can go back and forth between them. Papp is wonderful to work with. He takes risks. He leaves you alone. He encourages. And Jeff Bleckner, who directed both plays, is not one of those directors who close a playwright out. My wife and I live in Drexel Hill, near Philadelphia, and I teach two graduate courses, in film history and playwriting, at Villanova. My wife is a lab technician and is studying Chinese. I like to walk into a bookstore and buy a book about Shakespeare. My thinking is in flux. I did a stint in feature journalism and found it stimulating—all that input. I often think I want to go back to school and study biology and chemistry. Whenever my own thinking becomes more lucid, I tell myself, 'Watch out! Rethink!' My playwriting comes from way down inside—*way* down. It's not a matter of intellect. What's happened, really, is that the complexity of the world has hit me. People still drive me crazy when they ask, 'What *was* it like?' And then I say, 'I'll tell you what it was like. It was a carnival—exciting, vulgar, obscene.' The sheer variety, the endless diversity, the humanity of the surviving peoples overwhelmed me. I am compelled to discover what things human beings share, what makes them different from one another. I often tell myself that I may have had more in common with someone who lived a thousand years ago than I have with someone alive today."

THE GUNS IN THE CLOSET

UNTIL now, Tony believed he had been liberated by his Venezuelan grandfather's name—freed to be the special person that for years he unthinkingly felt himself to be. Ybarra. "Basque, you know," he would say when the subject came up. He was an editor in a New York publishing house, and author of an occasional essay, and it was understood, especially by European editors visiting his office, that his name set him apart from—well, whatever American foolishness or provinciality or philistinism infected the scene at the moment. He was aware that there was more than a trace of snobbery in this; aware, too, of the defensive residue, for he never forgot the discrimination that his name had subjected him to—mild, he admitted—during his adolescence in New York public schools and even at Harvard, though never in publishing, he liked to believe. Motel desk clerks in New England and the Midwest still took a second look at him when they noticed the name on the charge card, and allowed his appearance and his speech to convince them that he was all right. Those tiny encounters when he stood for inspection kept him, he thought, open to the world of the ghettos—the blacks, Puerto Ricans, and Chicanos—and it pleased him that his son Bill, who he had made sure learned Spanish fluently, should have lately come alive to the name. It amused him when Bill referred to himself in company—so as not, perhaps, to be challenged by his parents—as a Third World person. Today, Tony was uneasy.

Bill had come down from the apartment near Columbia University that he shared with other students—like him, activists who had been suspended after the campus strike—to have Sunday brunch at home. A surprise, for these were not family brunches, and Tony knew that Bill could no longer bear the two or three writers and editors, all West Side liberal neighbors, who would be there. "It's the Third World that's important, not the American moral conscience!" he had yelled one Sunday three months earlier. "Up the N.L.F.!" And he had not been back since. Today, Bill sat out the two pitchers of Bloody Marys, the quiche, the fruit salad, the French loaves and cheeses from Zabar's, and tension grew between him and Tony as suppressed as Bill's opinions were today.

Tony thought about his old friend Clifford, who would have been here if he were not in Algiers on a writing assignment. "Dear chaps, you're luckier with Bill than others are with their children," he'd said the last time Tony and his wife, Gale, had discussed Bill with him. "*They* deal with their kids as if they were a declining power negotiating with a newly emerged nation. The new diplomacy, right?"

Right. Tony saw that Gale had caught him studying Bill, and he smiled thinly, as if to say *Don't ask me.* And Bill of course intercepted all this and, unseen by the guests, winked at his parents, as if he in turn were replying *I'm here, that's all.* But later, when the others had left, he offered to go down with his father to walk the dog, and Gale exclaimed triumphantly, "Aha!" Bill laughed helplessly as in the days when he was a boy and they had uncovered one of his ruses.

"Shall I take money with me?" Tony asked as if asking an audience.

"No money," Gale said.

Bill shook his head and threw up his arms. A routine family charade, and Tony decided that his anxiety was baseless. But when Bill was saying goodbye, Gale took the boy's head between her hands, as she had begun to do during the strike at Columbia, and kissed him. Trouble, Tony thought; she always knows.

Going down in the elevator, both quiet in the presence of other tenants, Tony noticed that Bill wore a J. Press jacket he had not seen in a long time. No Army fatigue jacket. His hair was almost short, his pants were not jeans, his shoes were not work boots, and there were no Panther buttons on his chest. He seemed to have abandoned the new life style, and it surprised Tony that his son's appearance did not please him; he looked ordinary.

Ordinary? Then he must not be a Weatherman. Thinking about Bill afflicted Tony with non sequiturs. "Bill, you don't have money to keep your apartment, do you?" he said. "You're not there anymore. We haven't been able to reach you for two weeks."

Bill shook his head. "No," he said, "but I don't want to be up there anymore."

So he was downtown. "Are you in a commune?"

Bill pulled the dog toward Riverside Drive. "Too many people on Broadway," he explained, and crossed the Drive to the park. When Tony caught up with him, he was bending down to unleash the dog and let him run.

"Well, are you in a commune?" Tony asked, and smiled to appear casual.

From his bent position, Bill looked up and smiled a mocking smile; he shook his head. Tony was not reassured—not even when Bill straightened, threw out his arms, and took a deep breath, as if that was what he had come out for. Bill began to jog down the path to the esplanade and motioned his father on. "Good for you!" he called, and again he went through the motions of inhaling and exhaling with vigor.

When Tony got to him, he said, "Listen, Dad, I'd like to bring some stuff down tonight from my place. For you to keep for me. Just for a couple of days."

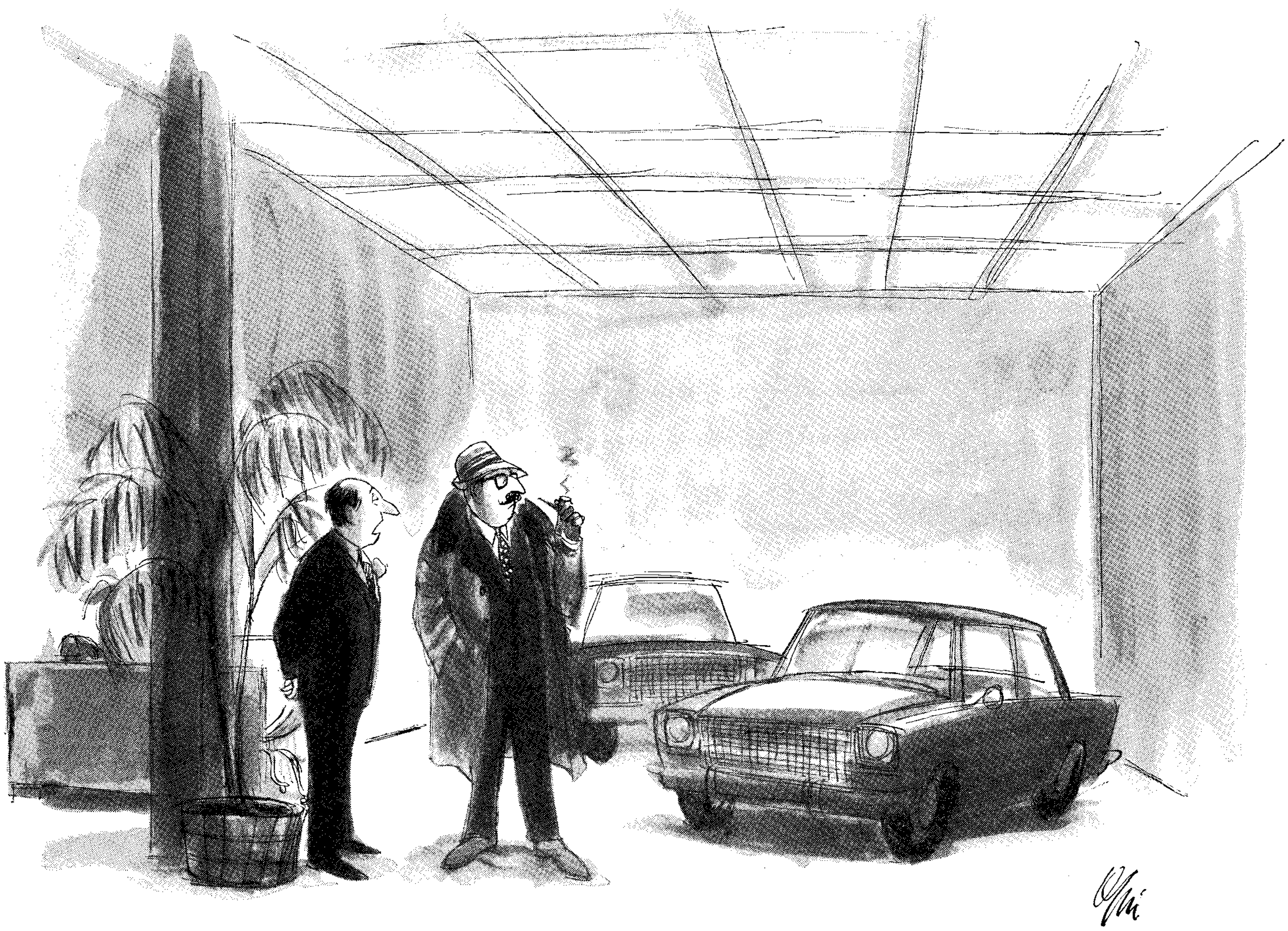
There were people brushing by. "Sure," Tony said, thinking it was books or clothes. "We're not going out. Anyway, you have a key." Bill looked at him so seriously that Tony stopped, suspicious again. "What stuff?"

Bill turned his head away. They were alone on the path now. "Guns," he said quietly.

Later, Tony wished he could have seen his son's face when he said that, but only the back of his neck was in view. There were wet leaves on the ground, and everything was still. Then a burst of laughter from a group of young people who appeared in the path on their way out of the park. They crowded Tony to one side and gave him time to think. I must not show my fear, he thought, especially my fear for him. But the questions burst out of him like exclamations. "They're not yours, are they? Whose are they?"

"No questions like that," Bill said. In a moment, he added, "Of course they don't belong to me."

"I see," Tony said, subdued. They had come onto the esplanade and there were people everywhere, walking their dogs, sitting on the benches, or simply strolling. Tony did not know whether it was their presence that forced him to speak casual-



"I hate to lose a sale, sir, but I doubt that a Toyota would meet your emotional needs."

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ly, that created a new equality between him and Bill, or the boundaries that Bill had set up. I do not own this part of him, he thought; I can say yes or no, but that is all. He had liked being a father and it shamed him now that he was elated, as he walked alongside him, to find that Bill had his own mysterious corners, his own densities.

Finally, he said, "I shall have to talk to Gale first. It's her decision, too." He had never, with Bill, called Gale anything but "your mother," and he knew he was being mean in his new equality. Both to Bill and to his wife. Bill could walk away from their lives—perhaps even should—but parentage cannot be removed. He reached out and touched Bill's shoulder.

"O.K.," Bill said. "You tell me when I phone you later."

But he has come to me—*me*—and in the wind that blew from the river Tony's eyes teared. "You said they were at your place," he said. "Is that uptown?"

Bill nodded.

"And your friends living there—do they know?"

Bill exhaled and began his explanations. "They were away last weekend and the F.B.I. broke in. The kids next door told them about it. The agents went through their apartment to get to the fire escape—it's kind of hard to get into ours with the locks I have on the door—and the kids came home while the agents were there. The super had let the two of them in, but the kids told them to get out. So the pieces have to be removed right away. They were just lying under the bed in duffelbags—they must have seen them. My friends have been trying to get to me all week."

"And the apartment is in your name!"

Bill did not answer.

"You can bring them," Tony said. "It will be all right with your mother, I'm sure."

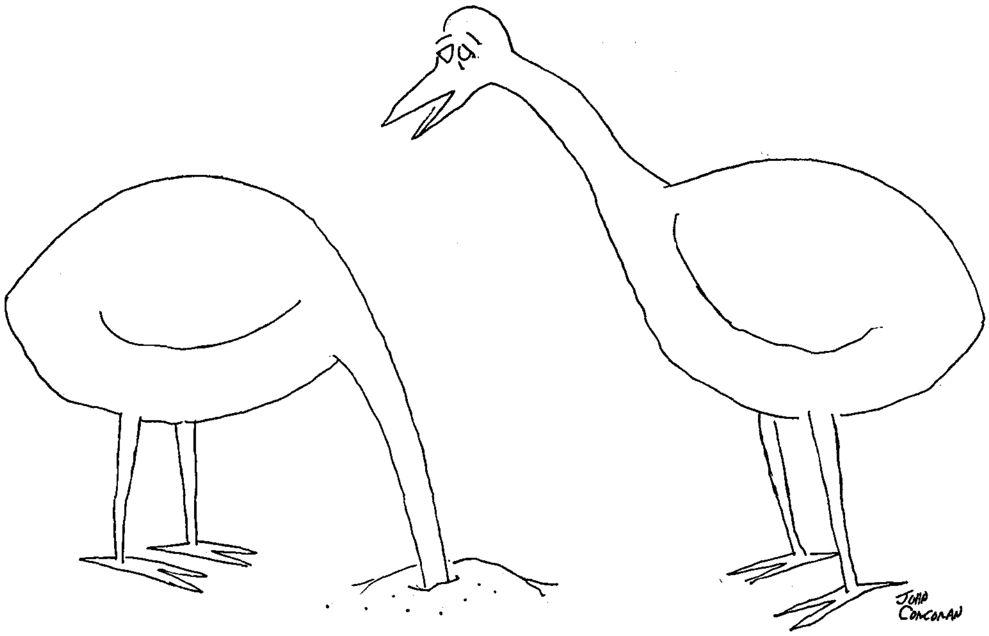
"O.K.," Bill said. "I have to go now." He handed his father the leash. "I'll call you tonight." The dog followed him, and he turned back after a few paces. "Listen, when I call I'll ask if I can sleep over and tell you how soon I'll be there. You be down on the street when I arrive."

"All right," Tony said, and the sound of his voice was so strange to him that he leaned down to hold the dog to hide his sensation. Bill's legs did not move away, so Tony looked up and saw him bring a hand up to his waist and make it into a fist quickly, casually.

"All power to the people," Bill said in a conversational voice. Then he smiled, in order, as they said in their family, to take the curse off it. "See you."

Alone, Tony felt cool and lightheaded. He wanted to run and did, and the dog ran after him. Nothing unusual—the kind of sprint that men walking dogs in the park will often break into. During the war, he had reacted this way when, as pilot on a scout observation plane, he climbed to the catwalk and into his plane to be catapulted from the ship: his hands checked the canopy, the stick between his legs—all concentration while his emotions unreeled without control and unrelated images flitted in and out of his mind. He knew only that he was being observed and that he must be true to some unconfessed vision of himself.

He walked back to the apartment



"And what kind of a world would this be if everyone decided not to get involved?"

• •

slowly. How to tell Gale. Dinner guests would have to be put off. Last summer, the caretaker of the Maine estate they rented had asked him what kind of name his was, and when he replied that it was Spanish—no use saying Basque—the old man had said, "Spanish! Now, there's nothing wrong with that, is there?" The guns must go in the closet in his study—that was one place their thirteen-year-old daughter, who now should be back from her friend's apartment, never looked.

In the elevator, he thought, But if *they* didn't come back to the apartment with warrants, then they must have a reason to wait. Do they hope to catch Bill? Do they have a watch on the place and if Bill walks out in a few hours with . . . He would not say this to Gale. She was lying on the living-room couch with the Sunday *Times*, and he got a pad and pen and sat next to her and wrote out the conversation—the gist of it—he had had with Bill.

Gale smiled when he handed it to her but when she had read it she sat up. "But—" she began. Behind her came the wail of a Beatles record from their daughter's room.

Tony put a finger to his lips. "Not here," he said.

The color went out of her face. "I've got to go out for a cup of coffee," she said. "Right now!"

They walked up and down Broadway and sat in a coffee shop and talked. She wanted to be angry at someone. "Couldn't you have brought him back to the apartment?" she said.

Tony felt like putting his head in his hands. "I didn't think . . ."

She waved a hand defeatedly, in understanding. "And there's no way of getting in touch with him?"

By the time they returned to the apartment, the exhilaration he had first felt was gone. They were no sooner inside than Gale had to take up the pad and write on it a warning about their daughter. "*She must not know unless it is absolutely neccesary.*" He nodded, noticing the misspelling. And the cleaning woman who came three times a week, she wrote. She must be kept out of his study. He nodded again and took the sheet from the pad and went into the small bath off the study and tore it into small pieces and flushed them down the toilet. Thank God, Gale had not thought of the danger to Bill when he removed the guns from the apartment uptown.

Tony sat in the study and knew that Gale was restlessly tidying the apartment. Later, he heard her on the phone calling off the evening's appointment, arguing with their daughter to keep her from having friends in. Then silence. He could not read or write. He kept visualizing the walkup near Columbia, which he had visited only three or four times. So many of the tenants were young people moving in and out that surely duffelbags would attract no attention. He thought of the solution: a decoy. Someone must first leave with the duffelbags that had been under the bed but with something else in them. Of course. He got up from his chair to tell Gale. No. It was Bill he should get to. Run up to the apartment? Ten minutes by taxi. Gale wouldn't notice.

He had taken his jacket out of the hall closet when he realized that he dare not be seen up there today. Which of Bill's friends could he call? Which of them had gone this far with him in his politics? He did not know. He told Gale, who was lying on the couch again, that he was going down for cigarettes. She looked blank, then questioning, and Tony smiled and shook his head. From a street booth, he called a friend of Bill's who had been with him in the Columbia strike. The operator came on and asked what number he was calling. He told her—safe enough in a public booth, he thought. In a moment, she came back on to say the number had been disconnected. When he got back to the apartment, Gale did not look up from the couch. As he put his jacket back in the closet he saw that she would not look up. She had thought of the danger.

He went to his study and tried not to think. There was a manuscript in his briefcase that one of the young editors liked. Another book on Vietnam. They already had one for the winter list. It was foolish not to talk aloud to Gale in the apartment. He could not believe the F.B.I. had time to listen to his phone, to the hours of his daughter's, his wife's, and his own conversations, just because of Bill. He remembered a manuscript on surveillance that his house had turned down. To cover the whole apartment, the sound would have to be transmitted to a nearby station no more than two or three blocks away, to be either recorded or monitored. Thank God, he was not a paranoid left-winger.

Yet when the phone rang at eleven-forty-five and he heard Bill say, "Dad?," he gave way to the fear that had made him write on the pad. He had to clear his throat before he could answer.

"Listen, Dad, I'm in the neighborhood." His voice was easy—he was a good actor. "I'm at a party and I don't want to go all the way downtown when I leave, so I'm going to do you and Mom the honor of staying with you overnight. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said and knew he was not playing his part well. He tried to ask the question. "Bill . . ."

"I'll be there in an hour," Bill said with that touch of high-handed misuse of parents that had once been genuinely his. "Thanks," he added, out of character.

"Bill . . ." Tony began again and then did not risk it.

After a pause Bill said, "See you then," and hung up.

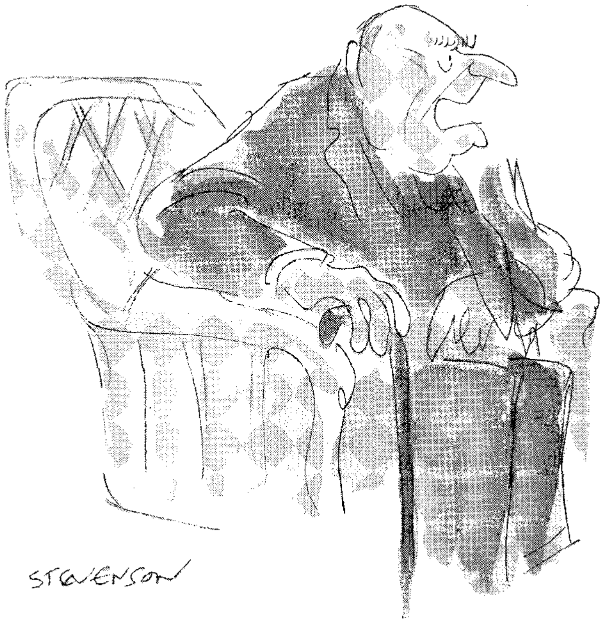
The next hour would tell. Tony went to the bedroom where Gale was watching a talk show and said with the casualness he had not managed on the phone that Bill was coming by in an hour to spend the night. She looked at him with the kind of reproach that women transmit with a glance when they think their men are acting like boys. He shrugged, went to the kitchen, heated some coffee, and drank it in his study. Once *this* was over, he told himself, he would make Bill have a long talk with him. There had been no battles during his adolescence—none of the rows that are usual with fathers and sons—and he did not want Bill's activities now, whatever they were, to be surrogates for them. He had been proud when Bill so suddenly, at Columbia, had become political; he had alerted everyone at the office when Bill was scheduled to appear on a program last year of the show Gale was now watching. He had not used parental concern as an excuse for trying to keep him at school or to deflect him—not even when, after Dean Rusk had spoken at the new Hilton, Bill came home battered from a fight with the cops on Sixth Avenue.

TEN minutes before the hour was up, Tony went downstairs. Between midnight and one, the doorman was always in the basement helping the janitor wheel the garbage cans onto the street by the side entrance. A police car was parked at the corner, its lights on; one cop stood at the back entrance of the bakery two doors down, waiting for the pastry they cadged each night, and the other was at the all-night diner for coffee. Tony lit a cigarette and stood at the door of the building as if he had come out for a breath of air. There were still many people on Broadway, but fewer, and the prostitutes were more visible. The cops went back to their car to drink the coffee and eat the Danish. He raised a hand in greeting when one looked his way, and both of them grinned. Nothing suspicious about me, he thought; I'm a respectable, middle-aged West Sider.

The cops pulled out as soon as they were finished, having lit cigarettes and set their faces into the withdrawn, contemptuous expressions that signified they were back on the job. A Volks station wagon turned into the street, paused, and then parked where the patrol car had been. Bill sat next to the driver; the friend Tony had tried to call earlier was behind the wheel. Tony walked over as Bill got out; his friend stayed inside and did not turn off the engine.

"Everything all right?" Tony asked.

"Great!" Bill said. He walked to the back of the car, opened the window, and beckoned with his head. There were two long leather cases lying in the car; they looked handsome and rich. "Golf clubs," Bill said, and picked up one and handed it to Tony.



"Go to hell!"

He took the other, fitted an arm through its strap, and carried it over one shoulder. With his free hand he waved to his friend, and the car drove off.

"Thank God, you didn't bring them in the duffelbags," Tony said, almost gaily. "I wanted to call and tell you that you should first have left the house with the duffelbags and then . . ."

"That's what we did," he said. "Sent a decoy out first."

Tony put his arm through the strap of the second case and walked alongside Bill to the entrance of the apartment building. We are the perfect picture of the middle-class father and son, he thought. I would say, seeing the two of us, that we belong to a country club in Westchester, play tennis from spring to late fall, swim, golf, of course, and keep a boat at the Seventy-ninth Street Basin. During the winter, we get together at the Athletic Club for handball, followed by a short swim in the heated pool. The son dashes out immediately after, but the father gets a rubdown and later joins two or three others his age for lunch upstairs by the wide, tall windows looking down on Central Park. Ah, yes. His Venezuelan grandfather's name and his childhood in the Spanish section of Chelsea would keep him always on a circular stage slowly revolving to the view: you never cease to act the role that the eyes of others create.

Tony said, "You're going to find your mother very upset."

"About this?" Bill said. "I'll talk to her."

"Well, not inside," Tony advised. "We've been careful to say nothing that we wouldn't want overheard."

Bill looked down, but Tony saw he was amused. "Well, Dad, it's not very likely," he said in the lobby. "Their tapping equipment must be overtaxed these days. Too many groups into heavy stuff, you know." And in the elevator he explained, in such detail that it alarmed Tony that he should know the subject so well, how you can detect with the use of an FM radio

FOUR POEMS

FALLING

Milk-rose, duplicate
dove of the water, I summon you—
come out of that spring,
give new life to our linens,
fire the sun's rutting day
on the other side of our winter.

I speak for myself; today
I'm a nude pilgrim
on his way to the church of the sea;
I've crossed the salt stones,
followed the discourse of rivers,
sat close to the fire
without guessing my destiny.

Having survived all that brine,
the bonfires, the boulders,
I kept crossing the zones
with only my grief to sustain me,
in love with my shadow.
For all my meandering, in this sign
alone I've come to outdistance myself.

This whole lying day,
furtive and false in its light,
I am drained of my strength;
I fall through *the time of the well*
paddling alone in the depths
of a spring's inexactitude
till a part of me breaks toward the light,
wearing my same old gray hat,
with a thumb on the selfsame guitar.

THE ENEMY

My old enemy came to visit
today—a man hermetically sealed
in his truth, like a castle
or strongbox,
with his own style of breathing
and a singular swordplay
sedulously stropped to draw blood.
I saw the years in his face:
the eyes of tired water,
the lines of his loneliness
that had lifted his temples
little by little to consummate self-love.

We chatted awhile in
broad mid-day, in windy
explosions that scattered
the sun on all sides and struck at the sky.
But the man showed me only
his new set of keys, his one
way to all doors. *Inside him,*
I think he was silent,
indivisibly silent;
the flint of his soul
stayed impenetrable.

I thought of that stingy integrity
hopelessly buried, with power
to harm only himself;
and within me I knew
my own crude truths shamed.

So we talked—each of us
holding his steely convictions,
each tempered by time—
two blind men defending
their individual darknesses.

ON THE ROAD

At night, in the drought
of the highway, powder and pebble,
a cart stutters by.

No one passes this way.

The soil has no living inhabitant,
only a gritty asperity touched
into fire by vertiginous beacons;
this is the night of the nettles,
of vegetables armored
like alligators, with drawn daggers;
one sees only fanged wire ringing
the pasturage,
cactus, hostilely huge
and spiny as obelisks,
the parched night, and there, in the dark
full of powdery stars,
the black nest of sunrise
readying again, without rest,
its yellow horizons.

SONG WITH LANDSCAPE AND A RIVER

The plateaus of Villarrica,
the rectangular yellows
and horizontal green banquets,
the fuchsias with violet mouths,
to the ultimate pride
of unkillable oak,
I enter my heritage,
the waters that gave me my life.

I was slapped into life
by the blow of the rain on a clod
and could never quite open
my eyes in the usual way.

I was always half buried
like a seed left forgotten;
I played with the dark
without forgetting the good days.

My bones knit themselves
back in this solitude;
I'm born many times over
in the sun's cunning rage.
I bury my head in the meadow
and my roots touch the sky.

At Villarrica, there by the river
called Toltén, Toltén, Toltén, Toltén.

—Pablo Neruda

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Ben Belitt.*)

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whether there is a bug in the apartment.

"We have to talk about you," Tony said. "I don't know what *you* are into, and it worries me."

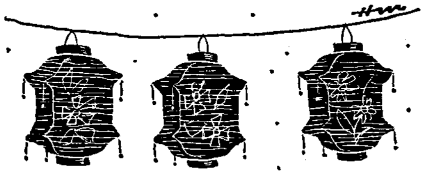
"Sure, O.K.," Bill said. They were on their floor, about to turn to the door of their apartment. "Look, you know I'm grateful to you that I learned Spanish and something about the culture. I got you to thank for that." He stopped, and Tony thought there must be many things Bill did not thank him for. "But I'm a Third World person, you know, and that's how I'm going to live."

Gale was not at the front of the apartment. Tony led Bill through the dining room and kitchen to the study. They leaned the cases against the back wall of the closet, and when they closed the door on them Bill said, "It'll only be for a couple of days. We'll let you know when."

"Remember I stay home Tuesdays to read manuscripts," Tony said.

"O.K.," Bill said, nodding, and on the way to the living room turned and added, "It won't be me."

Gale was standing in the living room in her robe. She held one hand up in a fist and shook it at Bill in pretended anger. He laughed. Well, for Christ's sake, Tony thought.



She asked, "Can I make you something to eat?"

"No time, Mom," Bill said. "I've got to go."

"But you said—" Tony began.

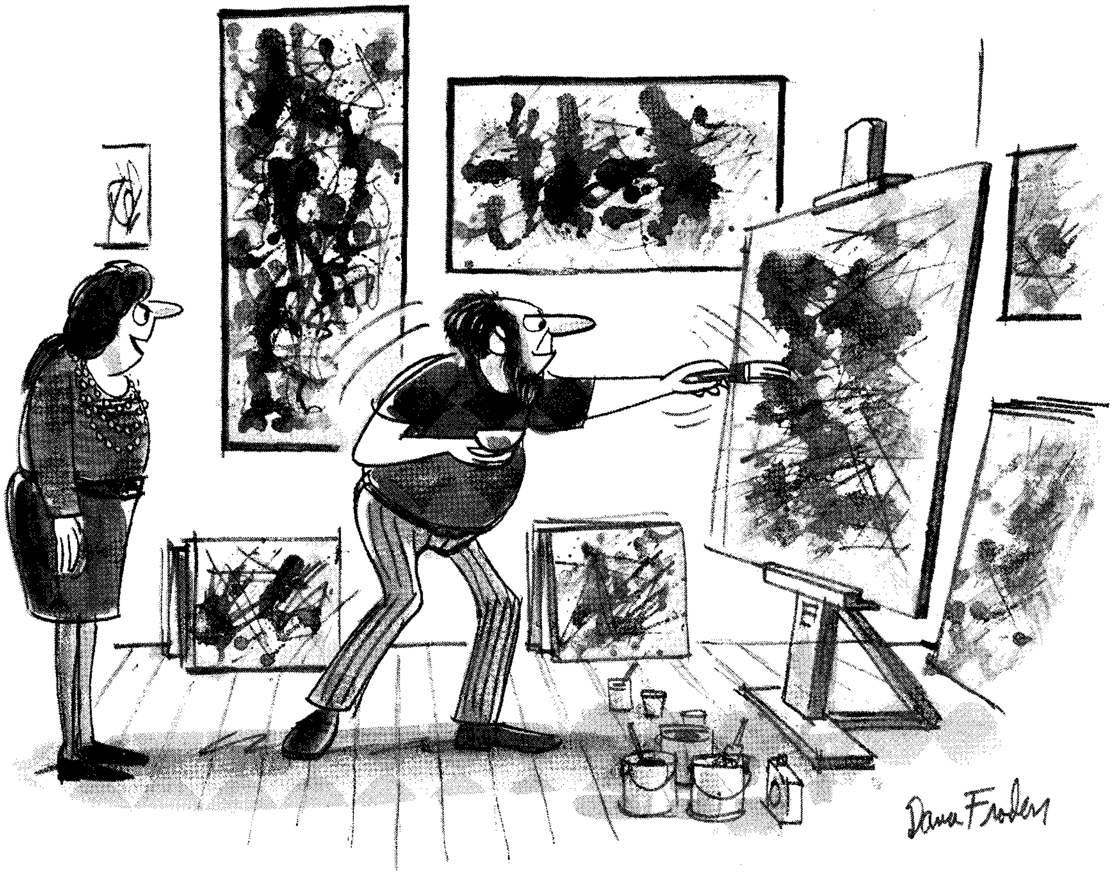
Gale completed it: "You were staying overnight!"

Bill's expression reminded them of his old joke that his parents talked like an orchestra. "I can't. My friend is waiting for me."

"But he drove away," Tony said.

"I saw him from my window," Gale added.

"He's two blocks farther down, waiting." Bill walked over to his moth-



“I doubt if Nixon cares all that much about you increasing your productivity.”

er to say goodbye. “I'll be in touch.”

Tony watched her hug him but could not hear what she whispered in his ear. When she let him go, she was pale and ready to cry. Tony said, “I'm coming down with you.”

In the hall, he tried to tell Bill some of the things he had thought that day. They came out badly. “I have to tell you that I don't agree with what you're doing. They're the wrong tactics. They won't work here. You don't know what real Americans are. You'll bring down the most—”

“Christ, Dad, you're not on the Susskind program.” That special hardness was in his voice; Tony did not know where he got it. “You know all the arguments as well as I do. Remember the time you came off his talk show and said there's just no way to make radical change palatable to liberals like that?”

“You're not going to compare me to him!”

“Not unless you force me,” Bill said, and stopped because people had got on the elevator.

In the lobby, Tony let them go ahead. He said quietly, as if making a new start, “I'm worried about what's going to happen to you.”

“Don't worry, I'm learning karate,” Bill said seriously. “No pig is going to run me down and twist my arm behind my back. From now on we're doing the bogarting. Twice a week I go to Connecticut to the rifle ranges and practice shooting.” He laughed. “I need a lot of practice.”

“What's that for!”

“I've got a very simple test for radicals,” Bill said. “When I read about some radical movement, I ask, did they arm themselves, did they pick up the gun? If they didn't, they aren't serious.”

On Broadway, Tony flinched when he saw a middle-aged writer coming toward them with his young wife—his third. They had the giggly look of people who have been turning on. And an after-the-party boredom with one another. Tony introduced them to Bill, and the writer made an effort to focus on him. “Pretty quiet at Columbia this year,” he said. “Anything happening?”

“I wouldn't know,” Bill said.

Quickly, Tony asked the writer how his new novel was doing. He began to talk about the reviews. Tony saw Bill edge away, and the writer tried to hold him by saying, “Say, you ought to take a look at it. It's a revolutionary book.”

“We have to go,” Tony said. “I'll call you tomorrow.”

Bill was down the block and the writer called, “Read the book, kid. It'll blow your mind!”

Tony was breathless with the need to say something to his son that would somehow get to—what? He didn't know; he simply exhaled when he reached his side.

Bill shook his head. “Don't worry,” he said, as if he understood. The Volks station wagon was at the corner waiting, and Bill paused. “You know, I've been down to Fourteenth Street several times, eating at the Spanish restaurants and sitting at the bars. A couple of old Republicans like Fidel, but none speak well about the Puerto Ricans.” He shook his head again.

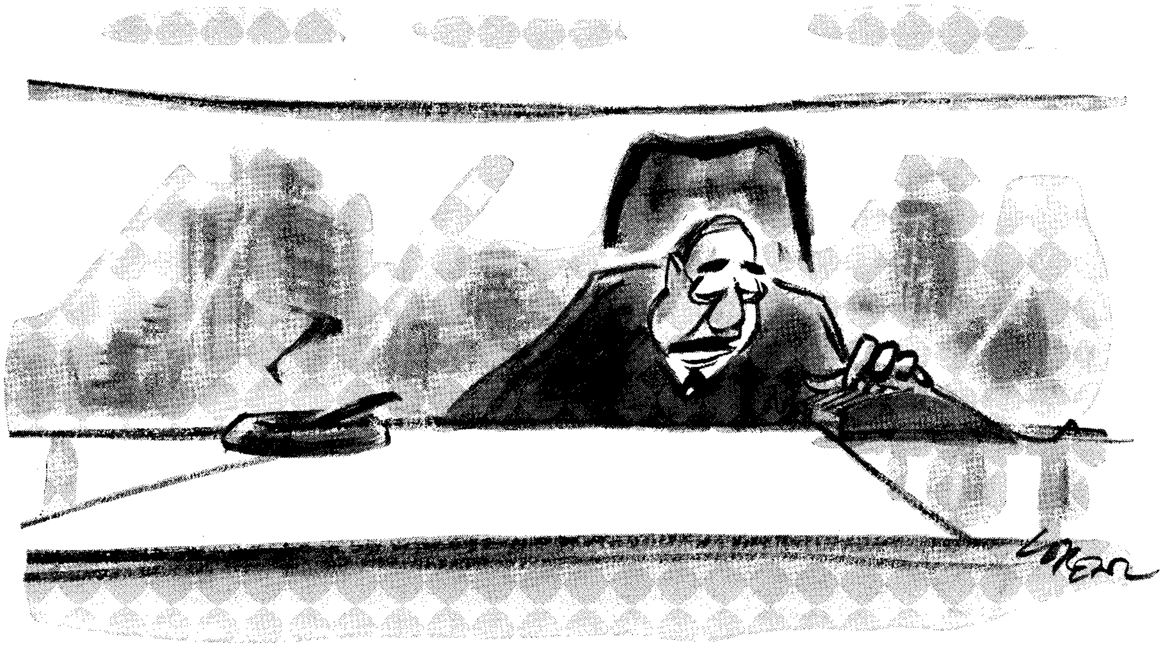
“Well . . .”

“You say your grandfather was an anarchist—right?” Bill asked. “Did you talk to him much? I got to talk to you about him. Sometime. O.K.?”

“Yes, yes,” Tony said. He wondered what that old man—wearing a beret while he fixed the windows and doors in the worn-out apartment and built cages for the pigeons on the roof—had thought of him and his books.

When he got back home, he found Gale lying in bed reading. He felt sure she had been to the closet in his study. She looked up when he took out his robe and began to undress. “I don't want to talk about it until they're gone,” she said, “and that had better be soon or I shall go out of my mind.” He didn't answer, and after a moment she asked, “When is that going to be?”

“Two days,” he said, but he did not really know. He lay next to her, his arms folded over his chest, and went over everything Bill had said. He could not quite remember what was to happen. Someone would get in touch with him. There were the facts of Bill's day-to-day life to piece together. And all that rhetoric. He was going to live like a Third World person. What the hell did that mean? This is the real generation gap, he thought—you can't grab hold of these kids; they sum up your life and their own in a phrase and leave you gasping. They wrench you out of the dense element that is your daily



"*I need reassurance, Miss Kimball. Send someone in on his hands and knees.*"

life and there you are—on the shore, on the shore, on the shore.

At breakfast next morning, Gale announced that she was going to do volunteer work at the public school all week. Penance for sending their own to private schools, but also this week, he suspected, to be out of the way.

Tony went to the office late. There had been no call at the apartment, and there was no call here, either. He returned early with three manuscripts to read the next day. Again, no call. Gale was not home and he took the dog and headed for the Drive, as if that would help him recall his talk with Bill. He let the dog loose and stood at the parapet at the esplanade and smoked and stared at the river.

A short dark man who looked to Tony like a typical Puerto Rican came over with an unlit cigarette, asking for a light. Tony handed him his cigarette and he held it delicately and took a light from it. He looked Tony directly in the eye when he thanked him. He did not walk away but turned to study the river, too, and it was then Tony realized that the man had spoken to him in Spanish. "If you are home tomorrow morning," he said now, still in Spanish, "someone will come to pick up the packages you have been so kind to hold for us."

Tony smiled in a kind of reflex and found that he could not turn on his fake smile. He thought, This is a trap; I must get away. Instead, he replied in Spanish, "For us?"

"Your son did not tell you whose they are?" He had the sweet accent of Puerto Ricans.

Tony shook his head.

The man said, "MIRA. Have you heard of us?"

Tony nodded. The bombings in the Bronx. An underground terrorist group operating in New York. A bad manuscript called "Colonies in the Mother Country" had mentioned them. Crazily, he wondered if he had been right to reject it.

The man seemed to watch all this going on in his head, and as if to help him added, "We are madmen."

"Talk to me," Tony said and pointed to a bench. "What about my son?"

"Your son?" The man waited for him to sit first, bowing a little and standing to one side. "But you must know better than we do—if he trusted you with packages. What can I tell you?"

"We are very worried about his activities," Tony replied. "I do not want you to divulge anything that is confidential but if you can tell me something . . ."

"Oh, there do not have to be any mysteries between us," the man said, and looked around at a man going by with a dog. He waited until he had passed. "Your son is very much of an Hispano. He is closer in feeling to us, he says, than to any of the others."

"Others?"

"The other revolutionary groups," he explained. "American ones. We are all in touch. He is a liaison man with us. There are certain things that a Puerto Rican cannot do. It looks funny for us to be in certain places or buy certain things. Too conspicuous. You understand?"

Tony nodded and looked at the river, trying to place Bill in all this. His dog came back to the bench and the man leaned down and patted him. "What a friendly little dog he is," he said. "My younger brother was killed in the independence uprising after the war. Just one of the many killed in Puerto Rican towns all over the island. . . . One of our problems is getting guns to comrades on the island," he said inconsequentially, talking as if this might help Tony. "What better proof that we are an oppressed colony than the fact that guns, which are so easy to come by in these states, are almost impossible for Puerto Ricans to obtain."

"The laws are not the same?" Tony said.

"Jesus Christ himself could not qualify to own a gun there."

Tony took out a pack of cigarettes and offered it. The Puerto Rican accepted with the grace that only a Latin seems able to put into such a gesture. "I admired your article on the Latin-American revolutionaries very much," he said, and Tony was startled—could this man have read the quarterly where he had published two essays in the last five years? "The one on their situation after the death of Che. I had not known that wonderful saying of Martí's: '*El árbol que más crece es el que tiene un muerto por debajo.*' " ("The tree that grows tallest has a dead man buried beneath it.")

"That is what I fear," Tony said.

The man squinted and then struck himself on the forehead. "What a fool I am! You ask me about your son, you are worried like a good father, and all I talk about is dying and killing. Forgive me, *compañero*." They were quiet a moment. The Puerto Rican looked at his cigarette and flicked the ash off it carefully. "It is true that for us it is specially necessary to think about the possibility of death, to get used to it even. But that is not what interests us—that does not interest us one bit."

"Forgive me if I tell you that I do

not think you have a chance," Tony said.

"That, too, does not interest us," the Puerto Rican replied very gently, in a tone that seemed solely concerned with Tony's feelings.

Tony got up, and because he was suddenly ashamed at the abruptness with which he was ending their talk extended his hand.

The man took it in both of his. "I know what it is you are too polite to say," he said. "That your son is not a Puerto Rican. But do you not find that wonderful? Is not that the best guarantee that we will win this time? Look, those Young Lords in the barrio want to free Puerto Rico, too, but almost none of them can really speak Spanish. Some of the older nationalists cannot believe in them, but I say it is what is here"—he stopped to place a hand on his own heart—"that matters."

"I wish you success," Tony said.

The man nodded slowly, solemnly. Then he smiled. "Perhaps we shall see one another again. If you go to the island to write one of your studies, there are people we would like you to meet. See what Yankees we have become—we know the value of publicity now, even if only among the professors who read the magazines where you publish." He laughed and added, "At ten tomorrow morning then, a girl will ring your bell. A beautiful American girl. And she will ask you one more favor—to help her take the packages to her car."

IT was Gale's custom to look at him carefully when she greeted him—her way of asking for news—but today she began a story about a Taiwanese child at school, so pointedly, Tony felt, that it was a rebuff. When she stopped, he said, "Tomorrow."

She stepped over to him and pecked him on the cheek. "How do you know?" she whispered.

He lied. "Bill called."

The phone rang, and Gale picked it up. "Cliff!" she exclaimed.

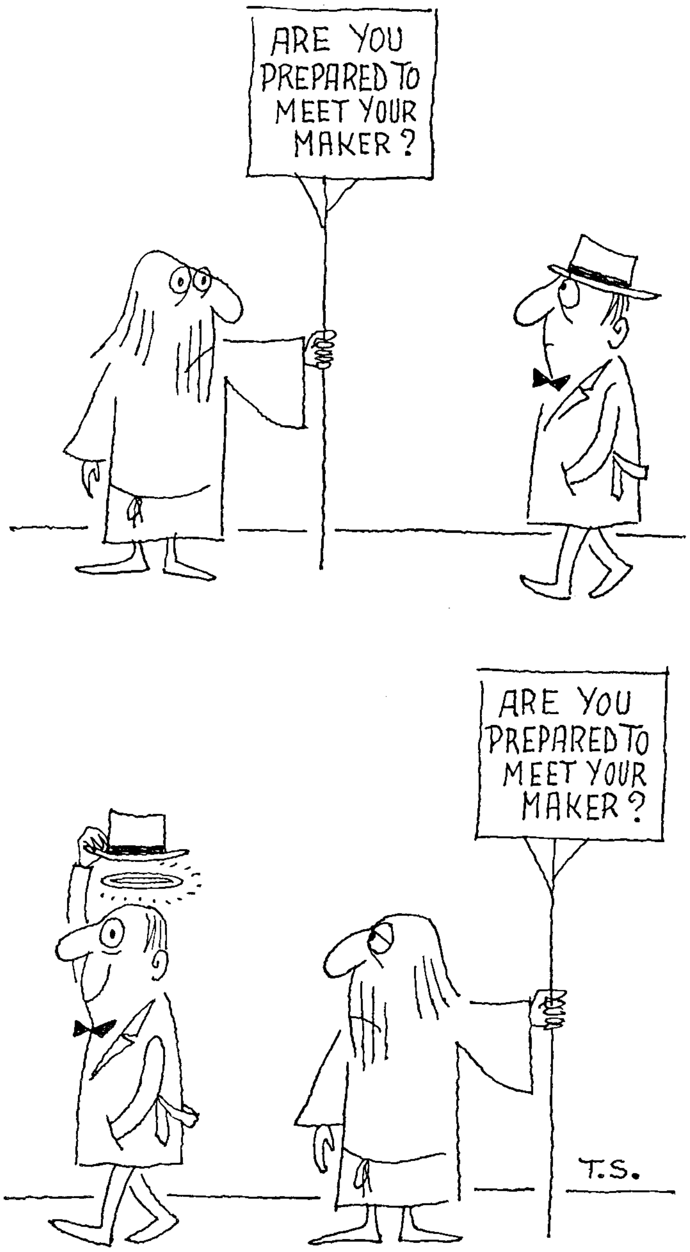
"Tell him to come over," Tony called. Back from Algiers, thank God—the one person he could talk to about all this.

"He heard you," Gale said, "but he hasn't unpacked."

Tony insisted, as eager as when they had been undergraduates, "Tell him to come over and we'll open cans for dinner—I want to discuss business."

Clifford had spent a month in Algiers talking to Eldridge Cleaver. The last time they had spent an old-fashioned evening together, Tony had come up with the idea of the trip, and he did want to know if Clifford was going to get a book out of it. He wanted to talk about simultaneous hard-cover and paperback publication, but it was really the chance to spend the evening with something in mind other than the guns in the closet that attracted him. And the possibility that Clifford could help with Bill.

Clifford had got a bottle of Cuban añejo through customs and he held it out in greeting. "Limes and 7-Up!" he called. "I feel like my comic-strip name—Clifford Moon!"


ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER?
ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER?
T.S.

Gale said, "You don't look it!"

He was wearing a Pierre Cardin vest suit and a flowered silk shirt with wide sleeves. In the month he had been away his sideburns had grown long and bushy; his mustache curved over the corners of his lips. He stretched out on a chair and showed his Moroccan slippers—sheepskin with embroidery.

"In Algiers everyone is stoned all the time," Clifford said, beginning on his first Mojito—a Cuban drink he had brought back from trips made to cover the Cuban revolution. "You really should have fresh mint for this, but it'll do. They just don't know what the joys of drinking are in Algiers. I think I shall have to take a stand against hash, pot, grass—what inelegant names! It turns everyone into lobotomized types."

"Never mind all that," Tony said. "Have you got a book?"

"Dear chaps, I've scarcely been allowed to turn the experience over in my mind," he replied, and he let his arms droop down the sides of his chair. "I haven't even called my agent."

Tony waved a hand. "Oh, your agent—we've already discussed it."

"Did he say there won't be any minimum royalty on the paperback?" Clifford asked, sitting forward.

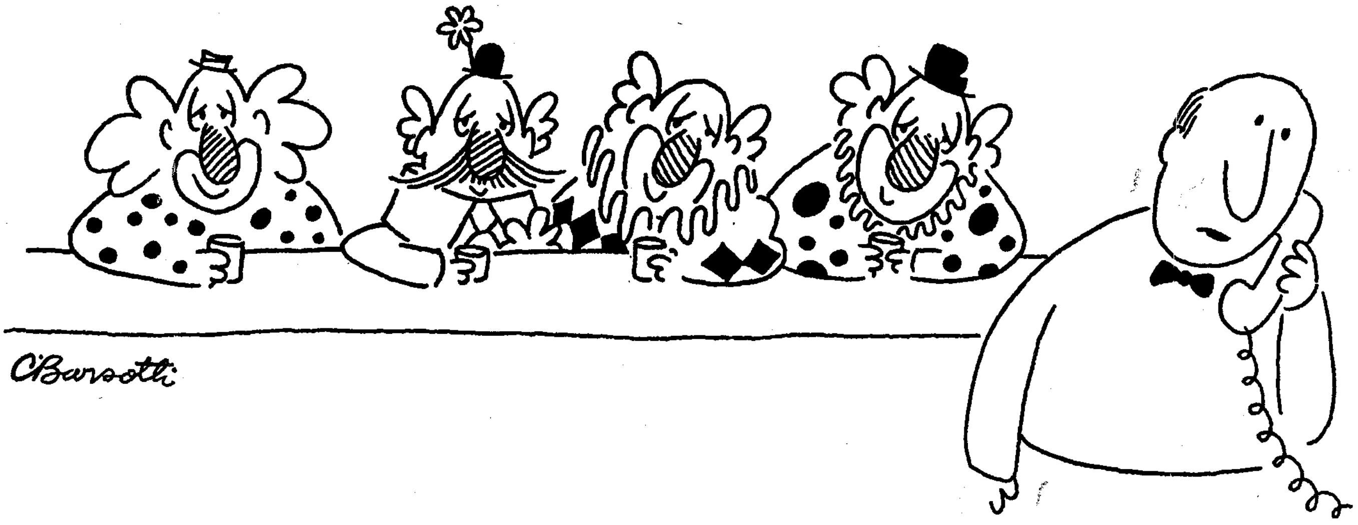
"Well . . ."

"I want more than the five per cent for my share," Clifford said. He laughed. "I'm getting myself a fur coat this winter."

"Well!" Tony said, and he didn't know if it was envy that made him decide then that he could not discuss Bill.

Gale said, "Let's drive down to Washington together for the Kent State demonstration. Or do you have to work?"

"Yes, no—yes!" Clifford said. "Dear me, I mean yes. There'll be beautiful young people there from all over the country. They're bound to get stoned and disrobe—like Woodstock. And I can work that



"I'm afraid you'll have to be a little more specific, Ma'am."

• •

into the book." He picked up his drink from the floor and looked slyly at Tony over the rim of his glass. "How the revolution sells nowadays. Though I don't know to whom. The young don't read. I daresay it's the anxious middle-aged who want to know what their children are doing. In the fifties they would've gone to their analysts. This is better for us." He looked sly again. "Right, chaps?"

PROMPTLY at ten the next morning, the downstairs buzzer sounded. Alone in the apartment, Tony opened the door, and a few minutes later watched the girl walk from the elevator toward him. She wore a maxi raincoat unbuttoned over a mini skirt. Her legs were stunning. "Is everything all right?" he asked.

"Oh, hi!" she said, delighted. "I'm parked just across from you."

He had thought that if she was alone he would have to make two trips with the cases, but she touched her right biceps and said, "Muscles," and took one of them. Tony watched the doorman study her legs when he held the door open for them. Damn. The writer whose new novel was just out was on the sidewalk—alone this time.

"Hey!" the writer said. "You didn't call."

"Stay right there," Tony said, following the girl. "I'll be right back." She opened the trunk of a Mercedes-Benz at the opposite curb, and while he placed his case in it Tony was aware that the writer watched them.

She brushed her long hair back when she straightened, and said, "Thanks."

"O.K.?" Tony said, wondering if he should shake hands.

"A message from Bill—he won't be in touch for a while," she said with a smile.

"What!" he said.

"Your friend is waiting," she said, and turned away.

He hovered as she got in behind the wheel. "Tell him we want to see him, please," he said, and watched her smile in that non-wavering, idiotic way.

When he got back to the writer, they watched her drive off. Without looking at him, the writer said, "You play golf?"

"Me?" Tony asked. "Oh no, just helping a neighbor."

"Wow!" he replied. "You got that in your building!"

When Tony walked into the apartment, it felt eerie, like the time they returned from the theatre to find that someone had broken in. He went straight to the study and closed the door to the closet. He could not concentrate on the manuscripts he had brought home. He made a cup of coffee and tried to think of what Bill's message meant. He would not tell Gale. On the radio in the study, the news commentators said that the national revulsion against the Kent State killings was escalating. The third time he heard the same news on the hour break, he turned the radio off and remembered Bill's instructions about how to find a tapping bug. He flicked the radio on again and dialled to the low end of the band and slowly moved up. On the third try, he caught a faint beep. He held the dial there; it built in volume. With both hands he picked up the radio and moved it in the direction of the wall phone. The beep became steadier and louder: the tap was there. With shaking hands Tony put the radio back on its shelf and turned it off. Something else to keep to himself.

Later in the week, he and Gale went to Washington with Clifford and walked among the young people on the green. He looked for Bill, letting Gale and Clifford sit through the speeches while he roamed. He came back exhausted, and when Gale said, "Aren't they beautiful?" he could only nod, because his eyes were full of tears and his throat was tight. He felt better for being there, but on the way home anxiety returned; and each time a bomb exploded that winter he fought back the desire to call the police and find out, before the *Times* got to the stands, who was involved. He went to all the demonstrations. They were dear to him. He looked at the young people, no longer searching for his son, who had never called, and said inwardly, over and over, without irony, accepting his country at last while he repeated Bill's name in Spanish—Guillermo Ybarra—*I commend my son, fellow-Americans, to your care.*

—JOSE YGLESIAS

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE LABOR-SAVING SCENE

[*From the House of Commons* (*Canada*) *Record*]

DEPARTMENT OF REGIONAL ECONOMIC EXPANSION—CHANGE IN PERSONNEL AS A RESULT OF USE OF COMPUTERS

Question No. 460—Mr. Robinson:

As a result of the use of computers by the Department of Regional Economic Expansion how many employees have been (a) laid off (b) hired?

Mr. Martin P. O'Connell (Parliamentary Secretary to Minister of Regional Economic Expansion): (a) None; (b) 29.

THE RHINOCEROS: AN APPRECIATION

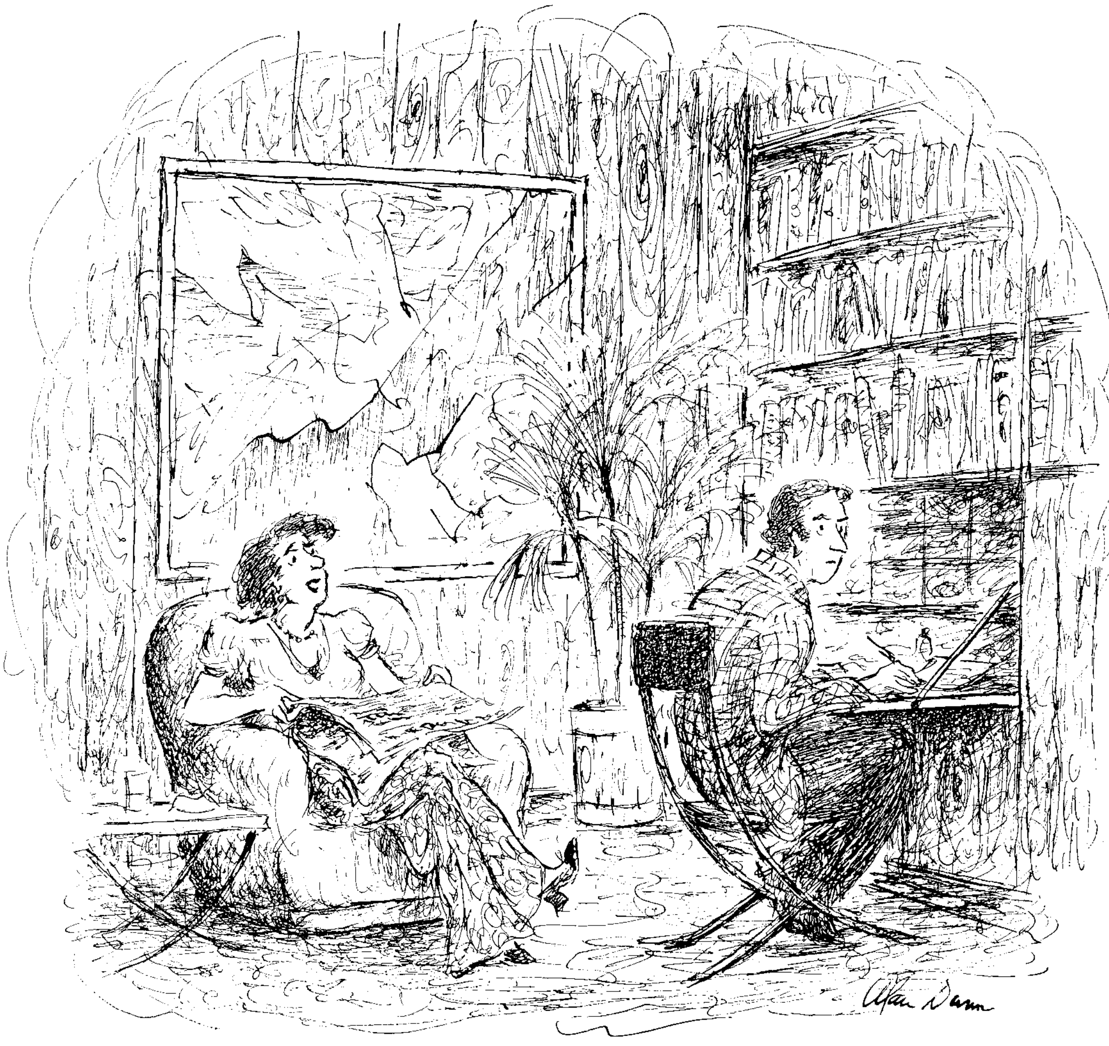
THE rhinoceros cloaks his true nature behind a severe public image. Solemnity befits him, for he is the third-weightiest land mammal, yet it must be conceded that the rhino overdoes things. Only at the water hole does his natural *joie de vivre* break through. There he forgets himself and wallows shamelessly, rolling like a stout suitcase in the sand, frolicking and squealing with his peers. White oxpeckers wait glumly for the end of these festive ablutions, impatient to resume picnicking on that broad and teeming back. Rhino accepts their return with resignation. He is too self-effacing, this mammal. He dines on thornbushes and frowns his way through life, expecting the worst and usually getting it.

It was not always thus. The founding rhino, a small, nervous perissodactyl named Hyrachyus, had no horn or very much of anything else upstairs, but that didn't keep him from trying hard. Hyrachyus peeped out of the primeval ooze some sixty million years ago, not in Asia or Africa, as various Third World spokesmen would like us to think, but just outside Fort Bridger, Wyoming, during the hopeful Eocene epoch. His playmate in those days was a close cousin named Hyracotherium, who later went on to win fame and fortune as the horse. Hyrachyus's descendants might well have become merry-andrews like Hyracotherium's if it had not been for the damned horn.

The first rhino with horns was probably Diceratheres, a sensitive type who, while in his teens, woke up one morning in the Oligocene and noticed two lumpish protuberances growing side by side on his nose. Blushing, he packed up and left Fort Bridger, eventually arriving in Eurasia, where in time he was succeeded by larger and more confident species. One of these, Baluchitheres, claimed with good reason to be the biggest land mammal of them all; he stood eighteen feet high in his socks, and had great difficulty passing beneath overhanging cliffs. Baluchitheres had no horn, but Brachypotheres, Elasmotheres, and Teleoceras fossiger did, and so did Coelodonta antiquitatis, the ice age's woolly rhinoceros, whose bones are nearly always found, embarrassingly, in the same tar bed with those of the mammoth.

Some species let it go at one horn, while others experimented with two, in various combinations. Gradually, though, as they carried the bright flame of rhinoceros consciousness to remote corners of the globe, it began to dawn on these previously insouciant creatures that their horn was not quite what it seemed to be—that it was not a horn at all, in fact, but merely an outgrowth of the skin, composed of rather nasty agglutinated fibres. This humiliating disclosure had profound sociocultural repercussions. From a fun-loving, outgoing animal the rhino became something of a curmudgeon, and soon acquired his habit of expecting the worst. Most rhinos figured it was just their luck when a Chinese soothsayer, forsaking sooth for gain, persuaded his encounter group that rhinoceros horn was wildly aphrodisiac. This notion, which still persists throughout Asia and the American Legion, has resulted in the near-extinction of the Indian, Javan, and Sumatran rhinos, the debilitation of countless conventioneering Legionnaires, and the complete works of Salvador Dali.

DURING the early years of the Roman Empire, the rhinoceros, who had become more or less adjusted to his nasal impediment, was starting to make something of himself. Two-horned African rhinos were the hit of Pompey's and Augustus's triumphal celebrations, and their sportsmanlike conduct in the arena drew much favorable comment. In the year 317 A.D., however, St. Guilem of Pancreas invented the unicorn and undid centuries



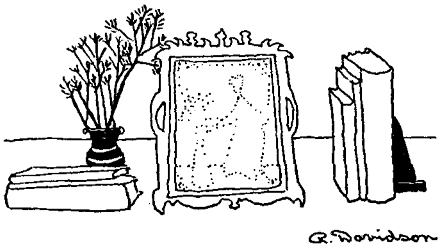
"I've come to a decision, Charles. From now on, I refuse to take the dollar seriously."

of rhino progress. The unicorn, of course, was nothing more than the one-horned Indian rhinoceros, slimmed down by St. Guilem's romantic imagination to resemble that old Fort Bridger playmate, the horse. Unicorn horn, called "alicorn" (in most cases made from the powdered tusk of the Arctic narwhal), became the leading miracle drug of medieval apothecaries. It was widely prescribed as an aphrodisiac and as a detector of poison; goblets made out of it would supposedly cause the contained draught to ferment and run over if poison was present, as it so often was. Shavings of the horn were also given to cure convulsions, to aid women in labor, and to provide quick relief from coughs due to colds. Proper people believed, moreover, that the unicorn could only be captured by a virgin, which led to the animal's cropping up in tapestries as a symbol of chastity; rhinos got a good laugh out of *that* one. It was almost certainly an identity crisis brought on by these pharmaceutical and clerical misunderstandings that caused the rhinos to withdraw from Europe's churchy regions and take refuge in the underbrush and the stoic gloom that surrounds them to this day.

Occasionally over the centuries, a heroic rhino has sought to throw off the leaden yoke of the past and reach for higher things. In 1513, a one-horned Indian rhinoceros disembarked shakily at Lisbon after a rough voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. Sensation! Fireworks and zarzuelas through the night! Countless jokes in questionable taste. Portugal's King Manoel, to whom the rhino had been sent as a "surprise" by the King of Cambay, in India, found himself unable to cope with the mounting public delirium. Heeding the advice of his Jesuit counsellors, he sent the rhino to Pope Leo X. The ship carrying Manoel's rhinoceros foundered off the coast of Genoa and sank with all hands and hoofs, much to the relief of the College of Cardinals. The rhino's carcass washed ashore, however, and eventually, stuffed and mounted, it was sent to the Vatican, where it became the subject of a famous woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, the world's first major rhinoceros artist.

Even greater renown was won by a three-year-old Indian rhinoceros brought to Holland in 1741 by Douvemont van der Meer, a sea captain from Leyden. This carefree beast endeared himself to Hollanders by frequently downing quantities of beer and wine, whose only visible effect was to bring on a thoughtful look. Captain van der Meer took his rhinoceros all over Europe in a carriage drawn by twenty horses. The animal portraitist Oudry painted him (a fair likeness, but the composition faulty), Casanova mentioned him in his diary, and in Paris leading court dressmakers vied in creating new fashions *à la rhinocéros*. The rhino took his lionization gracefully, and never once sent back a bottle of wine.

Not many rhinoceroses have hit it big in show business since then, however, and, water-hole aquatics aside, the vast majority of modern rhinos have almost forgotten how to enjoy themselves. Even their sex life is drab. As far as can be determined, for the Asian as well as the African rhino, the melting and the fighting moods are commonly and sometimes tragically intertwined. Mating, which takes place at all times of the year, is usually preceded *and followed* by violent attacks upon the bull by the cow. What are we to make of such behavior? Not infrequently these extremes of female chauvinism result in the death of the bull—a regrettable practice that brings no real satisfaction to either partner.



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ON GOING BY TRAIN TO WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.

(1966)

It interferes very little
As it lays down its way.
When it needs to, it follows a river
But does not prevent the roots from their water
Nor by the smut-faced boulder
A small stream from joining a larger,

Nor smashes up hills nor halves them—
Roots and the intricate indwellings thereof
Exposed and the earth become mud,
Oozing and bleeding away—

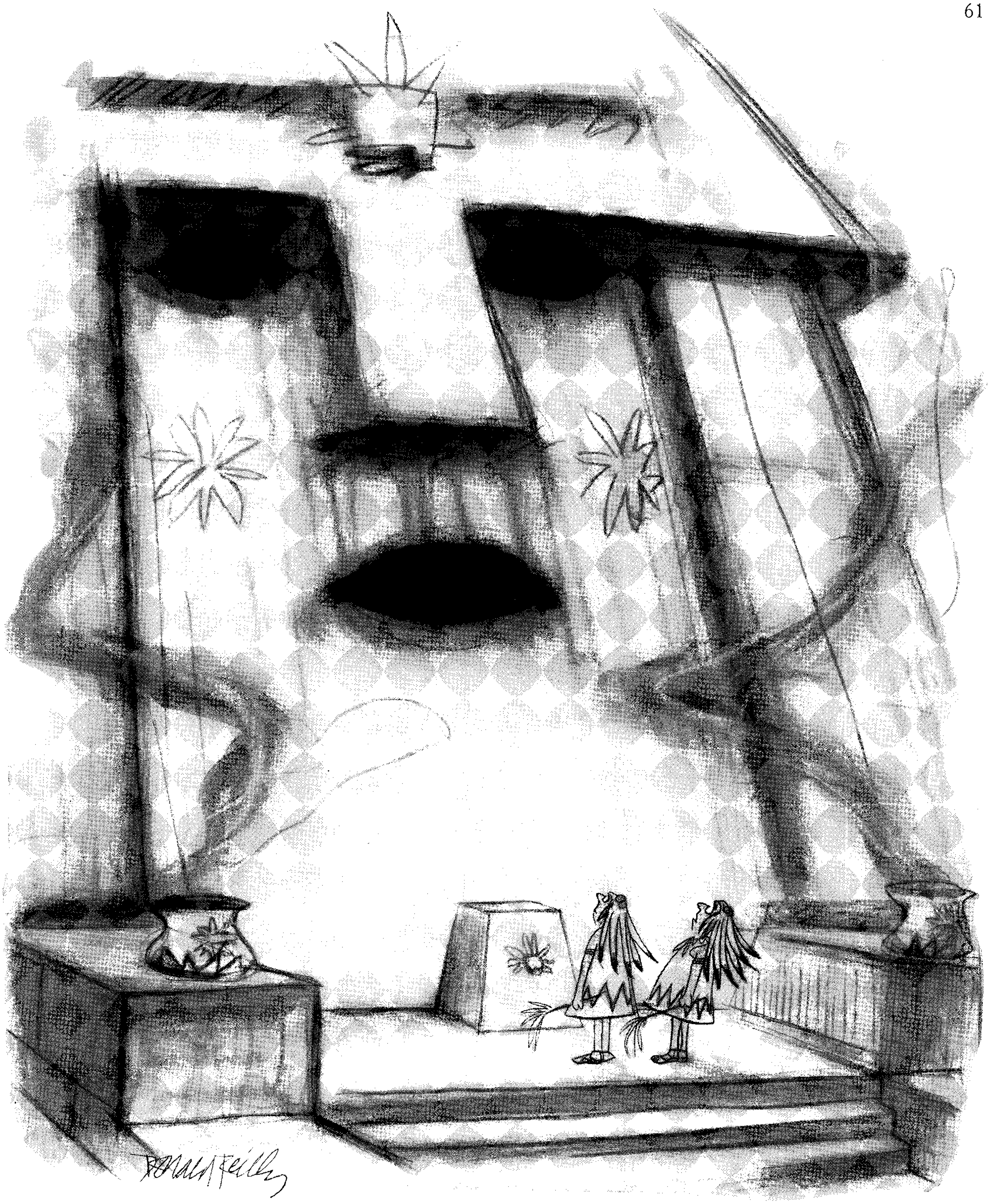
Nor removes ledges of sunlight
On cliffed parallels of rock
Nor savages nuances of meadow
Nor rips away mosses in a hollow
Nor requires that sawn woods stand like so many scorched matchsticks
Nor musters out ranks of cornstalks
Nor engorges great swatches of dingle
Of ostrich fern in the blue-heroned swamp.

You travel with it and the stones by the river—
By the tussocked meadows
With ponds set glittering like an eye
In the fine lashwork of twigs and boughs in a tangle
Continually nourished so near their mother
By the long runs of sweet water—

Its course neither mathematically severe
Nor of the convenience of martial order.
The scrolls, the cartouche of mists, wisps,
Breathings in crooks and bends
Fume out from a hill undismayed by the disarrays of so much unfolding,
Discontinuous flowing

By the green baize of molehills, of ridges,
In pastures the serene flanks of white horses,
Under light that dazes and deifies
Cows winding in among eskers.

—Jean Garrigue



"We've run out of virgins, O Mighty One! Will you accept a photographer from the 'National Geographic'?"

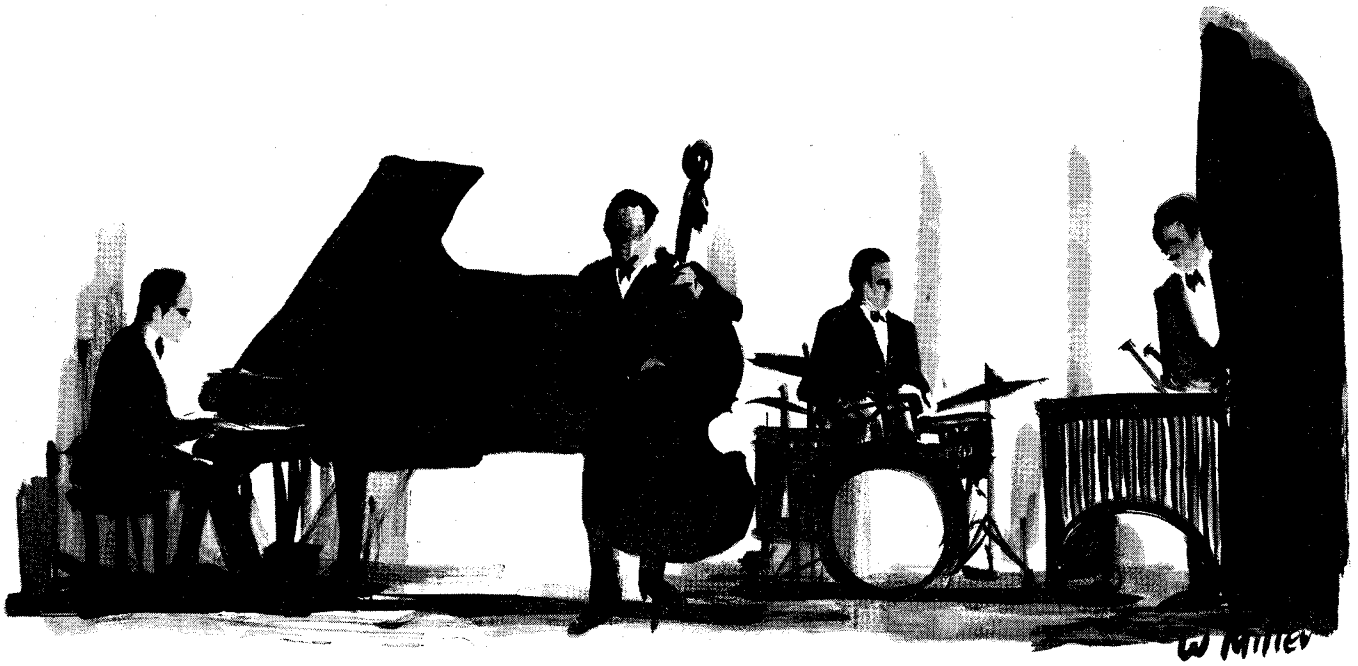
• •

Although a bull rhino will fight another bull rhino for the dubious and sometimes terminal pleasures of the marital bed, his own much vaunted ferocity has been exaggerated. A rhino, unless wounded, will rarely attack another creature, including man. Forgetfulness is a stronger rhino instinct than bellicosity. A rhinoceros has such difficulty keeping his mind on the business at hand that often in the middle of a fight he forgets to be angry. It is a piteous sight to see two furiously attacking rhinos stop in mid-charge and stand perplexed, looking off over the savanna and pretending to hum. Another beast might continue the battle in spite of having lost track of its cause, but not the modest rhino, and it is undoubtedly this eccentric peaceability that has disqualified him from a much higher place in the order of things. In today's world, nice animals finish last.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

PROFILES

ROOM TO LIVE IN



THOUGH it is newer and smaller, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which is made up of John Lewis on piano, Milt Jackson on vibraharp, Percy Heath on bass, and Connie Kay on drums, has much in common with the Duke Ellington band. Both groups are shepherded by gifted pianist-composers, who use their ensembles both as canvases and as test pilots for their compositions. (Lewis and Ellington, though original and moving performers, are underrated pianists.) Each group has a unique collective sound, which has as much to do with the ultimate effect of what it plays as the composition itself. Both groups have refused to compromise (Ellington has occasionally faltered, while the M.J.Q. has, if anything, gone too highfalutin), and both have elevated the course of jazz and of Western music itself. And both have remained astonishingly constant: Harry Carney has been with Ellington since 1927, and the M.J.Q. has had just two personnel changes in its twenty years of existence. But the Modern Jazz Quartet has accomplished things that even the Ellington band has not. It has invented a semi-improvised collective approach, hinted at roughly in New Orleans music, that has rescued jazz from the banality of the endless solo and the rigidity of conventional arrangements. It has developed the heart-to-heart and head-to-head musical interplay and sensitivity of a great string quartet. And it has perfected a subtlety that has misled the unknowing into regarding it as a cocktail group and the knowing into scoffing at it as staid and stuffy.

The Quartet, because of its instrumentation and its constant interweaving, has a tintinnabulous texture. It shimmers, it rings and hums, it sounds like loose change. As in any first-rate mechanism, its parts are as notable as their sum. Lewis's style is single-noted and highly rhythmic. His simple, seemingly repetitive phrases are generally played just a fraction behind the beat, where much of the secret of jazz lies. He is an intensely emotional pianist—in a transcendental way—and he succeeds, where most pianists fail, in transmitting his emotion. Jackson is a consummate foil. He is profuse, ornate, affecting, and original. His solos, inspired by the Himalayan turns of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, are open at both ends; that is, they seem to have started long before we hear them and to go on long after they have actually stopped. Whereas Lewis has a dry, belling tone, Jackson reverberates and rolls, continually threatening to slosh over onto the rest of the group. Heath moves between, through, and under Lewis and Jackson, supporting them with a beautiful tone and an easy exactness. Kay is much the same. He is precise yet driving, and he gets a resilient, perfectly tuned tone on his drums and cymbals that both embellishes and strengthens the total sound.

Onstage, the M.J.Q. often resembles, with its solemn, dark-suited mien, the rostrum at a morticians' convention. But this is only a mask; closeups reveal life and variety. Heath is tall and thin and patrician. He has a high, receding forehead and a pharaoh's nose. Kay is even taller, with a full, monolithic face that conceals sharp, lively eyes. Jackson is a gnome. He is short and bird-boned, and is dominated by a slightly askew owl face. Lewis looks like a Teddy bear, and when he moves he runs, even from room to room. But he has the handsome, untroubled, intelligent eyes that professors of philosophy should have. Even the voices of the Quartet jostle one another. Lewis speaks softly, allowing his constant smile to carry half the weight of his words. Heath's near-shouting is rounded by continual laughter. Jackson's speech is quiet and slurred and almost subliminal, while Kay sounds like his bass drum.

If the Modern Jazz Quartet were ever to record an autobiographical piece, it might sound like this:

I—MASTERS OF THE MUSIC

LEWIS

THE original Quartet was made up of Milt and Ray Brown and Kenny Clarke and myself, and we decided to try and become a group after a record date early in the fifties for Dizzy Gillespie's recording label. There were things wrong in the music around us that we all agreed on, and some of them were long, long solos and that formula on a tune of everybody playing the melody in the first chorus, followed by a string of solos, and then the melody again. We didn't work together steadily until 1954. We lost Ray Brown before we really got started, because he married Ella Fitzgerald and we couldn't afford him anyway. Then I went back to school—the Manhattan School of Music—and after I'd graduated Milt didn't know whether he wanted to be just a member of a group or the leader, so while he was deciding I took a job with Ella as her accompanist, during which time the Quartet, or a quartet, with Percy Heath and Horace Silver on piano and Clarke and Milt worked the first Newport Jazz Festival. We made our first record in 1952 and had our first gig late that year, at the old Chantilly, on West Fourth Street. Kenny Clarke left us in 1955. He was sick and we talked about it and he said he knew he'd be better off on his own just then, so he left and Connie Kay came in. Kenny is still one of my favorite drummers. He's profound. You can listen to him all by himself, without anything else. And I think he plays even better now in Europe than he did then.

KAY

I JOINED the Quartet in February of 1955. Lester Young, who I'd been with, was out of town with Jazz at the Philharmonic, and I was thinking of taking a job with Sonny Stitt, the alto player, until Lester got back, but Monte Kay, the Quartet's manager, called me one morning and said the Quartet had a concert that night in Washington, D.C., and then a two-week gig at Storyville, in Boston, and would I like to go along? I met John at Penn Station and he filled me in on difficult pieces like "Django" going down on the train. I knew Milt real well and I'd met Percy and John. I understood it was a two-week gig, but when it was over nobody said anything and nobody has yet and that was seventeen years ago.

JACKSON

THE Quartet will never break up. The only way we'd break up would be somebody getting sick. The way things are now, most of the musicians around are barely making it. We think alike on staying together. It's been like a marriage, a twenty-year marriage. It's become a way of life. You get to know each other's habits and mannerisms. At all times, each one knows what the other is going to do. John and I are more active than Percy and Connie musically. In fact, John is more than active, he's reckless the way he runs from place to place. He's been hit a couple of times by cars. He's got to be more careful of himself. John is always coming up with new ideas, and that keeps it from getting monotonous. Of course, there are times when I like to straighten out and just swing, get away from that controlled thing and play that old-time music. I generally take a group out in the summer—maybe Jimmy Heath, Percy's brother, and Cedar Walton and Bob Cranshaw and Mickey Roker. That's how those rumors about the group breaking up always get started. I took a band out several years ago and there was quite a lot of work, but things are slow now, so I've given up on it. I make records on my own, and I've thought of setting up a studio and teaching, just as a means of coming off the road. But as long as the Quartet is going the way it is, I don't have the time. So when I'm not working, I'm home playing pool and learning to swim.

HEATH

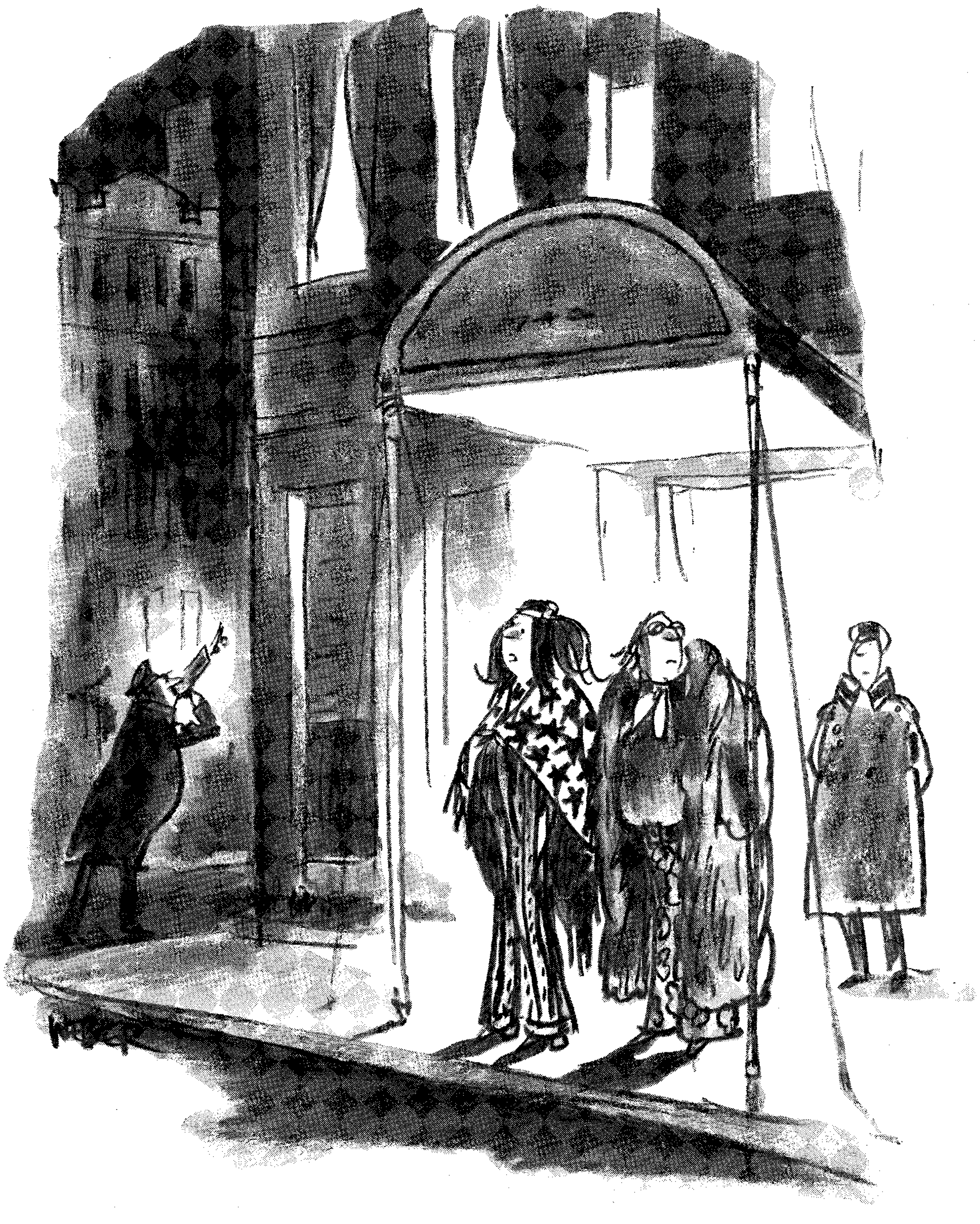
I GUESS I took over the job of handling the Quartet's money because I handled the contract for our first gig at the Chantilly. I'm supposed to give out the checks every week, just as Connie is supposed to make hotel reservations and take care of transportation, but we have an attorney and a road manager and a booker and a travel agency now, and they take care of most of those details. But we used to do it all, and I suppose you have to go through that discipline at first. We probably make as much money as any jazz group. Our payroll is about seventeen hundred dollars a week. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year goes into just moving us around. In Europe, they generally pay your travel, and some festivals do here, but most of it is on us. And we spend a

good deal of our pocket money on the road just to live right. We consider that we're of such calibre and station that we should stay in the best places and eat the best food. Some years the Quartet has a little money left over, and one year we invested it in a new ski resort in New York State, which was fine until they foreclosed the lift. I understand the enterprise is a great success now. But we've kept aside enough to start a pension plan and we have our own publishing company, but none of us could live on that. Milt and John probably make twice as much as I do. John has his movie scores and royalties, and Milt has royalties and recordings and the separate gigs he takes every summer. But I have no complaints. June, my wife, hasn't had to work since 1949, when we first moved to New York and lived on Sugar Hill, where we had some fish-and-chip days. But the whole thing with the Quartet is that we have made some money, but we have never conformed. We have built up twenty years of prestige, and been paid for doing it.

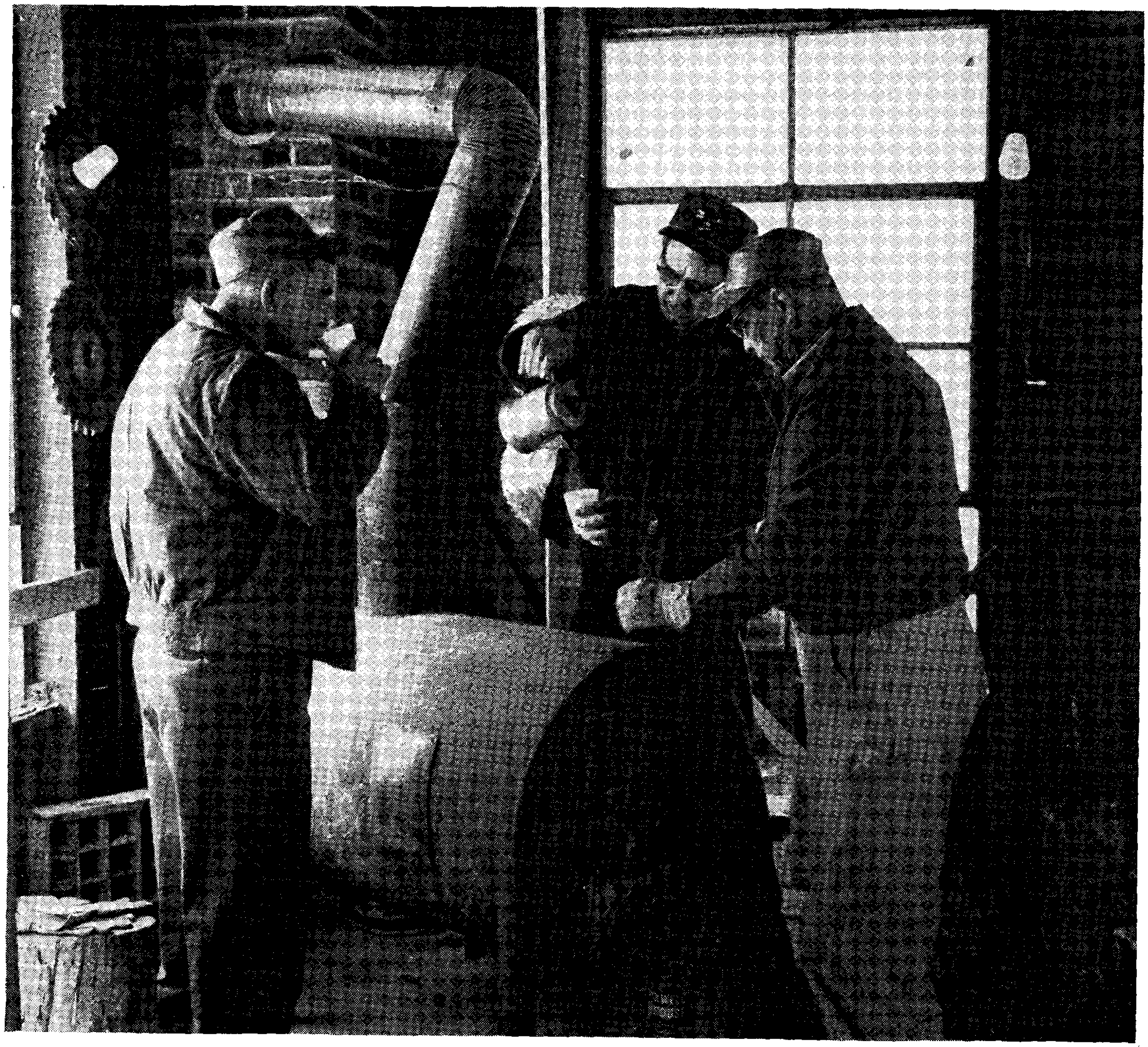
LEWIS

I GOT out of the Army in 1945, and when I went back to the University of New Mexico they told me I might as well go to music school. I'd met John Hammond through David Sarvis, who taught in the drama department at the university, so I went to New York and entered the Manhattan School of Music, and John helped me financially and every other way. Before I'd left home, in Albuquerque, I'd heard radio broadcasts from Billy Berg's, in Los Angeles, where Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were playing with Ray Brown and Milt Jackson, and it was unbelievable. When I got to New York, I played one-nighters while I was waiting out my union card. I worked on Fifty-second Street with Allen Eager and Eddie Davis and with a band that Hot Lips Page and Walter Page had. Joe Keyes, a most remarkable trumpet player, was in it. In the meantime, Kenny Clarke had come back from the service and through him Dizzy hired me as a pianist for my summer-school recess, and then he asked me to come and play with the band. I had to make a decision about the school and Dizzy. I decided I'd learn more from Dizzy, so I joined him in September, 1946. Kenny was in the band, and Ray Brown and James Moody. We went on ninety one-nighters in a row, and it was a very emotional tour—always a lot of fun and a lot of crying. Ray Brown left and we lost two drummers and the pianos were always half a tone out of tune and the audiences weren't too great because they didn't know how to dance to that music. It was really a concert band, which we found out when we went to Europe, in 1948, where we left everybody's mouth hanging open. Dizzy was marvellous to work under. He was never late, and that was when I learned not to be late. You have to get that over with.

I was disgusted with my playing at the time and I told Dizzy he better get someone else. But he talked me into staying. He always looked after me. Once, when I got sick on the road, he brought me all the way back to New York to the hospital. He's not as funny as he used to be, and I guess there's a good reason: It's a very strange country we live in now. I



"Walter, I hate what we've become."



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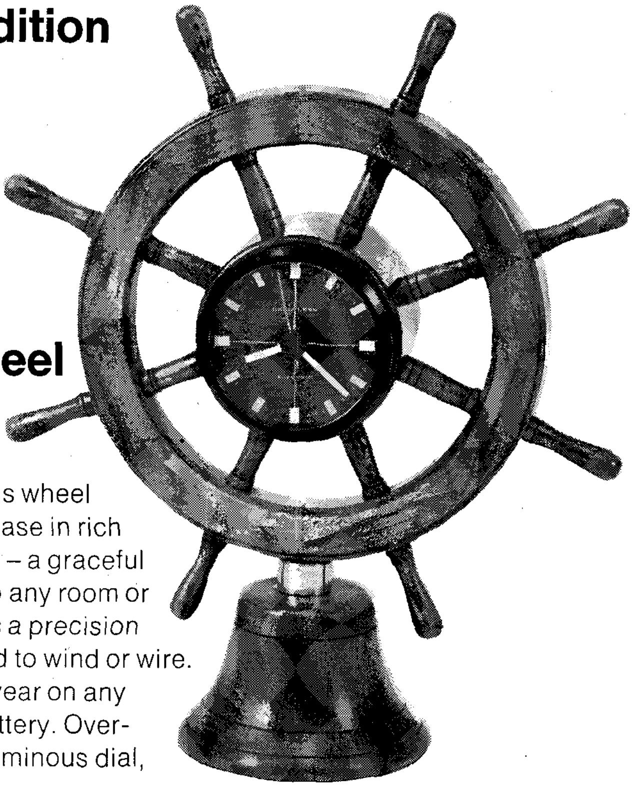

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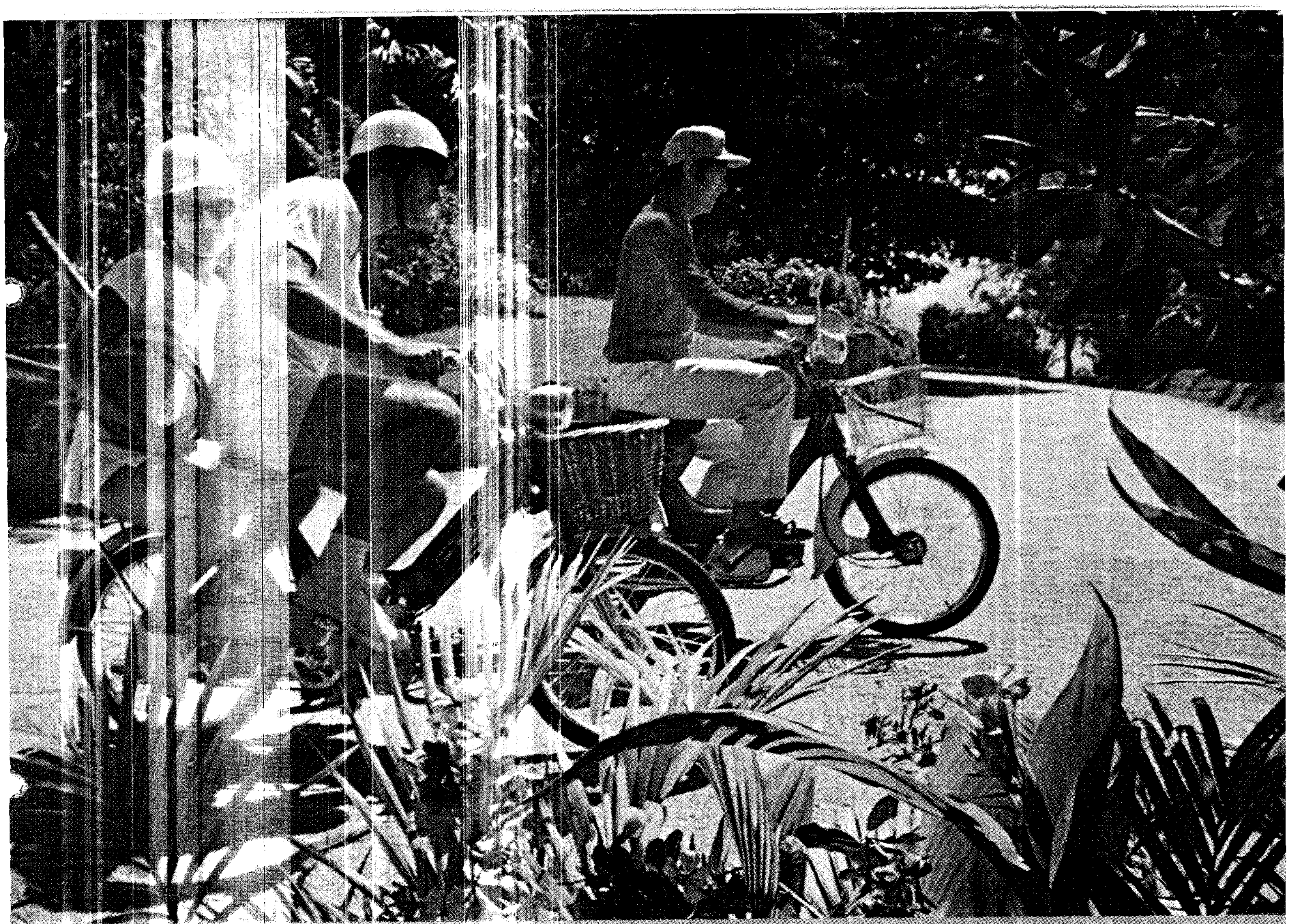
finally left Dizzy because I wanted to go back to Paris. If you ever go to Paris, you'd leave anything because of it. It's the jewel of jewels. I stayed there for five months, then came back to join Miles Davis's little band, with Gerry Mulligan and Eddie Bert and Max Roach. It was exciting, something new. Then Miles got me a job with Illinois Jacquet, who had his brother Russell and J. J. Johnson and Joe Newman and Jo Jones. I was with the band about eight months and I never saw so much money. Jacquet was making suitcases of money. We had to play "Flying Home" about four times a night, but I always found something in it. Norman Granz wanted me to come with his Jazz at the Philharmonic, but I decided I wanted to go back to the Manhattan School of Music. I got all the way to the airport on the way to meet Granz before I turned around and came back. Norman is a hard man to say no to and we weren't the greatest of friends for five or six years. But I got my Bachelor of Music, and in 1953 my Master of Music.

KAY

SID CATLETT was my man, my idol. The first time I heard him I was working after school and on Saturdays in a Chinese art gallery in the Fifties, and one day I passed Café Society Uptown, which was between Lexington and Park on Fifty-eighth Street and is now the Fine Arts Theatre, and the door was open and music was coming out. I stepped in and Teddy Wilson's band, with Big Sid, was rehearsing, and when I heard Sid that was it. I got to meet him a while later, when he was working on Fifty-second Street at the Downbeat Club. He was out on the street after work trying to get a cab to go home and I offered him a ride in a little raggedy 1935 Studebaker I had. "O.K., Bub," he said, which is what he called everybody. I drove him to One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and Amsterdam, where he lived, and after that I'd drive him all over and he'd always tell me to stop by any time—ground floor, right at the back. One night we drove around to a lot of clubs. We went into Nick's and he sat in, we went somewhere else and he sat in with a bebop band, and then he sat in with a swing group. He could play with anybody or anything. He was a happy-go-lucky person. Nothing bothered him. I think the secret of his playing was in his attitude toward things. He wasn't fazed even when he took a job at Billy Rose's Diamond



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Horseshoe. These showgirls would each bring a part of his drums onto the stage, singing something about him while they did, and then leave him up there all alone, where—bam!—he was supposed to play an unaccompanied solo absolutely cold, the lights on him and *on his tuxedo, which was covered with* sequins. He taught me little things. He'd stop by where I was working and tell me my left hand was too inactive or my beat on the ride cymbal was too loud, and he'd show me things at his house. But I learned the most from him in his attitude—his quiet, beautiful way toward things, whether it was the world situation or just people.

LEWIS

I WAS less influenced by piano players than by other instrumentalists, like Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, and trumpet players like Roy Eldridge and Harry Edison. I was formed more from hearing horn players. I learned some things from Earl Hines, not too many, and some of Count Basie's things, and of course one of the greatest pianists was Art Tatum. I'm happy it happened that way. I didn't get trapped into mechanical things, piano things.

When I take a solo, I try not to look at my fingers. It distracts me from the music-making. And after I learn a piece, I stop thinking about the rules—the bars and the harmony and the chords. I think about other things, even other music. If you break through those mere rules, destroy them, that's good, and it can become quite a marvellous experience. It's not just sadness or joy, it's something beyond that, perhaps exhilaration, but that's rare. Several years ago, at Monterey, I played with Illinois Jacquet and Ray Brown and Ray Nance, and that was exhilarating. When you start to play, an idea comes along, and that dictates where you have to go. Sometimes things go wrong, and many times you find a nice way of getting out of a phrase that is better than the original way you were going. But you have to be a musician first and an instrumentalist second. It's more important to be a master of the music than a master of an instrument, which can take you over.

KAY

I DON'T like to take drum solos at all. Drums are a flat instrument, and besides Catlett is gone and there's only one Buddy Rich. I know how I feel when other drummers solo. It seems like you've heard them all before. There just aren't that many

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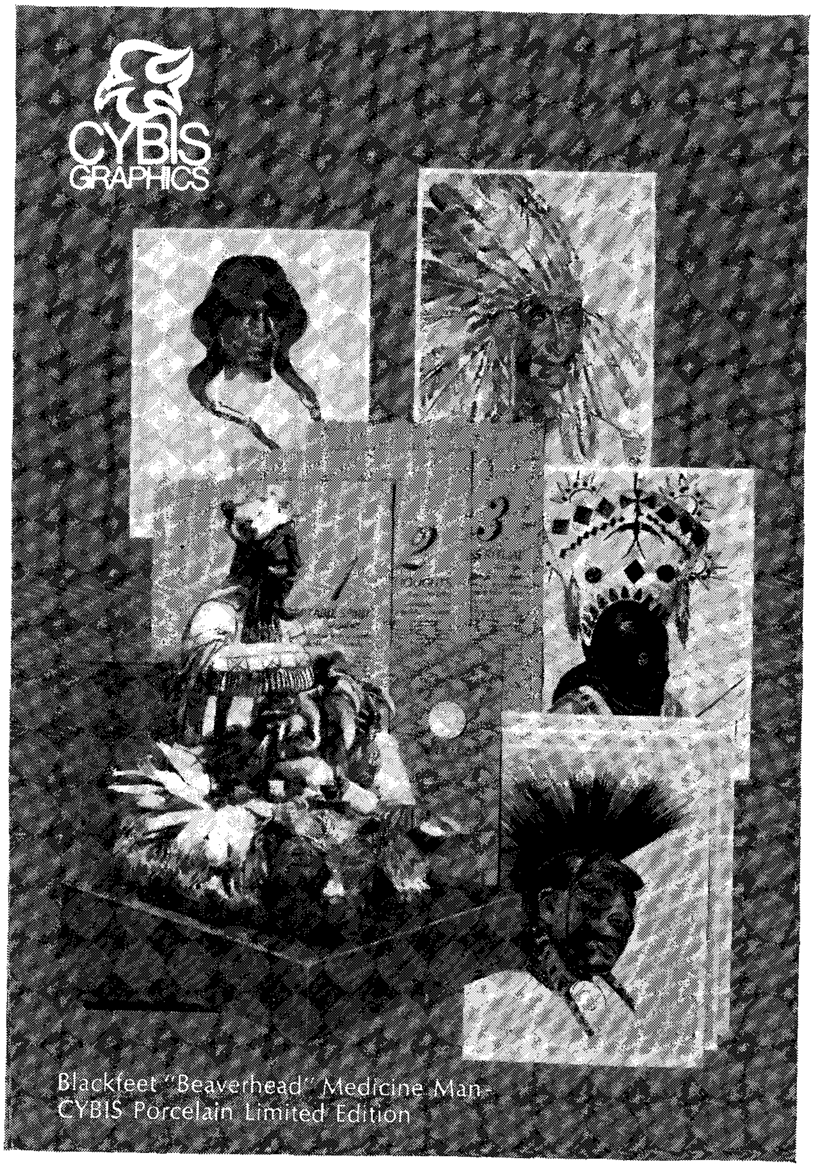
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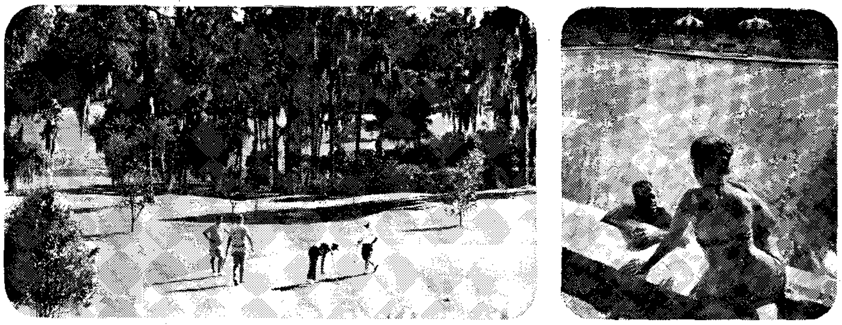

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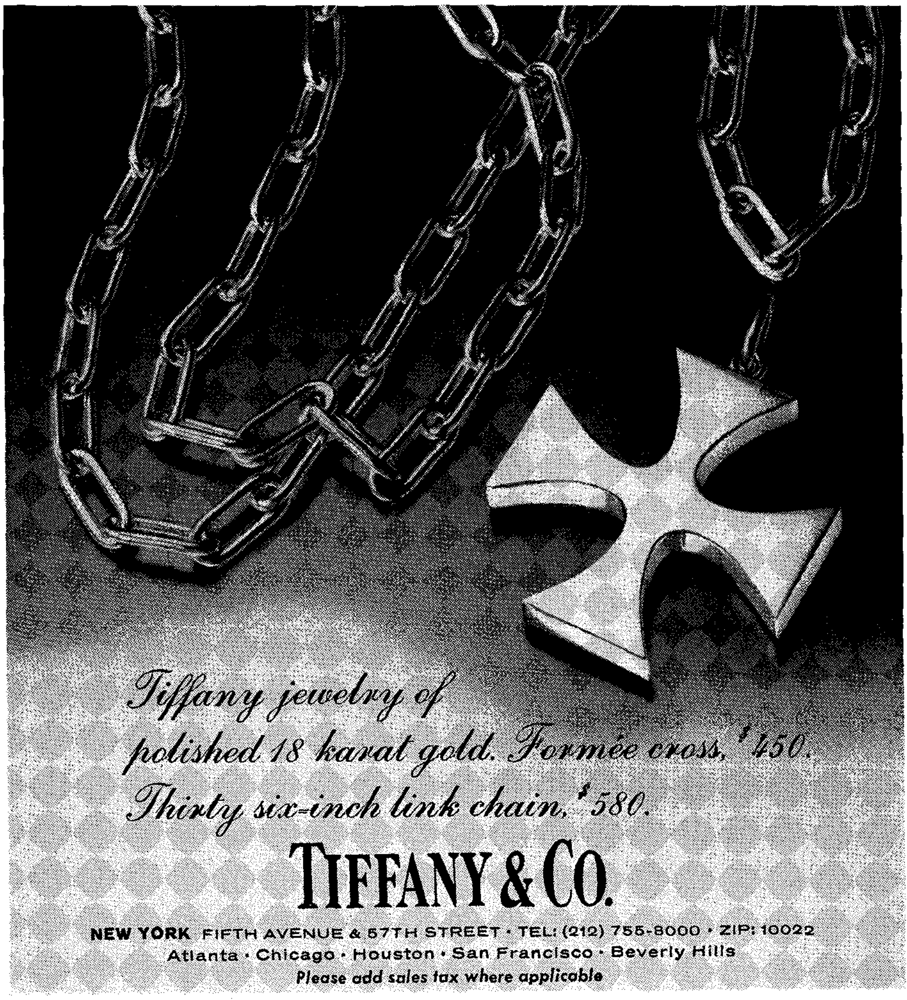

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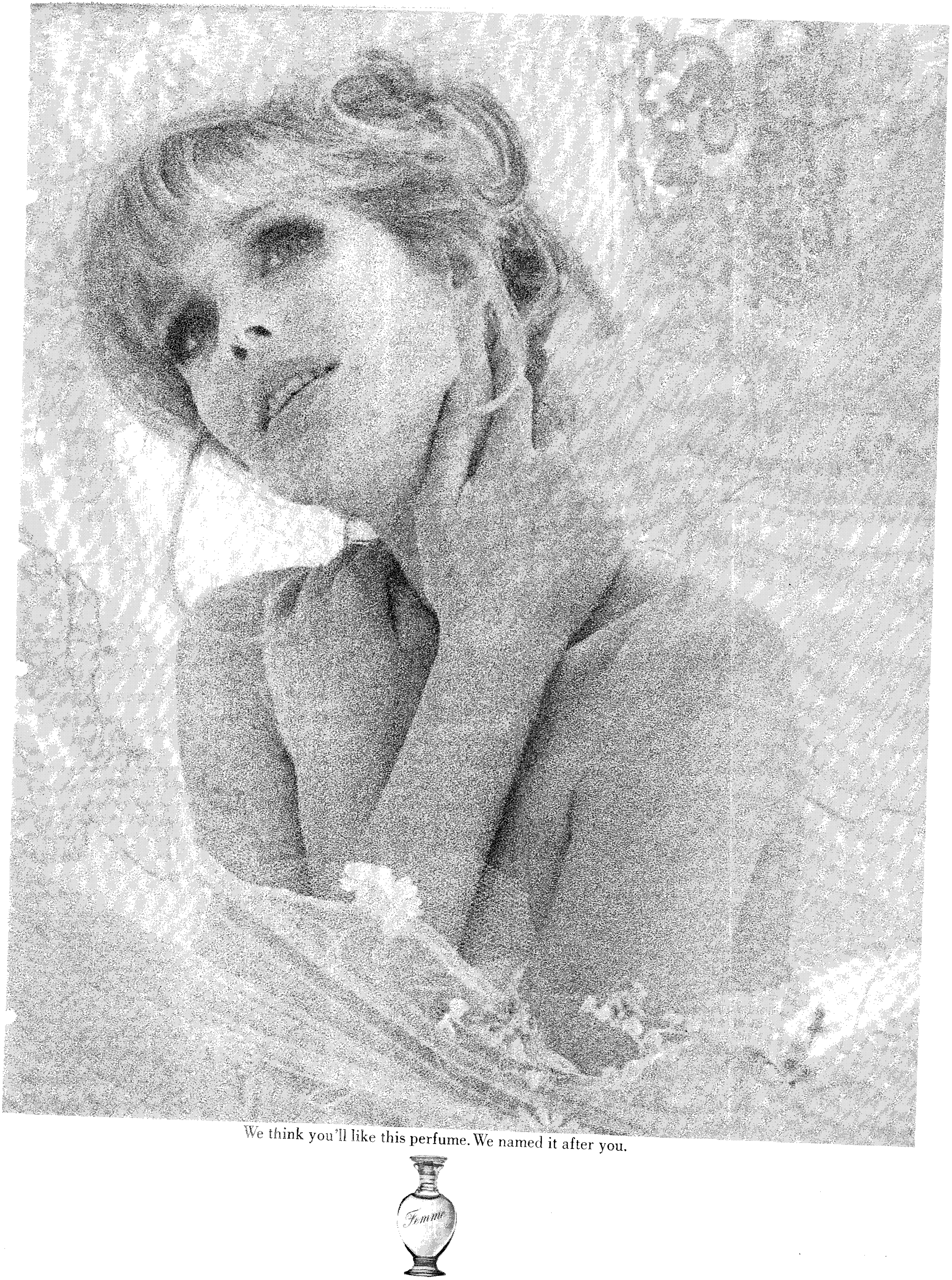
original people around. But when I do solo I think of the tune I'm playing. I try to fit what I'm playing into the composition rather than do just twelve bars of rudiments. The melody goes through your mind and you go along with it, fitting yourself to it. Also, my solos are always short, which I learned from Lester Young. He never took more than two or three choruses and neither did Charlie Parker, but they always managed to say all they had to say.

JACKSON

WHEN I solo I come down from the melodic line and the chords that are being played, or anything else, like a phrase the drummer might play, which can turn what you're doing into something lyrical. And I keep the melody in mind. I always remember the melody and then I have something to fall back on when I get lost, and with the human element I do get lost, but I've always been able to find my way back. Of course, your troubles and pleasures will come out in your music. But you do the best you can to entertain. Jazz is an art, but it's in the form of an entertaining art. I'm most relaxed in the blues or in ballads, which are my criterion. I get the most results from myself then and I reach the audience quicker. My blues come from church music and my ballads from the fact I'm really a frustrated singer. Lionel Hampton was the only influence I've had technically on the instrument. I heard him one night at the Michigan State Fair, in 1941, when he had Dexter Gordon and Howard McGhee, and that night really got to me. In style and ideas, I adapted myself to Charlie Parker and Dizzy. I can get around the mechanical feeling of my instrument by making glisses and grace notes, so that it sounds more like a horn. I still use a prewar Deagan vibraharp, and every two or three years the Deagan people take it apart and put it together again for me.

LEWIS

WHEN I'm working behind Milt, I try and be out of the way and at the same time supply something that might even improve on what he's playing. And I try to supply patterns that are strong rhythmically. It's easy to underestimate rhythm-making. I can never guess what Jackson is going to do next. I'm supporting him but I'm also moving along parallel to him. I learned to play collectively in Dizzy's band. I was trying to find a way to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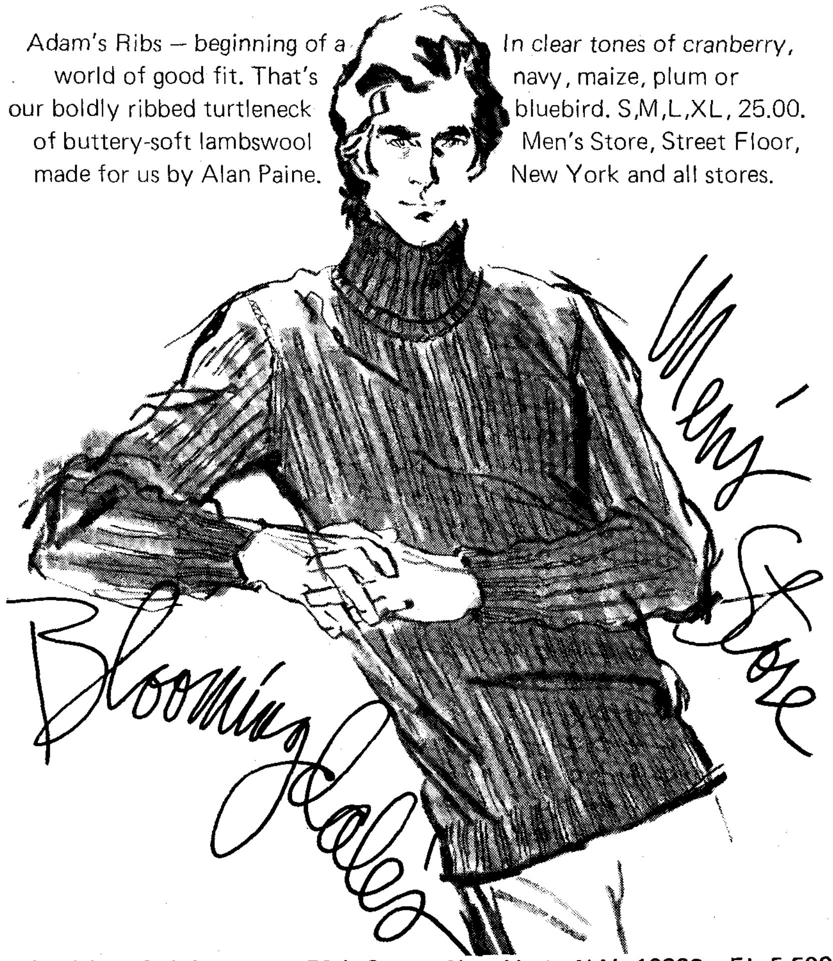

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function, to add something, since most of the time I could play anything and no one would hear me anyway, and one night it happened up in Boston behind Dizzy when he played "I Can't Get Started." My discovery was related, too, to the way Kenny Clarke played drums in Dizzy's band. He complemented everything that was going on.

KAY

MY drums are black pearl, but the fittings and stands are brass, which looks like gold. They're Sonor drums and are made in Aue, Germany, by people named Link. They're the oldest percussion-makers in Europe. We had a German bandboy who had worked for Stan Kenton and once he brought me a Sonor snare drum to try, and when we were in Europe next he took me down to Aue to meet Horst Link. He didn't speak English, but I got across a few things I didn't like—the response of the snare and such—and they worked it out. The snare they made me is wider and deeper than most people use, and I have calfskin heads instead of plastic. Plastic is fine when you have to play out-of-doors or in a lot of dampness. My floor tomtom is fourteen by sixteen inches and my side tomtom is eight by eleven and the bass drum is fourteen by twenty. I use a timpani head on the beater side of the bass drum, which gives more ring, and I use a big soft full beater ball, like a marching band's. There's a rod coming up from the top side of the bass drum, and on it are a little cymbal and a triangle and chimes. I designed the rod and I call it a sound tree. I've tried to get it patented, but have been told I can't. I also have two timpani drums that Link makes for me. They're smaller than usual and they don't have any pedals. I used to have two small Syrian drums mounted on top of the bass drum, but I don't use them anymore. We no longer play the pieces that called for them, and anyway they were hard to tune and had goatskin heads, which were difficult to get. I have six cymbals, including the two high-hat cymbals, and they're A. Zildjians. I picked them out at the factory in North Quincy, Mass., and it took hours and hours. Eventually, I got absolutely tone-deaf. I've had them ten years and I don't think I'll ever change them. Link also makes my drumsticks, which I designed. They're very light and thin and are made of white ash finished with a black lacquer. Even though they look fragile they have the

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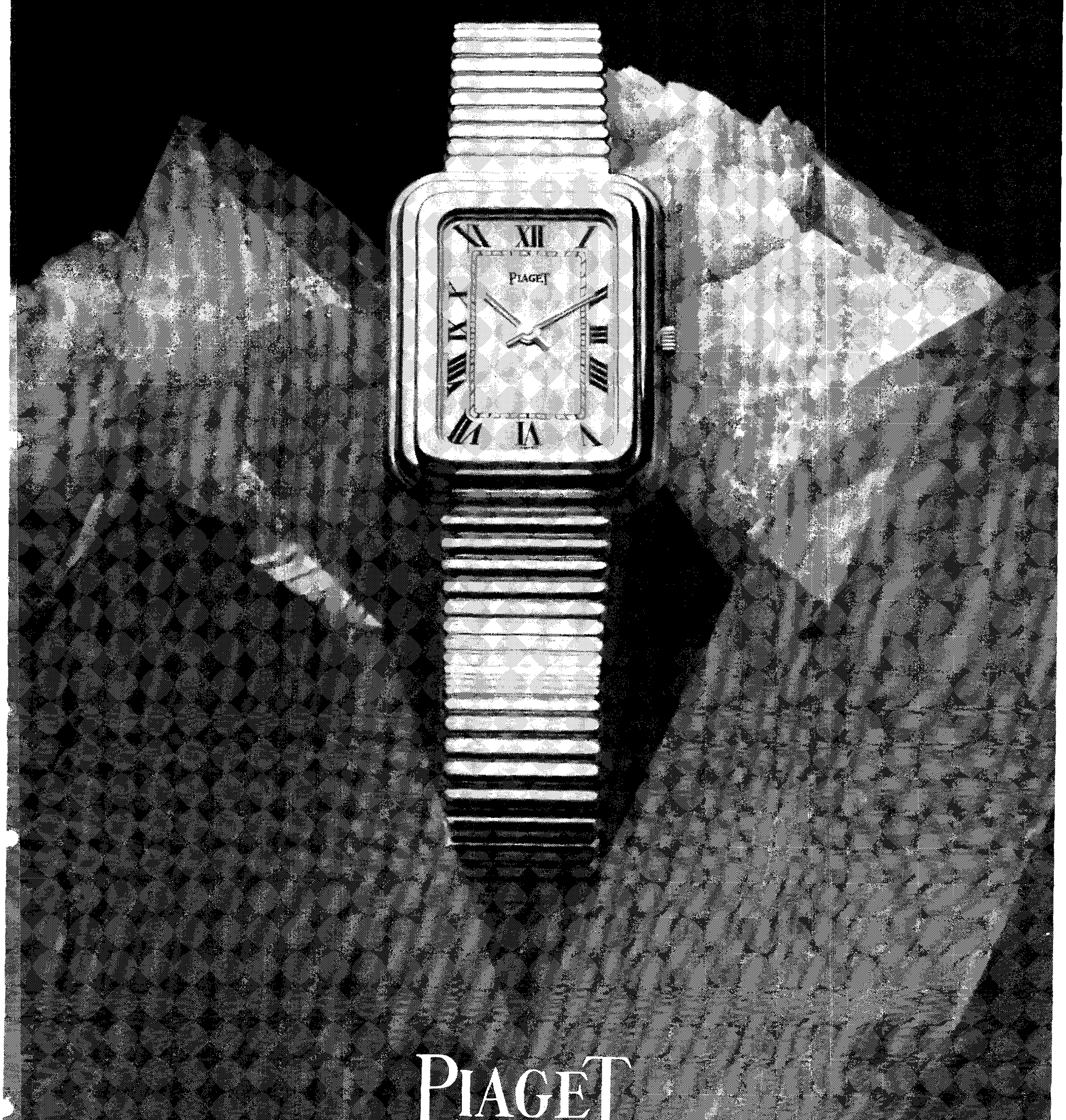

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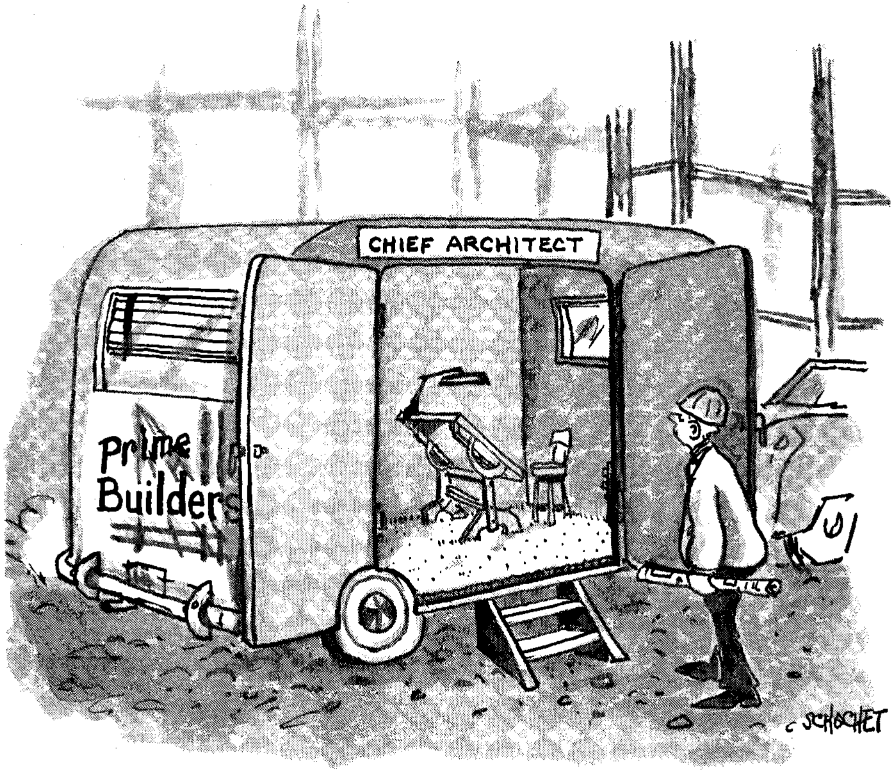

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Lewis

IDEAS for compositions pop into my head all the time and I write them down in a notebook. The things you hear and see go back in the brain and eventually something comes out—melodic fragments or an opening for a piece or ideas of how something I've already written could be improved. The music I've heard inspires me, but it works negatively. The music I've heard suggests music I've never heard. It points to something that doesn't exist, that might be a little better, and I try to supply that. A piece can take a few hours or a couple of days to write. My writing and my playing are connected. I can take ideas I have written or maybe not written down yet—ideas just floating around back there. I can take those ideas or written things and expand on them each time I improvise, so in that way the pieces I write are never finished, never complete. The reverse—taking an idea or a phrase from a solo of mine and letting it inspire a new composition—is trying to happen to me for the first time, and I don't know whether to let it happen or not. In fact, there's something from a solo of mine on our new record that keeps running through my head. It's terrible, like a mosquito you can't get rid of.

The group dictates what I write. I think in dramatic terms. Anyone playing the solo part in a concerto is dramatic, and it's the same thing with our little tiny group. In a piece like "Three Little Feelings," the star characters are Percy and Milt and Connie. They are given things to do that focus on them. I have written a lot of pieces based on the commedia dell'arte. I find the idea of the commedia attractive. They had to do the same things as jazz musicians. They never wrote things down. They developed pieces based on the prominent characters or events of the town they were working—things which would attract their audience. So they *created* their jobs, just as jazz musicians do. And, of course, I love the blues. Blues pieces are easier to write. You have a little form to fill out. I try to find blues in all non-blues—just in the way a group of notes goes together in a particular short phrase. I keep feeling those elements in non-blues music—the music in southern Yugoslavia, in Hungary, the music in North Africa and the Middle East, and in flamencan mu-

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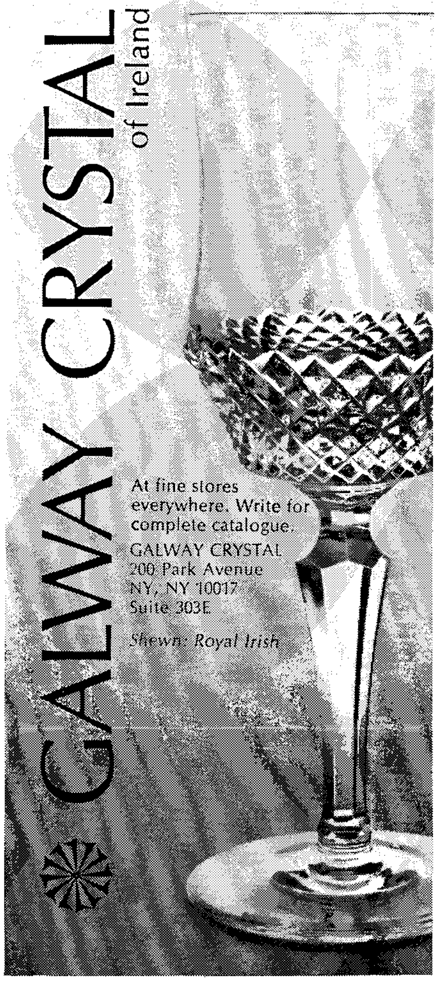
sic. I don't believe in too much form. Music should have surprise in it, and too much fugue or any formula like that takes away the pleasure, which is what bothers me about what Gunther Schuller was trying to do with his Third Stream. I'm not interested in that. But I am interested in the classical *orchestra*—particularly the stringed instruments, which still have to be brought successfully into jazz.

II—BEGINNINGS

HEATH

I WAS born April 30, 1923, in Wilmington, North Carolina, but when I was eight months old we moved to Philadelphia. I have an older sister, Betty, and two younger brothers—Jimmy, the tenor player, and Albert, the drummer. Pop was an automobile mechanic. He was a wild little guy, a great guy, and sharp and handsome. He played clarinet with the Elks. It was part of a weekly cycle. On Mondays he'd pawn the clarinet and get twenty dollars and pay his bills, and on Saturday, when he got paid, he'd get the clarinet out of pawn and play with the Elks on Sunday, and on Monday, back to the pawnshop. I said to him once, "Pop, if you just keep the clarinet out of pawn one week you'll be all right and you won't have to pay that dollar interest." But it was his thing, his habit, and he never kicked it. He had Bessie Smith records, and every once in a while he'd pull out his clarinet and do Ted Lewis or his own Silas Green routine—Silas Green from New Orleans. In the early thirties, he rented space in a garage and had his own shop, and up until then we had money. Then the Depression ran the small businesses out, and he took a W.P.A. job for a couple of years, and went back to being a mechanic for somebody else. My mother was a hairdresser. She was a choir singer, and her mother before her, in the Baptist church, where I spent a lot of time when I was growing up. Those old sisters screaming and falling out in church, you felt something going through you when you watched them. We had a family quartet. My grandmother sang alto and my mother soprano. I used to sing on a sepia kiddie hour on the radio, and the kids who made it on the show got special passes to the Lincoln Theatre, where we would get to go backstage and shake hands with Fats Waller and Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

I went to school in Philly until the last two years of high school. There was an all-colored school across the



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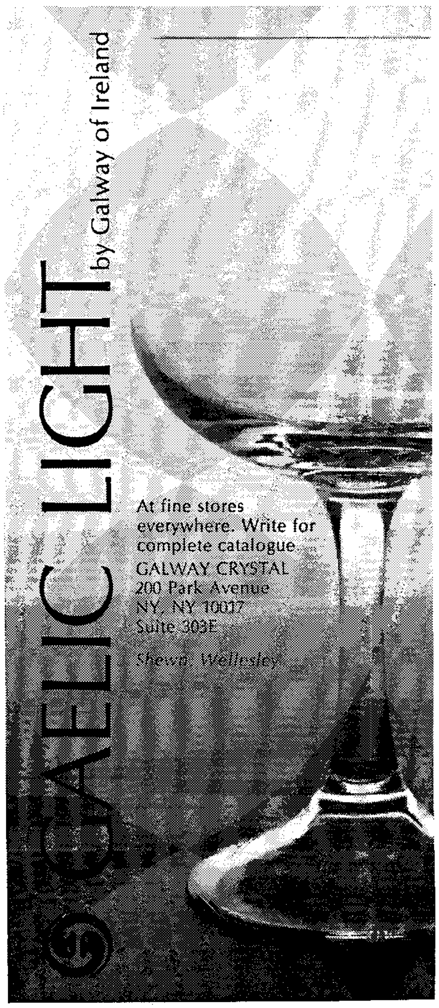

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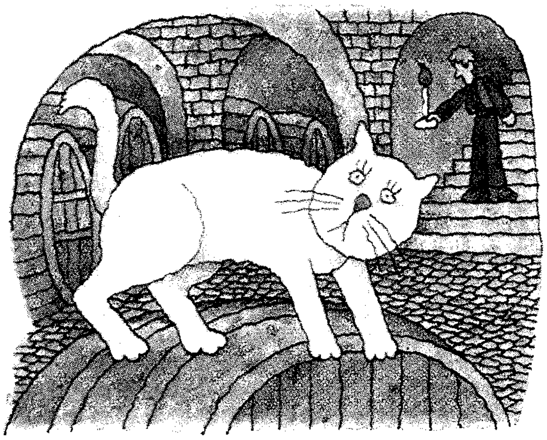

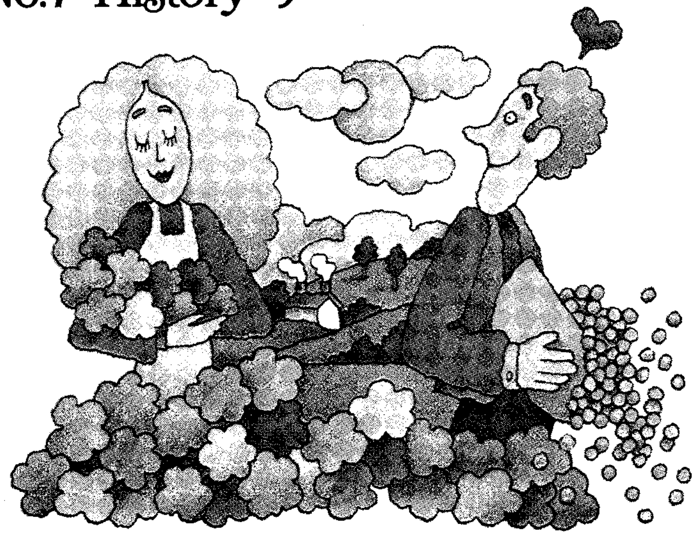

Zeller Schwarze Katz

One Friday, Julius Kayser's mama (she was sort of a pest) said "A black cat ran into our cellar. Get it out."

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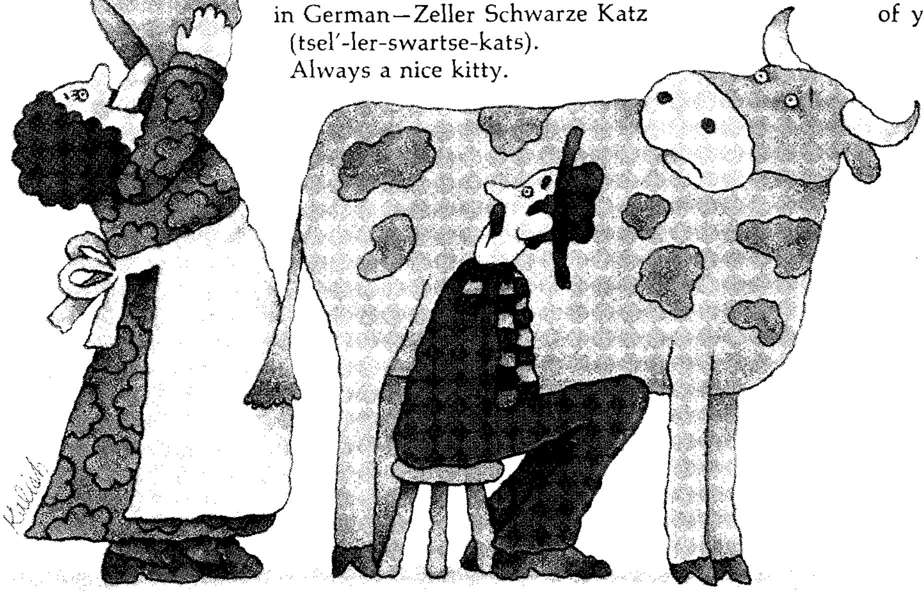

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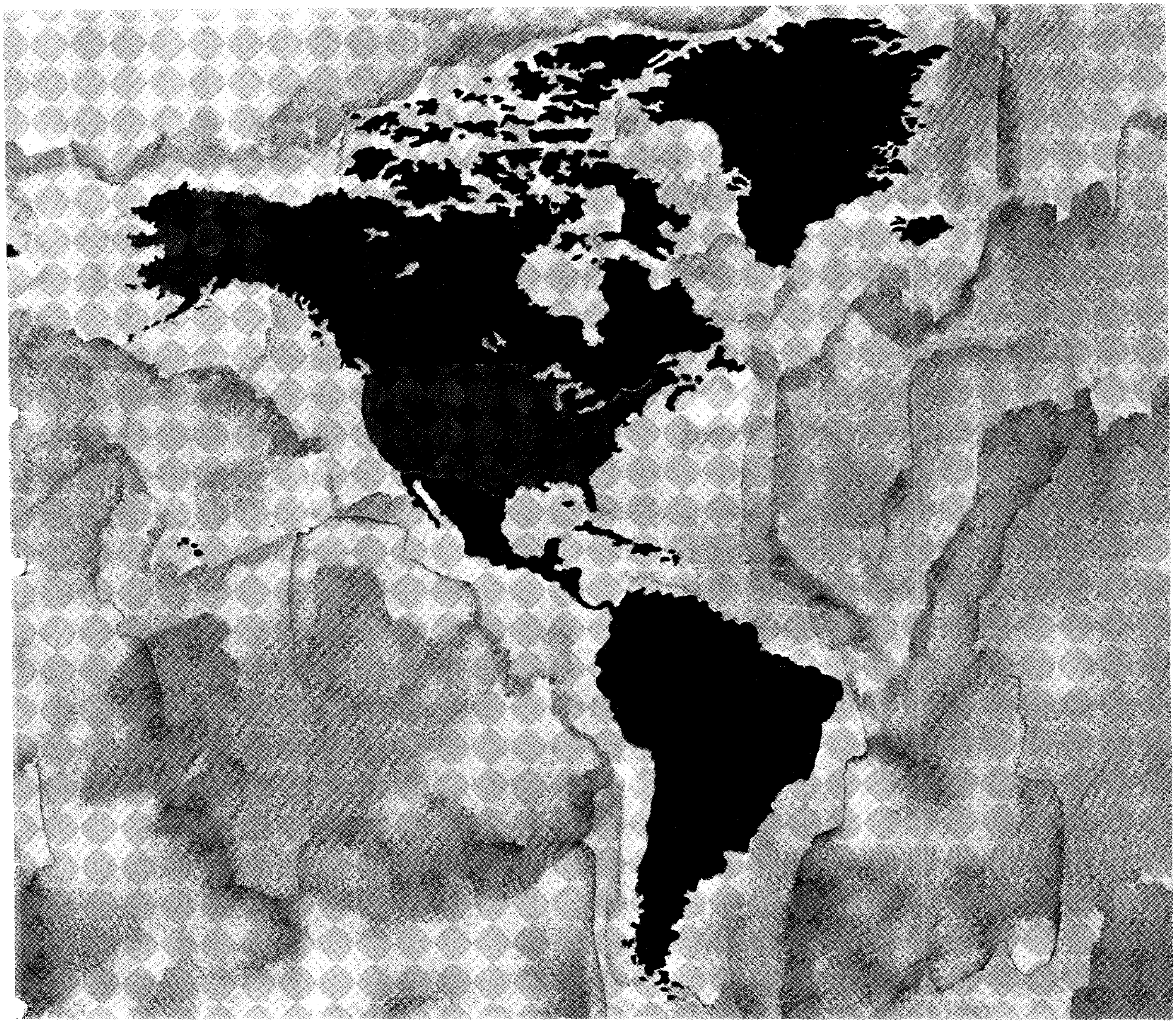

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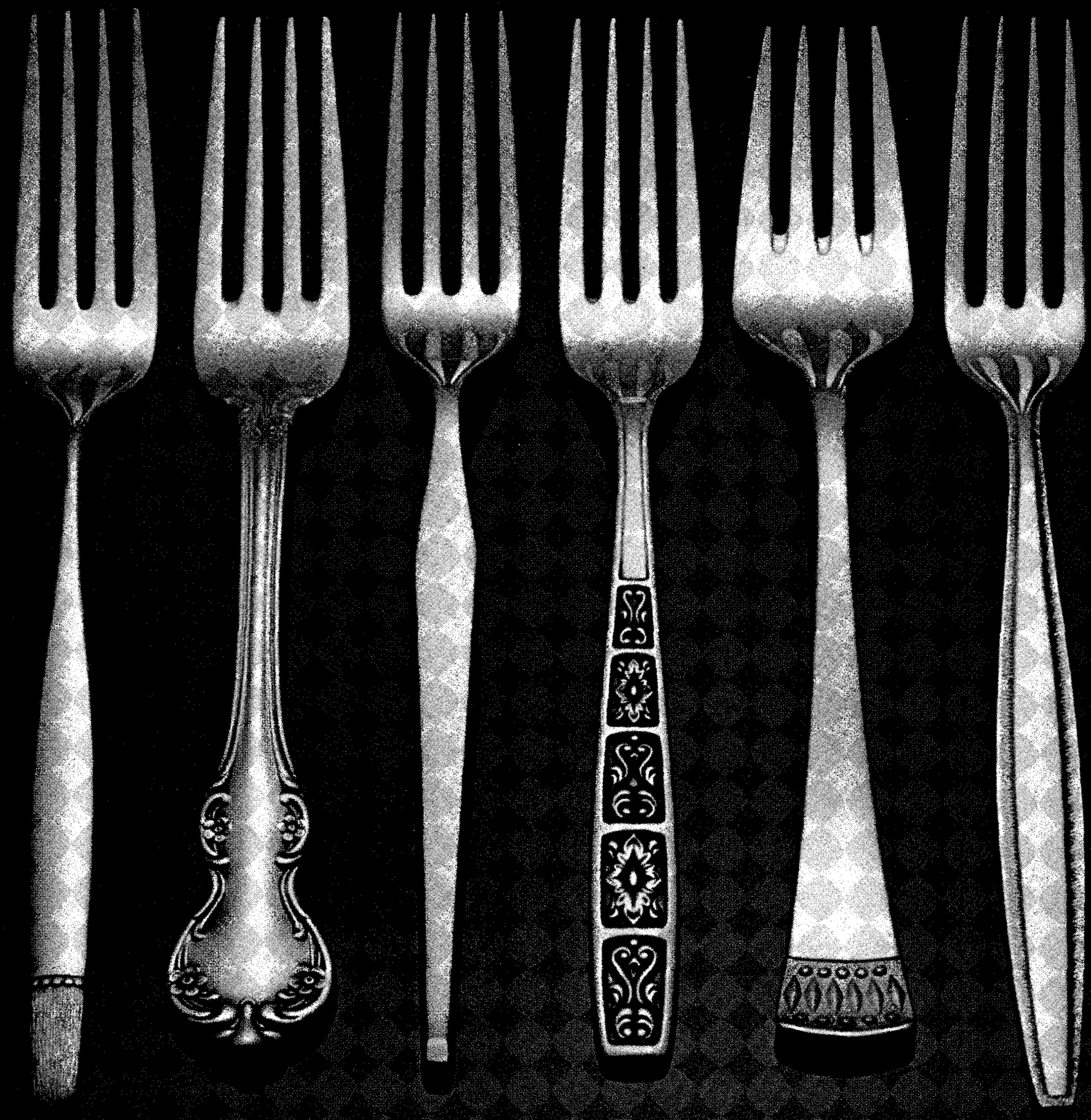

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TOWLE Stainless

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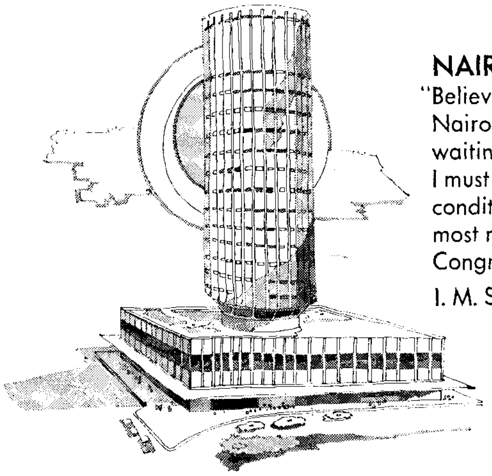
street from my grade school and the Italian and Jewish kids in our block had to walk three blocks to their school, which we all thought was a joke. From junior high on it was integrated, but six years of separation and the damage was done. Being thrown suddenly together couldn't undo it. I played a little violin in junior high and I had the second chair in the first-violin section at graduation. But it was rough getting home through the streets—you know, a little skinny guy named Percy carrying a violin. I chopped and hauled wood after school, and hauled coal and ice in the summer. I'd bring home four or five dollars a week, which was all right in those days. My father's mother had a grocery store in Wilmington, and we used to go there for the summers, and so I stayed down there and finished up high school. I came back to Philly when I was seventeen, and went to work with my father and the two of us enrolled in a night school that specialized in mechanics. This lasted a year or so, and when I saw I wasn't getting anywhere at the shop—I'd be upstairs really involved in a carburetor job when they'd call up, "Hey, Percy, come on down and wash this car or do this grease job"—I said, "O.K., Pop, maybe I'm a dummy, but I'm going someplace else." I went to work for the railroad and ended up handling big equipment, moving engines around the yard, and I earned a boiler-washer's rating. I started going out with girls and I had a car. I was making a lot of overtime and I'd get these fat paychecks—eighty dollars and more every two weeks, which beat the twenty bucks I was making with Pop. Then after a year or so I got a bright idea—volunteer for the Air Force and get into aircraft-mechanics school. I took the physical. Underweight. They told me to come back in thirty days. I went home and slept late and ate bananas and went back. Still underweight. My number came up and I was drafted and I realized why I was underweight: They didn't have any colored aircraft-mechanics school.

I made a great score in the mechanical part of the aptitude tests the Army gives you, and one day I was asked, "Do you want to be a pilot or a navigator or a bombardier?" I was amazed. I remembered reading about some guy standing up in Congress when this program was announced and saying, "This is all very well and they've come a long way, but they aren't ready for *flying* yet." I was sent to Keesler Field, in Biloxi, Mississippi, where we



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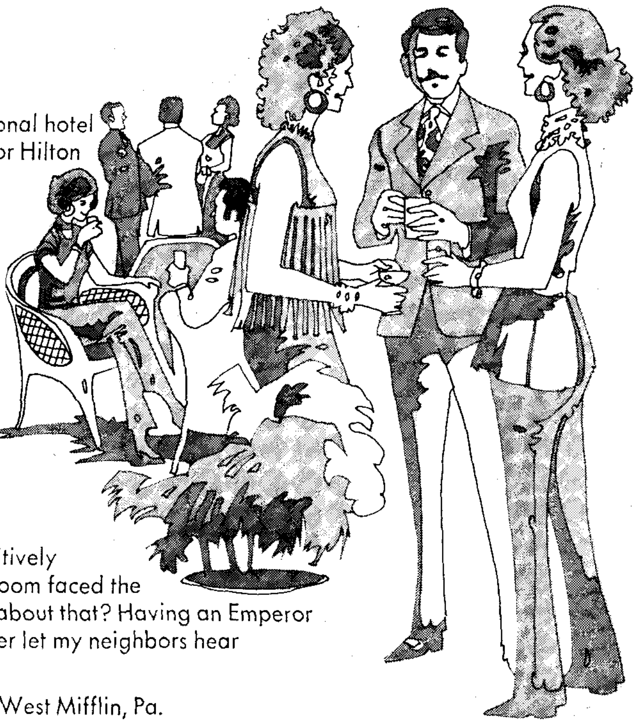

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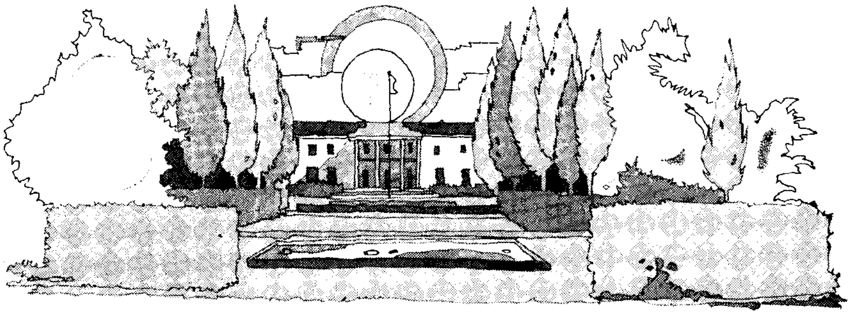

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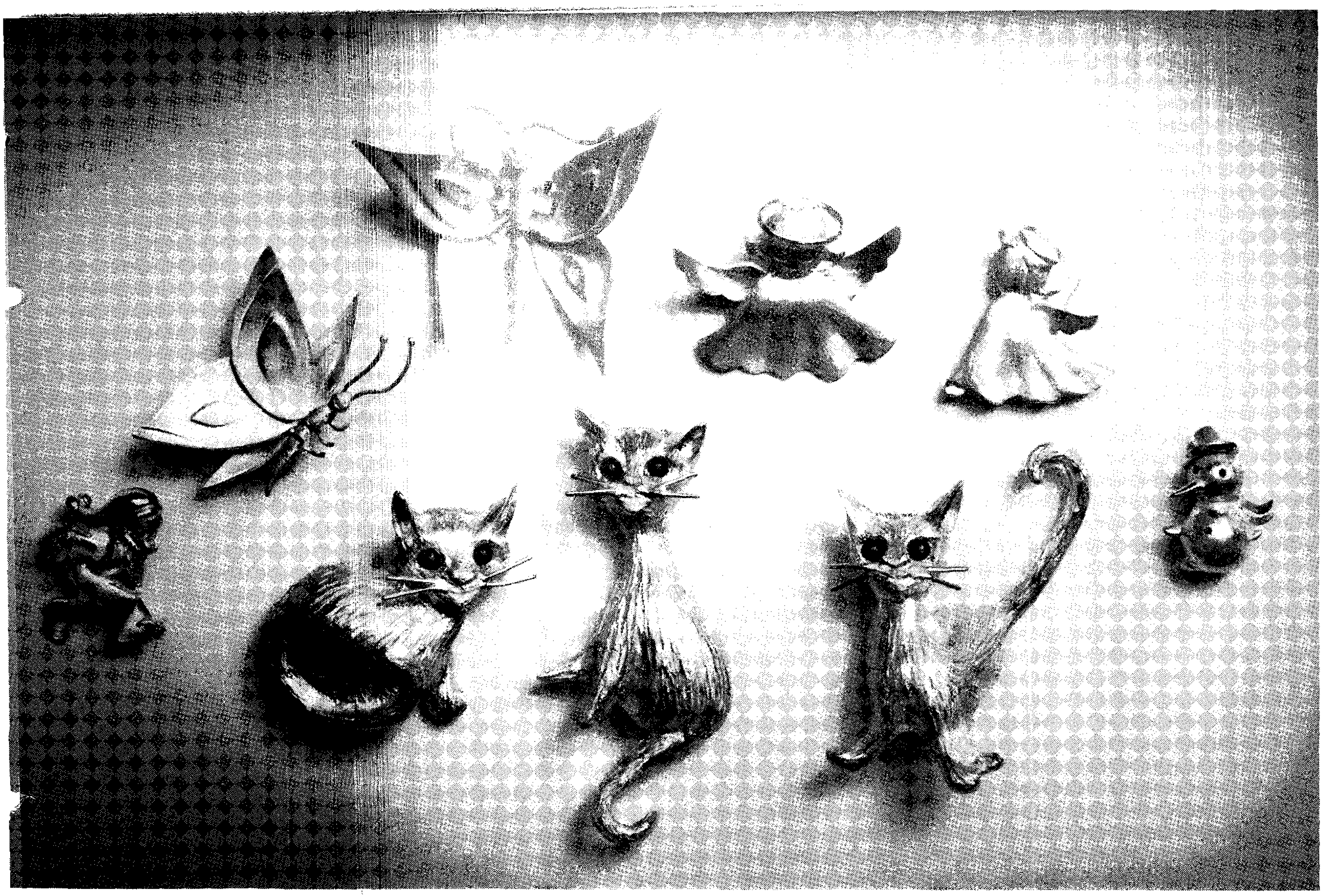
lived in tents in a low area way over on the wrong side of the base, separate and unequal. The closest we got to an airplane was at Saturday parades when somebody would look up and say, "Hey, there goes a B-24." Then we were shipped to the Tuskegee Army Air Force Base, at Tuskegee, Alabama. I graduated in January, 1945. Seven hundred of us started out and twenty-eight graduated. I was a lieutenant and had my wings and my boots and everything but a forty-five, which is the last thing they issue before you go overseas. I never got my forty-five. The European war ended and I got out and there I was with all that training and no place to use it. There were umpteen million white pilots with multiple-engine ratings coming back and I was a Negro with a single-engine rating. So I had to find something captivating to me. Having become an officer and a gentleman, I naturally didn't want to go back to all that dirt and grime. I'd heard a record with Coleman Hawkins and Sid Catlett and John Simmons, the bass player, and decided that's for me. I decided to go back to music. I went to the Granoff School of Music in Philly and studied harmony and I took lessons on the bass from a little old guy named Quintelli. I learned the C scale and how to read stock parts and I joined the union. I'd already worked in non-union places in some really funky neighborhoods in Philly. Then my brother Jimmy came home from Nat Towles' band. He'd heard Charlie Parker for the first time, and Johnny Hodges and Cleanhead Vinson just weren't it anymore. So we had continuous practice sessions at home. My mother was a great woman to put up with it. We even wrote out Parker's "Billie's Bounce" for Pop to play on clarinet. He made it sound just like a march. So we learned bop and had gigs. I worked with a Nat Cole-type trio for five or six months and then became part of the house rhythm section at the Philly Down Beat Club, along with Red Garland and Charlie Rice. Everybody played with us—Coleman Hawkins and Eddie Davis and Howard McGhee. I worked in a rhythm-and-blues band led by Joe Morris and joined McGhee in 1947, and I was with Fats Navarro and J. J. Johnson and Bud Powell and Art Blakey and Miles Davis after that, and in 1950 I went with Dizzy.

KAY

MY parents lived in New York, but my mother's brother lived in Tuckahoe, and I was born there on the



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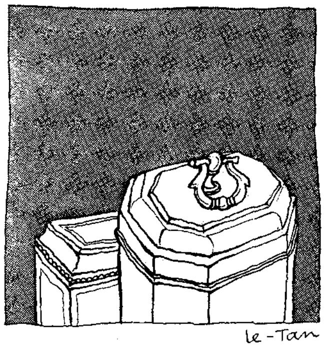
twenty-seventh of April, 1927. I was the only child. My parents are West Indians who came from an island named Montserrat. Their name is Kirnon and I was born Conrad Henry Kirnon. Originally the name was Kiernan, which was the name of one of my great-great-great-grandfathers, who was Irish. My father had a tailor shop in New York, and when that didn't do too good he got a job as an elevator operator, which he did until he retired. My mother had odd jobs doing housework and down in the garment center. She was musically inclined. She played piano and organ in church and she sang a little. She taught me how to play piano. She insisted I learn, but I didn't like it. My father played a little guitar. My mother used to let me stay up and listen to Cab Calloway broadcasts and I'd take the wooden bars out of coat hangers and shape them into drumsticks and play on the hassock. And a friend of mine had an uncle who kept a snare drum under his bed and we'd sneak it out and play it. So I always loved drums. I had my first gig right around the corner from where we lived in the Bronx, at a place called the Red Rose. All the guys were young and the only seasoned professional was the piano player, Jimmy Evans. He'd grown up in Monk's neighborhood, in the West Sixties, along with Elmo Hope and Tiger Haynes. The drummer at the Red Rose got sick and they had heard me practicing out of the window and asked me if I wanted to go to work. My parents said yes, and I stayed there weekends on and off for a couple of years. After the Red Rose, I was at Minton's, in Harlem, in a trio with Sir Charles Thompson and Miles Davis. We'd play one set and generally that was it. The rest of the evening it would be people sitting in—Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, Georgie Auld, Red Rodney. I remember when Ray Brown first came there. Freddie Webster came in all the time and he showed Miles how to get those big oooh sounds, those big tones Miles uses now. I was with Cat Anderson's band after that and then I toured the South with a rock-and-roll group led by Frank Floorshow Cully. I wanted to see what it was like down there. Cully was a tenor player and he was just like his nickname. He'd jump up and down when he played and stick the saxophone between his legs and do splits. Randy Weston, the pianist, was in that band, and it wasn't a bad band. The bass player hit all the wrong notes, but he had a hell of a beat. You just closed your ears and felt the beat. We travelled in a seven-passenger Chrysler, and we went as far as Lubbock, Texas, and both coasts of Florida and Mobile, Alabama. I wasn't too surprised because I'd heard how things were down there, but it was still a revelation. We worked at a big roadhouse for several weeks that used to feature people like Blue Barron and Horace Heidt—we were the first colored band that had ever played the place—and during intermission we were supposed to go back in the kitchen and stay there. But you'd be offered drinks by customers and you didn't know whether to accept and stay out front or get on back. In those days it didn't pay to be a pioneer. We'd pull up at a restaurant and be told to go around to the kitchen and there you'd find a regular booth with a Formica-top table and all, which was fine with me because they always piled your plate up. At orange-juice stands you'd have to drink your juice off to one side, and if we stopped at a grocery store they'd sell us cold cuts and canned stuff, but we had to eat it in the car. Once we ate in a restaurant owned by a colored cat and I told him if we get together, organize and the like, maybe we can *do* something about all this crap. Well, he wanted to fight *me*. He had two restaurants, he said, and everything was *all* right.



By this time I could get a job with anyone. My main asset was I could keep good time. I had made a whole lot of rock-and-roll records for Atlantic Records. I was with Young off and on for five or six years. Lester and I were like buddies. When I joined him, I already knew him, but he didn't know *I* was joining him. I met him down in Penn Station and asked him what he was doing, and he said, "I'm waiting for the drummer, Lady Kay," which is what he always called me. "Well, I'm the drummer," I said. "What! You're the drummer?," and he fell out. He was a sweetheart to me. He was very shy. He didn't love crowds or to be around strangers, and he didn't like to eat. All that alcohol. He'd leave home for work with a fifth of Scotch every night and everybody in the band would work on it to keep

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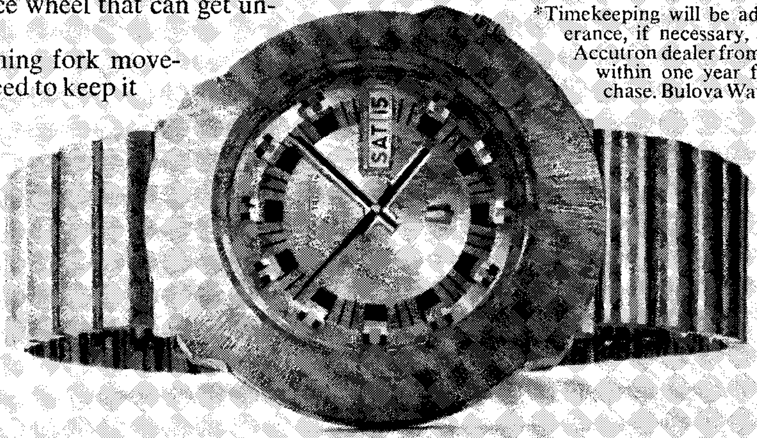

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Lester from getting too drunk. It was terrible I drank so much Johnny Walker. Later, the doctor told him to switch to cognac—a *little* cognac—so it was a whole bottle of cognac every night. He had a funny, codelike way of talking, with nicknames and strange names for everything. Everybody was Lady So-and-So, a chorus was one long and two choruses two longs, and he had nicknames for all the different songs. A lot of the jive talk you hear now on TV I first heard from Lester, and when he and Basie and Old Man Jo Jones got together they all talked it. He wasn't a forceful person, but he'd get fed up. One time he had a trumpet player who took the same solo on a certain tune every night, and when he'd start Lester would look at me and say, "Damn, Lady Kay, there he goes again," and we'd sing the whole solo note for note right along with the trumpet player. Lester didn't feel he was getting the recognition he deserved and finally he got to the point where he didn't care whether he lived or died. I used to ask him why he didn't play his clarinet once in a while, and he'd always say, "Lady Kay, I'm saving that for my old age."

JACKSON

THERE were six boys in my family and I was the second. I was born in Detroit on January 1, 1923. My mother was from Georgia and my father from Winston-Salem. She had a very religious background—the Church of God in Christ, which we call the Sanctified Church. She was a housewife and she worked in a defense plant during the war. My father was quiet but very lively, always on the go. I guess that's why I stayed so small—always moving so much. Also, it's a trait of Capricorn. My father was a factory worker with Ford and Chevrolet, and he played three or four instruments—piano, guitar, and so forth. I started on guitar when I was seven, and I was completely self-taught. I didn't study anything until I took piano lessons at eleven from a Mr. Holloway. I took them two years. I've lost track of him completely, which I regret. I like to check those things out. By the time I got to high school I was playing five instruments—drums in the marching band, timpani and violin in the symphony, guitar and xylophone in the dance band—and I sang in the glee club and choir. But I was concentrating on drums. Then the music teacher asked me if I wanted to take lessons on the vibraharp, as something else to do. I'd finished the drum course and

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was even helping other kids on drums, so I tried vibraharp and got hung up on it immediately. I gave up the drums altogether and concentrated on vibes. By 1939 I had two things going. I travelled all over on weekends with a local gospel quartet, the Evangelist Singers. We broadcast every Sunday over CKLW from Windsor. I got into it through my playing in church. If they needed vibes, I made that; if it called for drums, I made that; if it called for guitar, I made that; if it called for piano, I made that. The other thing was I started playing vibes with Clarence Ringo and the George E. Lee band. Sugar Chile Robinson was in the first group I played with. I had met Dizzy Gillespie in 1942 and through him I had an opportunity to join Earl Hines' big band, which he was with. At least there were about to be negotiations to join the band, but I got drafted and ended up in Special Services in the Air Force. I never went overseas and I got out in 1944, and went back to Detroit, where I organized a little group called the Four Sharps. It had guitar, bass, piano, and me, and we were sponsored by the Cotton Club. Detroit was full of musicians—Howard McGhee, Al McKibbon, the Jones brothers, a good alto named Burnie Peacock, and Lucky Thompson. Yusef Lateef and I went through high school together and Billy Mitchell and I grew up together.

The Four Sharps stayed alive a year, and then Dizzy came through and sat in one night and persuaded me to go to New York, so I went, in October of 1945. He had Ray Brown and Max Roach and Charlie Rouse. We worked the Brown Derby on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, went back to New York, and out to Billy Berg's, in Los Angeles. We had Stan Levey on drums, Al Haig on piano, Ray Brown, Charlie Parker, Lucky Thompson, Diz, and me. We took the train. Man, four and a half days. We left on a Tuesday and got there Saturday. I guess we stayed out there six or eight weeks. Slim Gaillard had the other group at Berg's, and they wound up as the stars. People went for the new jive language he sang, and anyway Slim is a very entertaining man. And Frankie Laine would come in every night for his two numbers. The audiences couldn't understand what *we* were doing, but it didn't bother me. I'd just turn my back on them and listen to Charlie. That was all I wanted to hear. When we got back to New York, Dizzy organized his big band, and that's where

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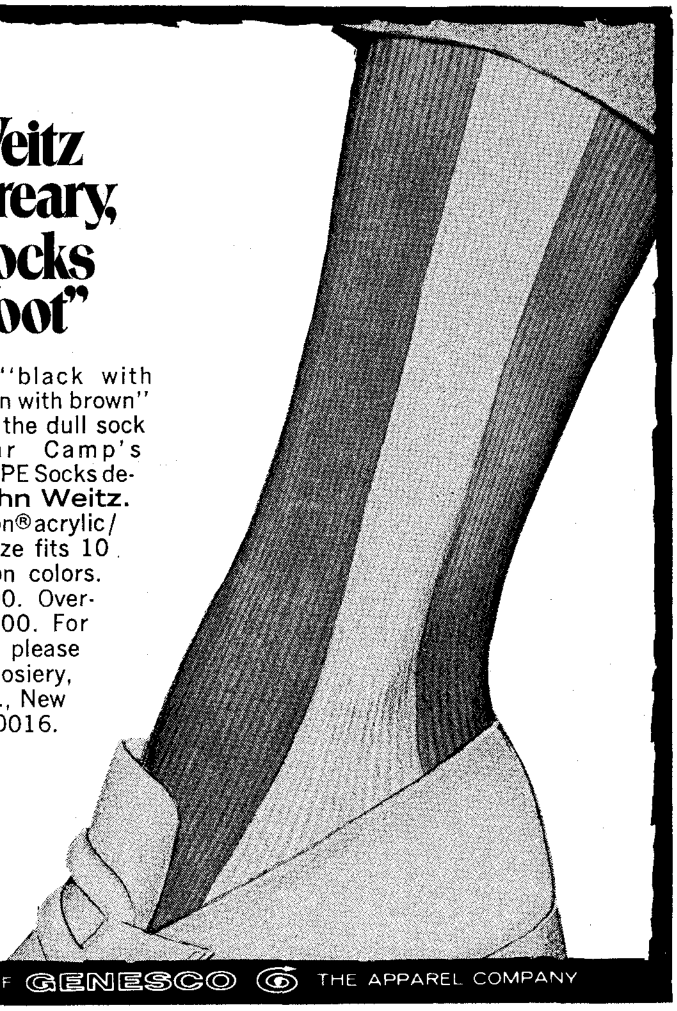

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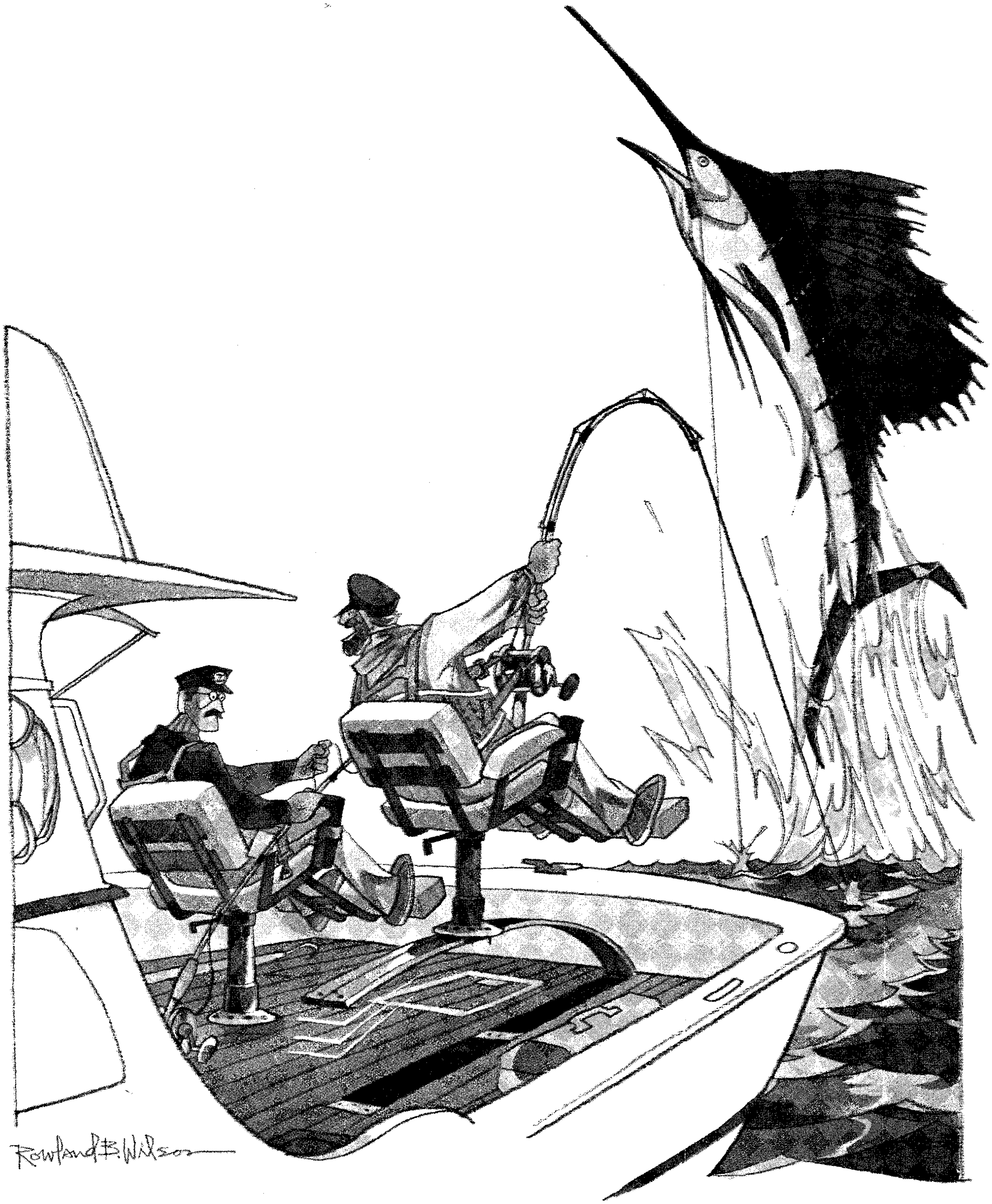

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

I first met John Lewis. Klook—Kenny Clarke—was responsible for bringing John in. I stayed with Dizzy until 1947 and then worked with Howard McGhee and Jimmy Heath and Percy, and in 1949 and 1950 I was with Woody Herman, and then I went back to Dizzy.

John and Ray Brown and Klook and myself had actually played as a group as early as 1947. We'd play and let the rest of the band rest. I guess it was Dizzy's idea. I stayed with Dizzy until 1952, when we tried to get the Quartet going. Ray Brown left, so we hired Percy Heath. John suggested the name of the group.

LEWIS

I WAS born in La Grange, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, on May 3, 1920, but by July I was sitting in Albuquerque, where my grandmother and great-grandmother lived. They'd come from Santa Fe and my mother from Las Vegas, New Mexico, which was there long before that other one. My people came down from the Cherokees—the Virginia Cherokees. I don't know much about my father, Aaron Lewis, except that he came from Chicago and was an interior decorator and played good fiddle and piano. He and my mother were divorced not long after I was born, and my mother died of peritonitis when I was four. I remember that. So I was raised by my grandmother, who is still alive and comes to see us once a year, and by my great-grandmother, who died in 1953. Except for my mother, they were strong women. My great-grandmother knew Pat Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid, and I think she even knew Billy. And she knew Geronimo, the Apache chief, who was a remarkable man, a very clever, intelligent man. My grandmother was a caterer and my grandfather had a moving-and-storage company. I never knew him. He accidentally shot himself in the foot duckhunting and developed tetanus. And my great-great-grandfather had owned the Exchange Hotel in Santa Fe. I had a good childhood. Albuquerque was a town of just twenty-five thousand souls in those days and everything was so special—the Spanish culture and the air and the cleanness. We lived right in the middle of town and there were very few Negroes. It was the people of Spanish extraction, or Spanish and Indian extraction, who had the hard times, not the Negroes. I went to the public schools and the atmosphere was very competitive. Once you got

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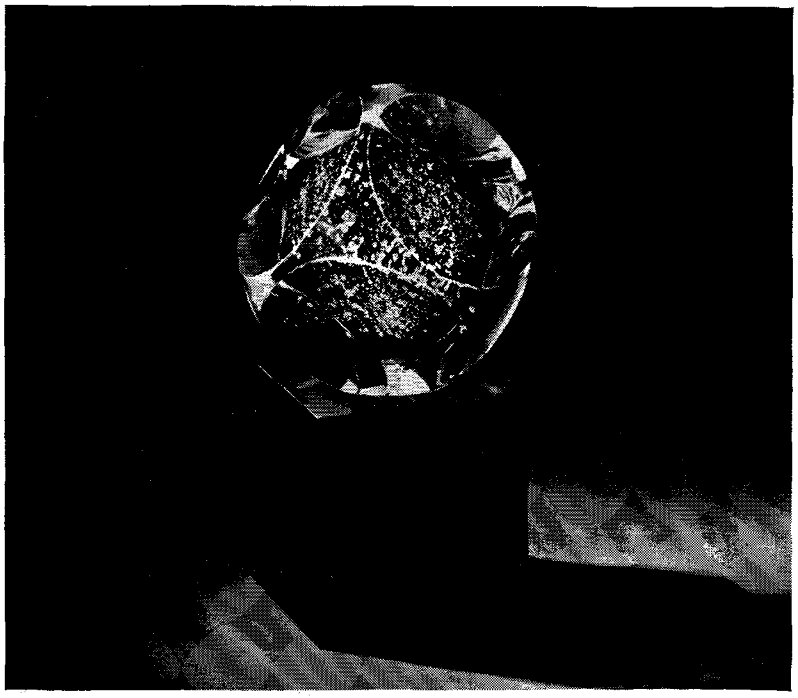

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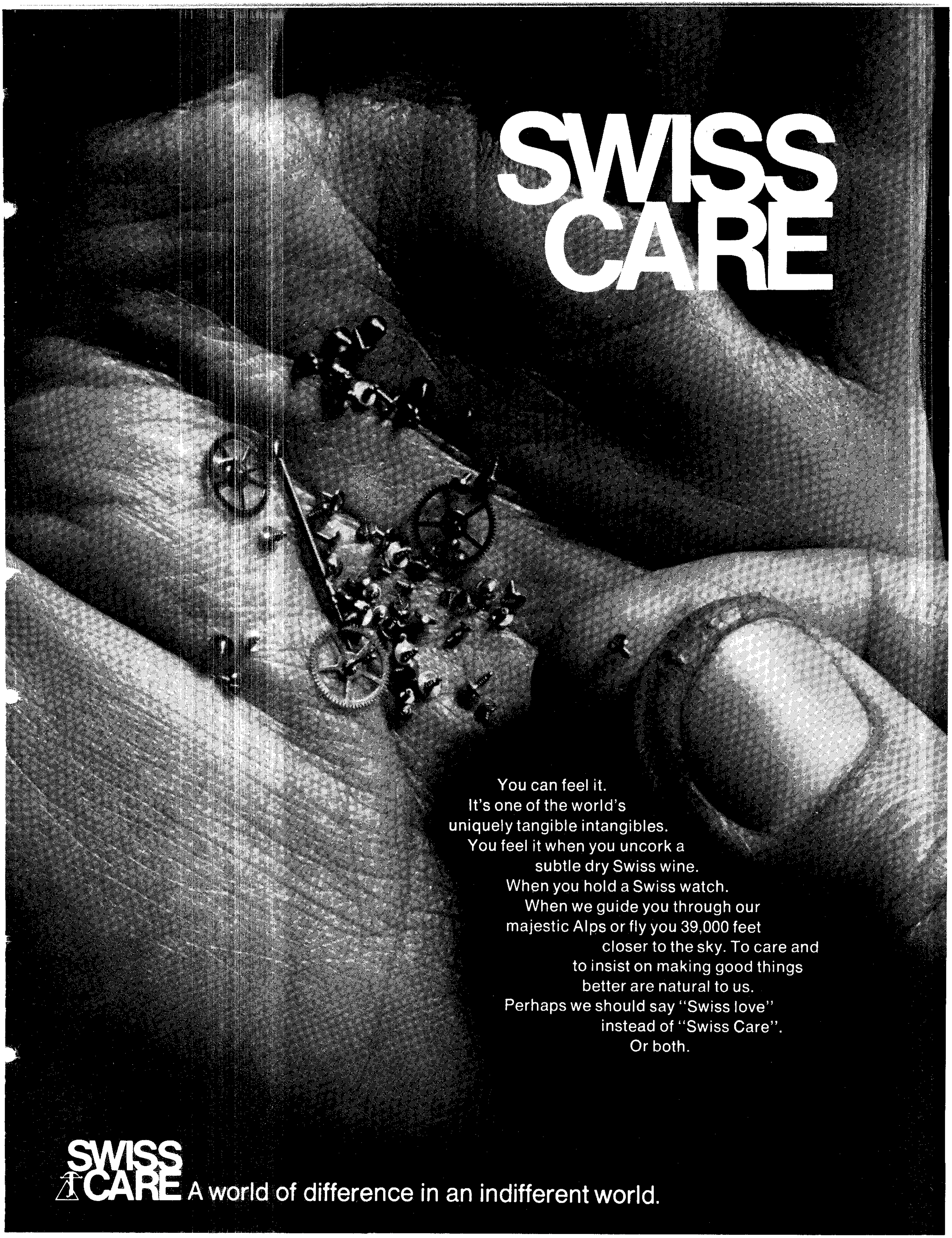
on the honor roll, you had to *stay* on it.

Everybody played something in my family, so I started on the piano at five or six. It was drudgery, and I tried to revolt on the grounds the lessons cost so much, but failed. I took lessons forever. When I was ten or so I was in a little band. We were Boy Scouts winning music-achievement badges. Our first gig was in a real night club. We played from nine to twelve and were paid a dollar apiece and all we could eat, and someone came along to watch over us. There were local bands around and a lot of Southwest bands came through town. Eddie Carson had one of the local groups and I had cousins who played in it. Sticks McVea, who was a fantastic drummer, would bring his band in from Denver. Freddie Webster was in it, and he had a wonderful piano player named John Reger. John Hammond wanted Reger to play with Benny Goodman, but Reger's wife wouldn't let him go East. I'd take Reger's place some nights. And the Bostonians would come through, with Jay McShann on piano and Howard McGhee on trumpet. Lester Young sometimes played in town. He knew my whole family. He was a very gifted, talented genius-type person. He was like a poet. Everything came out as poetry when he talked. By the time I was fourteen or fifteen, I was working in dance halls and night clubs. I had to learn Spanish music to play the fiestas. When I went to the University of New Mexico, I became the leader of a dance band there, and Eddie Tompkins, the trumpet player who had been with Jimmy Lunceford, would sit in. I took arts and sciences for two years, then became fascinated with anthropology. I devoured everything on the subject, and kept my music going at the same time. Then, six months before graduation, I was drafted. It's the only thing I've ever had against the Japanese people. I was in the Army four years, in Special Services, and the best thing about it was that I met Kenny Clarke in France in 1943 or 1944. At the time, there was a surplus of pianists and drummers, so Kenny and I took up trombone. It was all right. In fact, I can still play it.

III—WE'VE GOTTEN ALONG WELL

JACKSON

I BUILT my house in Scarsdale several years ago. My wife, Sandra, and I moved up there with our daughter, who's seven, from Hollis, Long Island, where we'd lived for



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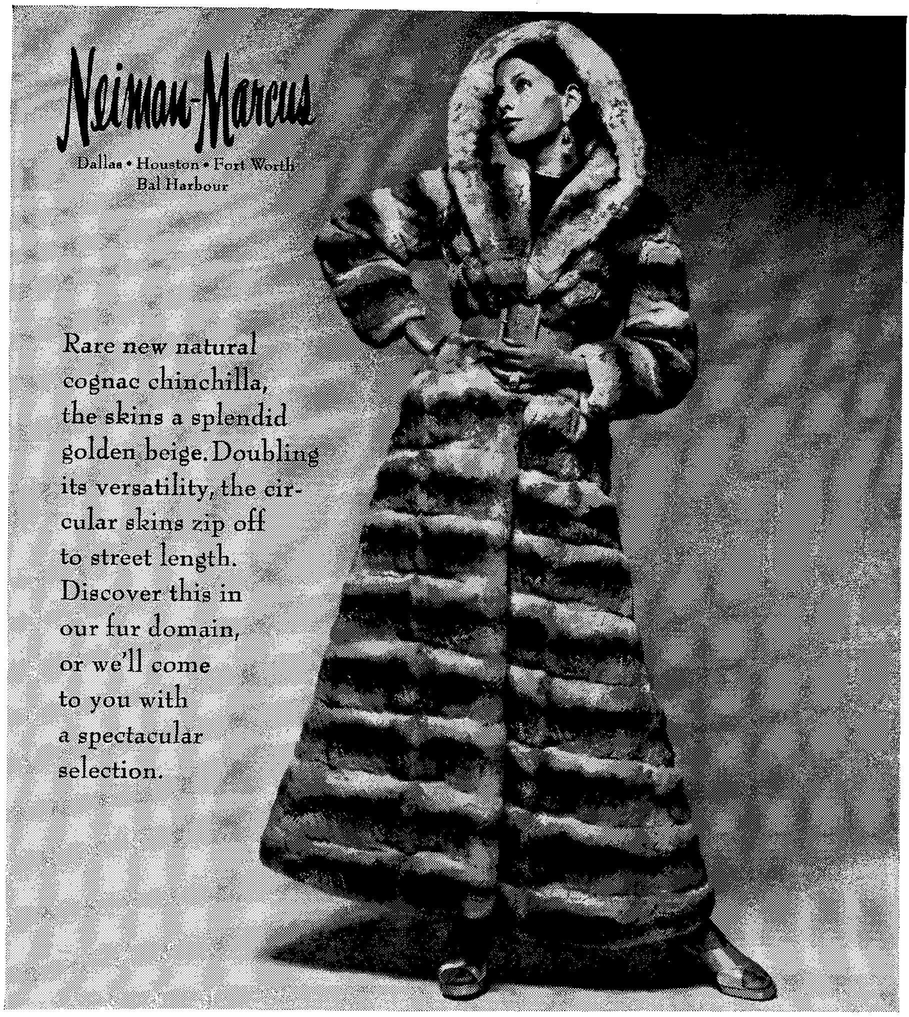

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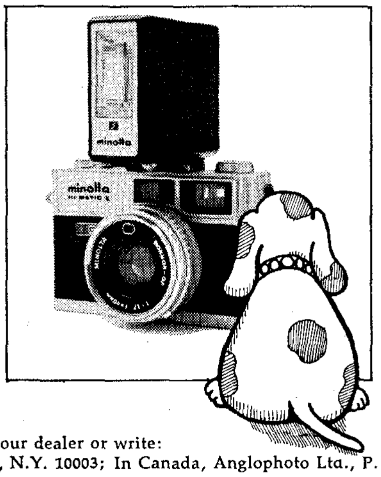

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nine years. It's been beautiful. No hostility. The people around us have some money and they're not concerned with whether you're a Negro. We have all kinds—Jews, Italians, Negroes—and they just aren't concerned with it. I've handled the race thing fairly well. I've been pretty outspoken. I don't know whether it helps or hurts, but it gives me a clear outline on life and myself. The first thing a man has to do is take stock of himself. You have all these people who go to school and study and still don't know themselves or what they want in life. I never had that trouble. From the age of seven I knew I would play music. There was never any doubt in my mind. I've always had my feet on the ground, had a good idea of where I was going. Like in high school, I wanted to learn something about my ancestry. I wanted to know where my forefathers came from and what they did. I was regarded as a troublemaker, asking questions like that. And in 1943, during the Detroit race riots, I wanted to organize and go back to Detroit from the Army instead of going to Europe and fighting somebody else.

HEATH

We live in a big old white 1902 house in Springfield Gardens, in south Queens. It's near Farmers Boulevard, where the farmers used to take their stuff up to market. I bet we live on the only block in the city limits that has just four houses on it—ours, an old Colonial house whose owner, a lady, was born in our house, and two others. There aren't even any sidewalks out front and we have fruit trees in the back yard. The neighborhood was a model integrated one when we moved there in 1958, but it's changed. The white families have begun moving out and the area has become one of families where both parents work and the kids have keys to their houses to let themselves in, which is where the trouble starts. We never go out when I'm home. I seldom go in to New York anymore, unless it's to rehearsals or if we have a gig there. It's too much to go and see all these cats standing around, half of them without gigs.

LEWIS

We take a two-month vacation in the summer. It's based mostly on Percy. He has the older children and he wants to be with them when they are out of school. And Connie, who lives with his wife near Lincoln Center, has two boys, and he likes to be with them. We work steadily

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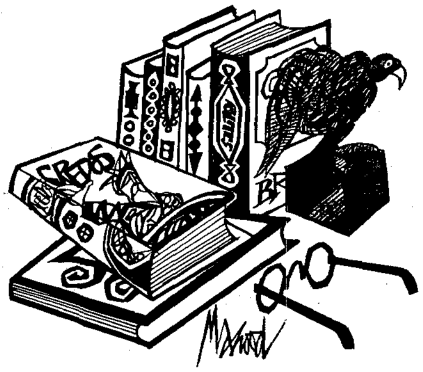
the rest of the year, and it has to be that way, with the vacations. The group is a coöperative and always has been. We have a corporation, the Modern Jazz Society. I'm president, Milt is vice-president, Percy is treasurer, and Connie is the secretary. We pay ourselves a weekly salary, and we don't have any such thing as a leader, in the old-time concept of a leader. I serve as artistic director and musical director. Occasionally I *have* to make the group do something, and later they generally see it's what we should have done. Sometimes I cut things so fine trying to make everyone happy it frightens me. We've gotten along well or we wouldn't still be together. We're smart enough and clever enough to give each other room to live in, to have respect for each other's personalities. It's not a perfect marriage by any means; it's normal travelling by sea, with stormy periods and all. The time we see of each other outside of our work is reduced even more than it was. We see enough of each other when we're out on the road, where we always have separate rooms. Milt gets up early and I do, too. Percy and Connie don't. Some of us, Connie in particular, like to watch TV and some don't. We have a fine for lateness. It's fifty dollars for the first five minutes and fifty dollars for each fifteen minutes thereafter, unless there's a sufficient excuse, which traffic and such isn't. You just start early enough. If anyone were to be late, it would probably be Percy or Connie. Milt and I generally come early. It would be impractical to break the group up. We're way past the point of no return financially. It's too late for all of us, trying to make it on our own.

I bring in the music and the arrangements and the group starts learning. Every now and then I put something in a piece that they can't play, so there isn't any dullness. They are fair readers. It takes us a long time to learn things, but they're much faster than they used to be. It generally takes us three hours to learn a piece, which



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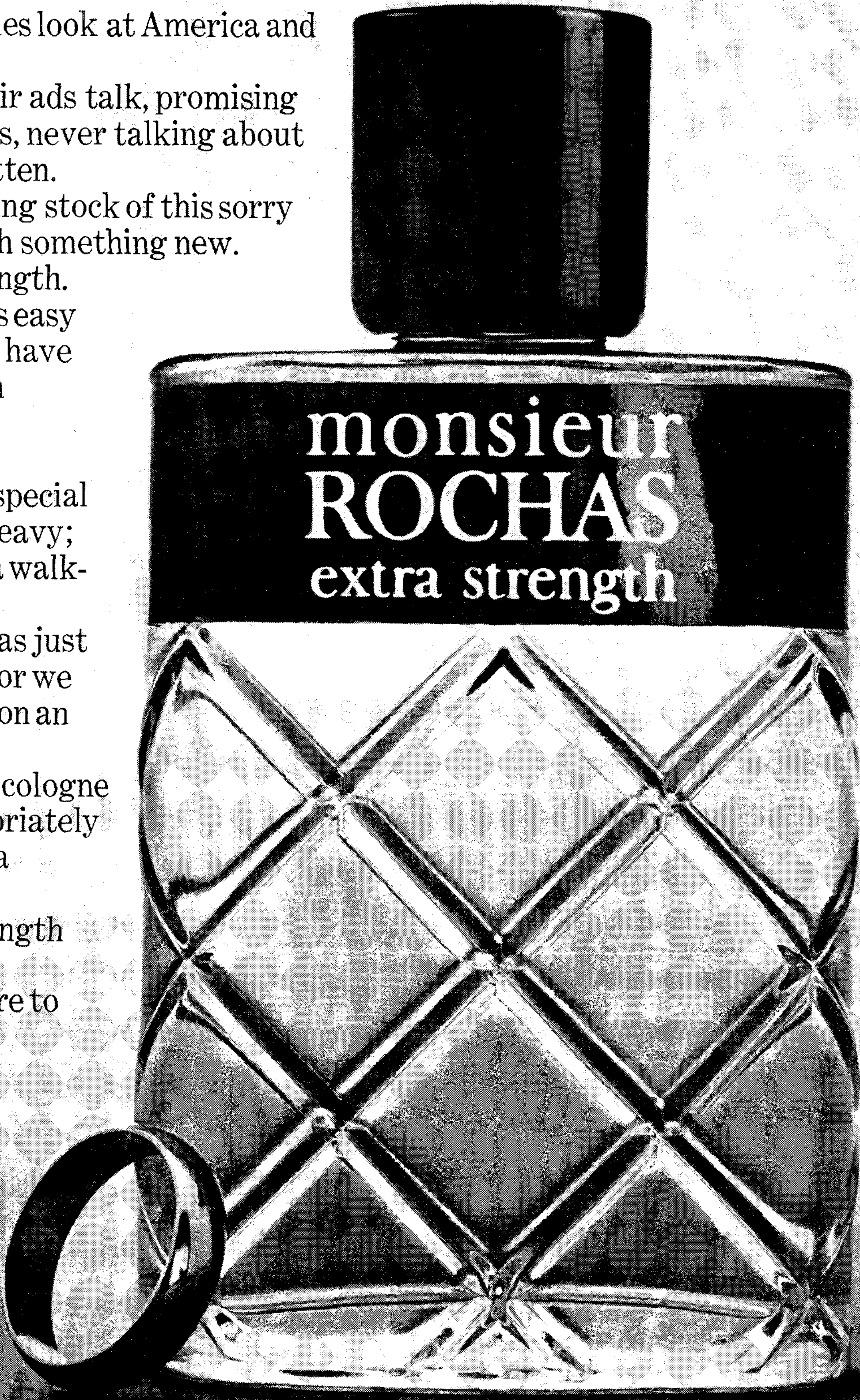

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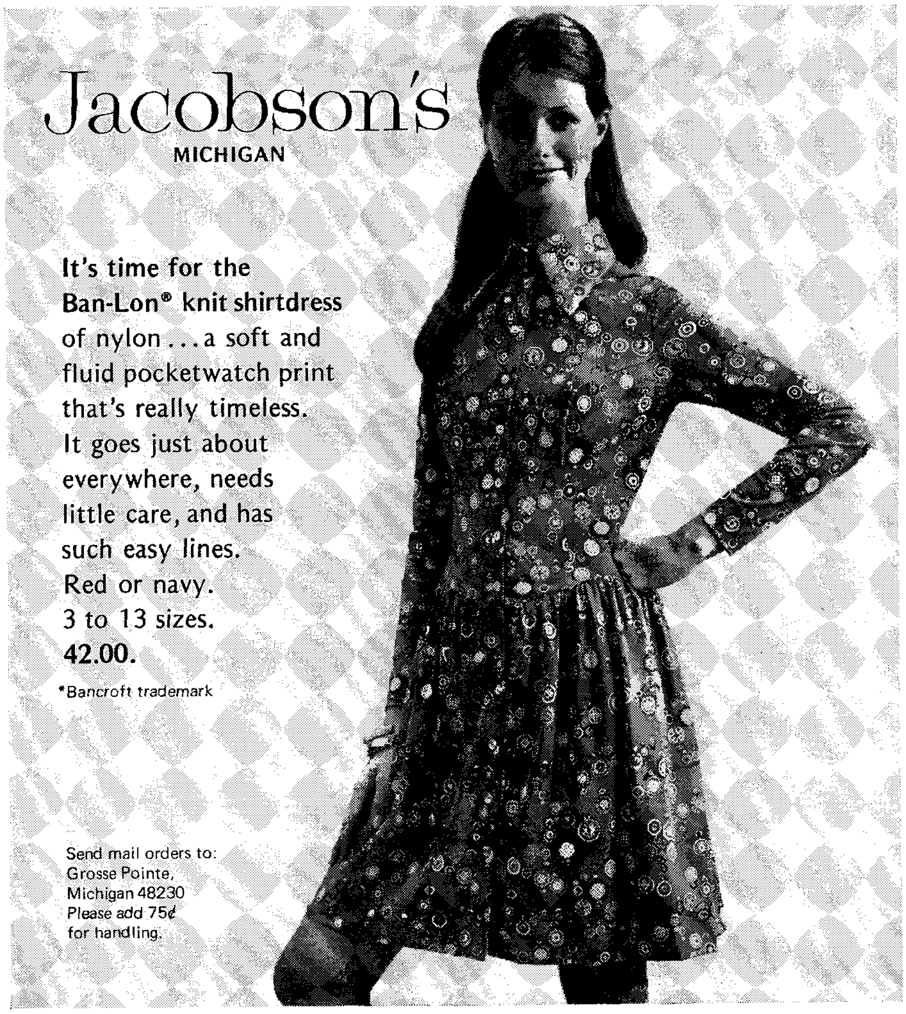
is the length of a standard rehearsal. The whole thing on my part is to anticipate this or that musical difficulty, which means spending more time writing and thinking. We have over three hundred numbers in our repertory, and it grows and changes all the time. Sometimes I change certain passages in numbers, and tempos automatically tend to get faster through the years. And the group grows steadily and understands the music better, and that contributes to change. When we haven't played a number for a long time, we have to sit down and start all over with it. Gradually each piece comes to sound as if it is improvised all the way through. Some actually are and some are almost all written. The length of a piece is pretty much dictated by where it is in the concert program, and the program is figured out, balanced out, from the first number to the last, so that it has a design and structure. So the program as a whole comes first, the pieces next, and the solos last. We don't have any prearranged signals, aside from somebody just looking up from his instrument, for letting each other know when one of us is finishing a solo. Jackson almost always takes the same number of choruses and I just seem to know when he is finishing, and it's the same with him when I solo. We abhor long solos. If good things don't happen in the first chorus of any solo, it's generally not going to happen at all.

HEATH

THE group didn't take its first vacation until ten years ago. I guess I pushed hardest for it. My wife and I have three boys—Percy, twenty, Jason, fifteen, and Stuart, eleven—and this business of working all year for ten years, it was *nothing*. It was ten years of double existence. If I'm out there on the road worrying about what's going on here, I might as well not be there. So I had to tell June, "Whatever comes up is on you, Snooky," and she's handled it ever since—everything, all the cuts and bruises and sicknesses that come along with kids. When I first brought up the vacation idea, it was "Oh, my . . . Hmm . . . Well, I don't know, the Quart*et* comes first." Damn! Anyway, we took our first vacation out on Fire Island, and it was not the vacation we had hoped for. I lugged all this electrical gear out there—hi-fi, tape recorder, toaster—and trundled it down the boardwalk to our house, the people I passed nodding their heads and mumbling about what a great generator we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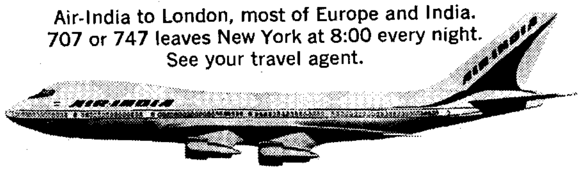

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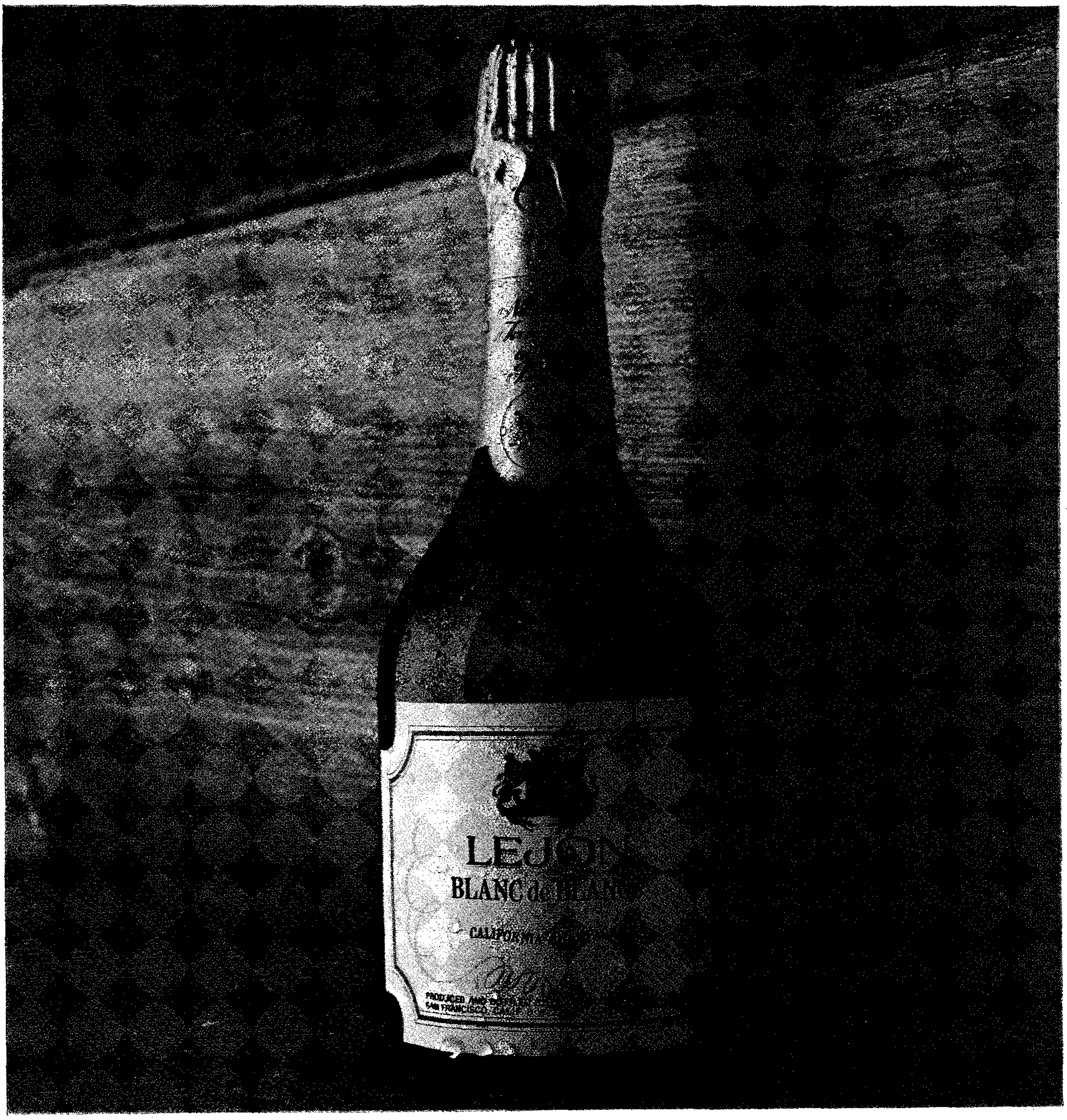
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must have, and of course we got there and no electricity. Then I discovered David Amram and some other cats were staying nearby, so I ended up jamming every night. On top of that, fishing—particularly surfcasting—is my thing, but nothing happened. I don't think a fish passed that beach all summer. So the next year we went out to Montauk and we've rented a house there ever since. I have a camper, and for traction in the sand I let the air out of the tires about halfway and we drive down the beach and fish and never see anybody for miles. There's a great group of people doing surf-fishing. They're from all walks. Sometimes I go to the Rockaways just south of where I live and once at dawn I was fishing and I noticed this figure way down the beach. We moved toward each other slowly and finally I thought, He looks familiar, and when we got near enough to see each other there was Ed Shaughnessy, the drummer on the "Tonight Show." We fell out—two jazz musicians meeting up at dawn on an empty beach. I don't see how people *don't* fish. To get that close to the fish in Montauk and not get involved—I don't see how people do it. Just to realize that big bass are swimming in between them in the water—unbelievable. I'm looking forward to the time when I can be by the seashore and in the sun chasing fish all year. Then if I take any vacation, it'll just be from fishing. Right now, messing around with all that salt water isn't the best thing for a bass player's hands. It softens them up. But I'm always practicing, and I start rehearsing seriously a week or two before we come back and my hands are generally O.K. by the time we play our first gig.

LEWIS

I MET Mirjana, my wife, in Yugoslavia when the Quartet was on tour there. Her sister was going around with a Yugoslavian jazz pianist who worked in a group patterned after ours. I spent a lot of time with him and one night we went to Mirjana's house and I met her. She was going with someone else. I liked Yugoslavia very much. I liked it so much I went back every year to the jazz festival they have in June, and I'd spend most of my time with Mirjana's sister and her boyfriend. Then in the summer of 1962 Mirjana and her sister and the pianist—they were married by now—came to visit me in the South of France, where we were vacationing. They spent two weeks, and two weeks later Mirjana and I were married. You can only get

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married on Wednesdays and Saturdays in Zagreb, so we got married on a Wednesday, and on Thursday I had to leave for a South American tour, and it took two months to get all the papers so that Mirjana could join me. Both she and her sister are pianists, and their father is a voice teacher. He is a remarkable, great human being. He is teaching now at the New England Conservatory. Her mother was an actress on stage and in films and she worked in the Underground during the war. We have two children—Sacha, who is seven, and Nina, who is three. I think we live where we do, in an apartment looking over the Hudson back of Lincoln Center, because the view always reminds me of one in Yugoslavia.

HEATH

JUNE is one in a million, one in eighteen million. She comes from Philly, and when I met her she was working in a record shop. She had a falling-out with her family over things like having pictures of colored musicians on her walls. But she loved the music and she found the players were pretty human people. She'd stop by when we were practicing at my parents' house after the war, and I wouldn't even know she was there. She'd be sitting in the corner reading a book. It wasn't a matter of my choosing another race. It was a question of finding a good woman. I quit shaving back then—I couldn't stand all that scraping and chopping every day—and she didn't mind. She was willing to go to New York with me in 1949 and willing to take a gig as a nurse's aide at thirty dollars a week while I sweated out my union card. I guess what finally drove us out of Philly was one night when we were walking home from a movie or something and this cop pulled up beside us and says, "Are you all right, Miss?" June looked at him and said, "What do you mean?" "Well, I'm just doing my job," the cop says. "Of course I'm all right," June said, and we went on. And you know, that cop was a neighborhood cop and he knew who I was.

KAY

I STILL love to play, but it's not like when I was younger. I don't seem to see and hear that fire—that musical fire—that was all around us then. I don't seem to hear that kind of music anymore. Generally the people I like to play with just aren't around. They're in the studios or out of town or they have their own groups. But when I get

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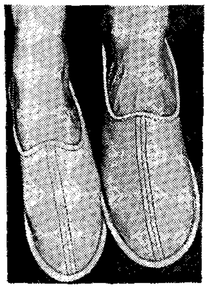

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the chance I like to play with Ray Brown and Bill Evans and Sonny Rollins and Jimmy Heath and John—John Lewis. To my mind, John plays very underrated piano. I like to play with Dizzy and Miles and I like Idrees Sulieman and Oscar Peterson. And Sonny Stitt and Cannonball, and I like Clark Terry and Sam Jones. I like to play with big bands, too. I don't think it's any harder. I play the same way as with a small group. A lot of drummers make the mistake with big bands of being louder and heavier, but all that does is bog things down. Playing with the Quartet can get a little monotonous, night after night, week after week. Sometimes you have to play the same numbers over and over to please the people. But no one in the group ever plays the same thing twice. It's always new, always different, and I have just about complete freedom. Sometimes John writes out a drum part to give me an idea of what he wants, but then I can change it around to the way I want it, and I'm absolutely free behind the soloists. I can feel by what they're playing when a solo is coming to an end. I can feel that they've just about run out of what they want to do. And I can feel when someone might want to change the rhythm or double the tempo.

LEWIS

I THINK that the young primitive rock people have something going. There'll be new developments, some attractive ones. The music is getting better and better. A lot of their guitar players sound better to me than most of the thousand-note jazz guitarists. There are more good young jazz players in Europe than there are here—Jean-Luc Ponty, a French violinist, and a bass player from Copenhagen, Nils Henning Ørsted-Pedersen. He's pretty terrific. He's only twenty-five, and he used to hang around Oscar Pettiford when he was a teen-ager. I've heard an eleven-year-old drummer in Yugoslavia with a great sense of time. And when you go to a festival in Europe it's not like it is here. Everybody *watches* everybody play, whether they're good or bad. Youngsters get up there on the stage, their faces as red as beets trying to play, and everybody watches. There's no question more is happening in Europe than here.

HEATH

A GROUP sound is one thing to work for and individual virtuosity is something else. I don't worry about the virtuosity thing. This recent

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bringing of the bass into the front melodic line is a mistake. Most bass solos, particularly if you don't know the tune, sound the same. The bassists figure out certain sounds and patterns and just fit them to whatever it is they're playing. I used to hang around with John Simmons a lot and then with Oscar Pettiford. O.P. and I would play bass-and-cello duets all night. Ray Brown showed me how to hold the bass properly. I always considered Ray the walker, the rhythm man, and Pettiford the soloist. But I'd rather be part of a group. I have to play certain parts as written, but you can hand a group of notes to ten different players and each one will read them differently. It's up to me to make those notes say exactly what they have to say, in a particular spirit. What we have over most groups is simple: We've played together for twenty years. Another advantage is doing exactly what we want to do by creating music and selling musical entertainment. We've taken jazz into the concert halls of the world, even into the Mozarteum, in Salzburg. We've performed with a lot of symphony orchestras, and respect for jazz has grown among symphony players. Some of them have even become jazz players. For a long time, white Americans only understood polkas and foxtrots and waltzes, but through rock they're beginning to understand the jazz feeling, even if it comes from listening to an imitation of Muddy Waters from England. Jazz has always been considered a dirty music, an evil music, a colored music, and the country is still ashamed of it.

Jazz is a funny thing. If you ever let the externals dominate—classical music or Eastern music or Brazilian music—you have something else. But as long as you can incorporate little bits and pieces from the East or Vienna or Brazil and still keep the special feeling of that dotted eighth, that pulse, that afterbeat, then it's fine. It's the same thing with the long solos, the Coltranes. I'd go hear Coltrane and after the set, which might be one long solo, I'd say, "Hey, 'Trane. How are you, man? You sound good," or some such, and I'd beat it out of there, so that I didn't have to say any more. That music was just one facet of existence; all it did was shout Help! But all you had to do was look away from the chaos Coltrane's music was staring at and you'd find the ocean still there, the beauty and peace still there.

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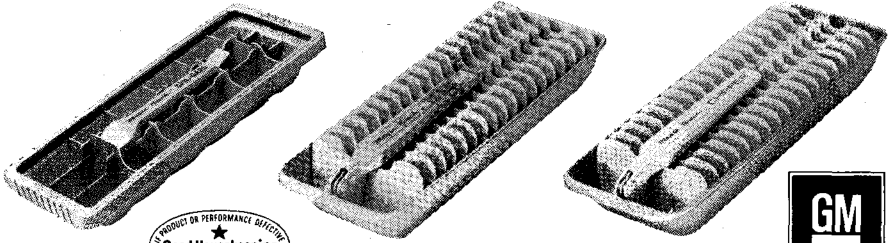

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the way you feel that night. You hear that your kid was punched in the face three thousand miles away or you're lonesome and haven't found anybody to talk to or you're tired of the town and sick of each other; it all comes out in the music. After all, those people up there on the stand or the stage are *men.* You have to know how it feels to be miserable, how it feels to be sad, how it feels to be in the dumps before you can project it. When that slave cried out in the field, he wasn't just making music, he *felt* that way.

—Whitney Balliett

•

Princeton, N. J.—"I look back on my college days and remember all the dormitory restrictions we had then," said a 28-year old Virginia housewife who accepts the trend toward cold dorms on campuses across the nation.

"I would hope that my daughters grow up to be mature enough not to get into trouble. I'd like to be able to trust them."

Another person reached in this nationwide survey—a 26-year-old Pikeville (N.Y.) civil servant—remarked:

"If students are old enough to go to college and live alone, they ought to be smart enough to control themselves."

The trend toward cold living on campus wins surprising acceptance among the American people who, in earlier surveys, have subscribed to more conventional ideas regarding morals.

A recent Gallup survey shows 50 per cent of all persons interviewed opposed to cold dorms, but almost as many, 46 per cent, saying they would not mind if a daughter of theirs lived in one of these dormitories.

Perhaps also surprising is that women are almost as willing as men to let their daughters live in the same dormitory with male college students.

Floridian Opposed

Half of all persons interviewed oppose cold living, with some outspoken in their opposition, as was a retired radio announcer from Holly Hill, Fla.: "You bet I'd mind. That's simply legalizing and condoning illicit behavior."—*Baltimore Sun.*

That's a Florida voice, all right.

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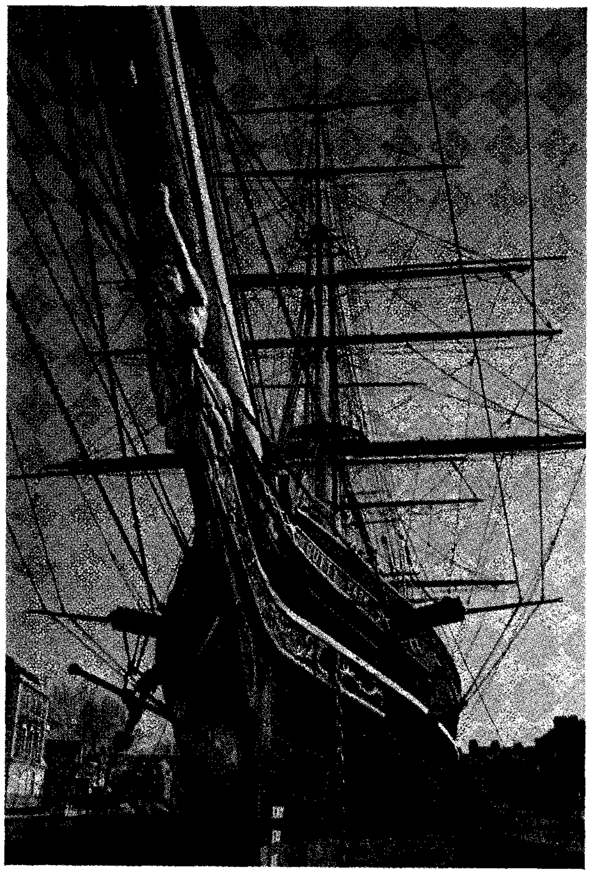

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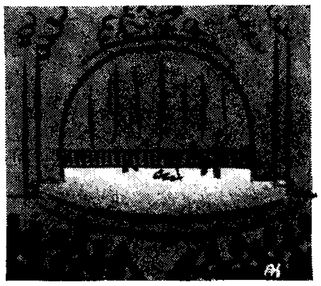
THE THEATRE

LAUGHING WHEN IT HURTS

NEIL SIMON's "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," at the Eugene O'Neill, is both a very funny play and scarcely a play at all. It is full of marvellous gags, verbal and visual, and we are so pleased to find ourselves continuously laughing that it doesn't occur to us to complain that we are being continuously cheated; for instead of a play Mr. Simon has provided a series of ramshackle, hilarious improvisations on what is, at bottom, a conventional doomsday theme. He pretends to believe—and perhaps does believe—that the pressure of the unresolved problems of urban life (air pollution, noise pollution, theft, drug addiction, faulty diet, fiscal extravagance) has reached a point so high as to be intolerable; either this besieged and crumbling fortress of a city will itself explode, in a total holocaust, or we inhabitants of the fortress will individually break down, as Mel Edison, the sad hero of "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," is shown to do. A grim choice of prospects, but Mr. Simon goes farther and grows grimmer: escape to open country, or even to another continent, will be in vain. The economic and spiritual advantages of, say, sunny Spain are for the Spanish and not for us, and it is characteristic of Mr. Simon's genius as a gag writer that this sour opinion is uttered in a context so comical that it was greeted on opening night with a universal chuckle.



On the Simon risibility scale, where belly laughs are marked "C" for "commonplace," a chuckle amounts to so little that Mr. Simon may well think of it as equivalent to a groan. He is surely the only dramatist in history—Molière excepted?—who is regularly forced to remove jokes from his plays in order to allow sufficient time for his audiences to hear and laugh at the jokes that remain. The final curtain of "Prisoner" consists of a quadruple gag, which it would be unprofessional of me to diminish your pleasure in by describing it in detail; let me say only that the architecture of its construction deserves an essay of Leo Spitzer-like closeness and scrupulosity. Since I laughed all evening long at Mr. Simon's inventions, I am aware of how ill it becomes me to glance behind these inventions and protest, "But there is nothing here! Or, rather, what is here is not what we have been encouraged to assume was here and have been laughing our heads off at. The real tale is elsewhere and has not been told." For Mr. Simon's indictment of contemporary urban life is a compilation of clichés, many of which are, in spite of their being clichés, untrue. The play begins with poor Mel Edison unable to sleep on a hot summer night because, thanks to a defective air-conditioner, the temperature inside his and his wife's bedroom is unbearably low. The air-conditioner is milked for a dozen or so "C" jokes, but one wonders afterward how and why: there are scores of thousands of air-conditioners in New York, and on hot summer nights they do *not* reduce the temperature in one's bedroom to a point below freezing. The astonishing thing about air-conditioners (and about cars and refrigerators and power mowers and vacuum cleaners and all those other mass-produced machines) is not that they work so badly but that they work so well. What on earth are we laughing about when we laugh at jokes about defective air-conditioners? Or about the paper-thin walls in new apartment buildings? (Statistically, most of us live in *old* buildings with thin walls; throughout history, only the rich have been soundproof.) Or about bread? How does Mr. Simon manage to go on making us laugh about how bad our bread is? That was a disagreeable fact of the forties and fifties, much commented on; there are plenty of breads available today that are better tasting and more nutritious than any that Mel Edison can have known as a child. Similarly, and more importantly, to suggest that it is New York that threatens some eight million of us with imminent nervous collapse is as unjust as it is bizarre; we are in trouble and there may be worse trouble to come, but it is very far from being, in Cyril Connolly's phrase, "closing time in the playgrounds of the west."

I worry this matter at length for a reason, and it is this: that hints of Mr. Simon's real play—the one he chose not to write, perhaps because it was too personal and therefore too painful—emerge unexpectedly in the second of the two acts of "Prisoner," when we discover that what troubles Edison is not New York but who he is and has been and would have been had he been born in Galena or Prides Crossing: a fatherless Jewish boy with a mother and three sisters to dote on him and an elder brother to envy him in silence because it is Mel and not he who is the family favorite. The Mel Edison of the second act doesn't exist in the first act; we may meet him again someday, in a play he has all to himself.

"Prisoner" has an exceptionally good cast, directed by Mike Nichols with his usual energy and boldness. Nobody takes bigger chances with sight gags than Mr. Nichols; part of the enjoyment they give us springs from our sense of his having pushed them to the limit and then, coolly and outrageously, a tiny fraction past the limit. Peter Falk and Lee Grant have the two chief roles, of Mel Edison and his wife; in smaller roles are Vincent Gardenia, as the unloved older brother, and Florence Stanley, Tresa Hughes, and Dena Dietrich, as three sisters at once shrewd and mindless. Revelling in his surefire lines, Mr. Falk has an easier time of it than Miss Grant, who ably fleshes out a role that Mr. Simon has jotted down in a rather cursory shorthand. Again and again she meets her challenges splendidly. At the height of the quadruple gag I mentioned earlier, she is called on to hurl abuse at an unseen adversary; in doing so she contrives to turn her very body into an epithet. The single set of "Prisoner" is by Richard Sylbert, and, like the memorable house he designed for the film "How to Murder Your Wife," it looks ready to move into. Given the run that "Prisoner" is sure to have, it will be many years before it comes on the market.

I DETECT in some of my colleagues a tendency to praise the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center beyond its deserts for reasons that do credit to their kindly hearts but not to their heads. Because there has been so much dark talk in the press and elsewhere about the possible bankruptcy of the Vivian Beaumont, about its being permanently taken over by some film society or other, and about the re-

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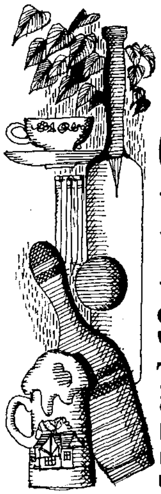
modelling of its vast backstage space into a series of little movie theatres (with a consequent total loss of the basement Forum), reviewers are fearful of adding to the Repertory Theatre's troubles by speaking harshly of its handiwork. The fact is that nothing could be more harmful to the Repertory Theatre than to coddle Jules Irving and his associates at this critical moment; on the contrary, we must take particular care not to encourage them to believe they are doing well when they are doing badly. If someone writes of the present production of Schiller's "Mary Stuart" that it is workmanlike, I suspect him of meaning "not very good, but, oh dear, how hard they are trying and how important it is to keep a legitimate theatre alive at Lincoln Center." It is true that Mr. Irving, who has directed the play, and his cast, which includes Salome Jens, Nancy Marchand, Philip Bosco, Stephen Elliott, Aline MacMahon, and Robert Phalen, are trying very hard indeed, but the results are deplorable. Watching the play, I felt as if I had been carried back in time and were sitting in attendance upon an undergraduate production in some small college community in New England at the turn of the century. (Only Malcolm McCormick's gorgeous costumes seemed out of keeping with this Dunne-ish reverie; New England never saw the like of them.) Mr. Irving's notions about directing are as feeble as they are old-fashioned, and the lines of the play, taken from a "free" translation by Stephen Spender, are crushingly grand and inhuman. I have no idea what Schiller is like in his own tongue and country; in English, at Lincoln Center, he is a majestic bore. None of the economic and architectural threats that gossip has spread about the Vivian Beaumont are likely to be realized; the Repertory Theatre is its own most dangerous enemy.

George Furth, the gifted young man who wrote the book of the musical "Company," offers as his second dramatic work a charming comedy called "Twigs," at the Broadhurst. There isn't a single word of the play that I would like to see changed—or, rather, there is *only* a single word that I would like to see changed—and this parsimony of faultfinding is a measure of the admiration I feel for the grace and confidence with which the author has composed his often very funny and no less often touching scenes of family life. What a career appears in store for Mr. Furth, and what happy hours in the theatre appear in store for us! The



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title of the play comes from Pope's "*Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.*" Pope also wrote, "Most women have no characters at all," and if Mr. Furth's play serves to demonstrate the truth of the first of Pope's dicta, it does so by demonstrating the falsity of the second. "Twigs" consists of four loosely connected playlets, each of which is dominated by a woman of character. In the final scene, we encounter the old Irish virago who is the mother of the three other women, and it is only then that we begin to realize who they are and why they are what they are. No sooner does the play draw to a close than we race back to the beginning and make our way through it again, in our mind's eye perceiving that it has become a very different work of art. Certain trifling comic exchanges are seen to be edged with despair, others with horror; the twigs were indeed bent this way or that, and the deformations have proved permanent. Reaching the end of the play a second time, we make another discovery: from lines that we paid small heed to on first hearing them, we learn that the old virago had a mother harder on her than she believes herself to have been on her children; moreover, the chief wish of her heart remains unfulfilled, and she is dying. Behind her, in great loops running back and back into the unilluminable past, we make out the long chain of family rule that tethers us all and cripples us all and preserves us all. Why should not old men be mad and old women be harpies?

The four playlets of "Twigs," brilliantly directed by Michael Bennett, are laid in the kitchens of four households on the outskirts of an unnamed city; Peter Larkin's clever sets manifest notable differences of status, some imposed by economics, others by taste. One of the three daughters is a resourceful widow, the second is the miserable wife of an ex-Army sergeant, and the third is happily married to a man who has turned out to be, in her astonished words, "my best friend." The mother and father of the three women live in cavernous Victorian squalor and keep each other warm with a continuous drumfire of bitching and bickering. We meet them all at different hours of the same day, which happens to be the day before Thanksgiving; a family reunion has been planned, but the mother is determined never to see her children again, and she is one who always has her way. To the fascination of the plot as it unfolds is added the fascination of a successful dramaturgic stunt: all four women are played by a single actress—Sada Thompson—whose easy skill in bringing off her multiple tasks will almost certainly prove the most stunning personal triumph of the season. Miss Thompson is given superlative assistance by Simon Oakland, Conrad Bain, Robert Donley, A. Larry Haines, Nicolas Coster, Walter Klavun, and MacIntyre Dixon—fine actors all.

The single word of the play that I would have changed? The very last one to be spoken—a commonplace expletive that will seem, in a year or two's time, to have been put there solely to bring down the curtain with a word that was funny because it was unexpected and mildly shocking. But it isn't shocking, and its obviousness as a device is unworthy of Mr. Furth.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Twice Hail

ANYBODY who has any doubts about the health of the theatre in this city should check into the Public, where two vigorous plays opened last week, both of them destined, I should think, to be around for many weeks to come. The first is "Sticks and Bones," by David Rabe, who wrote last season's remarkable "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel"—also still running at the Public. "Sticks and Bones" is a very serious comedy that cannot quite be classified as surreal or ridiculous or black or absurd or any of the other code words that save us all so much work. Its form belongs only to itself. Near its end, somebody says something to the effect that "one wild dog in a pack reminds the other dogs of the time they were all wolves." The one wild dog here is a blinded veteran who returns to his family from Vietnam. His name is David, his parents are Ozzie and Harriet, and his younger brother is Rick, and I must admit that when I saw that program listing my heart sank. I was wrong. Mr. Rabe clears that hurdle (but only just; I still wish he had left the Nelsons out of it) and at least one other. He is able to maintain a comic tone, with never a letup, while dealing, with never a letup, with some of the gravest matters on earth. The inventive performance, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is entirely worthy of him.

"Sticks and Bones" begins in the dark, with the sounds of family chatter and family laughter as snapshots are projected on two screens above the stage. The last of the pictures is of a man on the telephone, and the stage

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He mixed it all together and got something exotic-looking, different, and rather robust. Picon liked it, the gang in the barracks liked it and soon, most of the French Army were crazy about it.

Picon's discovery became the drink of its day. That's the reason people say the Casbah is practically built on a mountain of Picon bottles.

Once out of the Army, Picon returned to Marseilles, where he began producing his liquor for profit. He called it Amer Africain. As his fame grew, others saw great possibilities in his drink. A friend snitched a bottle and entered it in the world-wide London Exposition of 1862. Amer Africain won a Bronze Medal.

Suddenly a more prestigious name seemed necessary to go along with the great honor. "I have it," said Picon. "Picon."

The Picon works began turning out the stuff in earnest, and the particular appeal of this new drink burgeoned. First Marseilles, then Paris, then all of Europe, then America.

But, in America an odd thing happened. Although Picon was sold in every major city, three-quarters was consumed in San Francisco. It had something to do with the French and Basque and Italian sheepherders. (Their fondness for Picon had followed them from Europe to California and then to Nevada.)

What of Picon today? In Europe, the good sergeant's family still runs the Picon works. And in America, San Francisco still knows something the rest of the country is just finding out.

How to enjoy Picon

—Picon and soda with a twist

—Picon and sweet vermouth with a dash of soda

—Picon and soda with a brandy float

PICON
AMER PICON
78 PROOF

PICON

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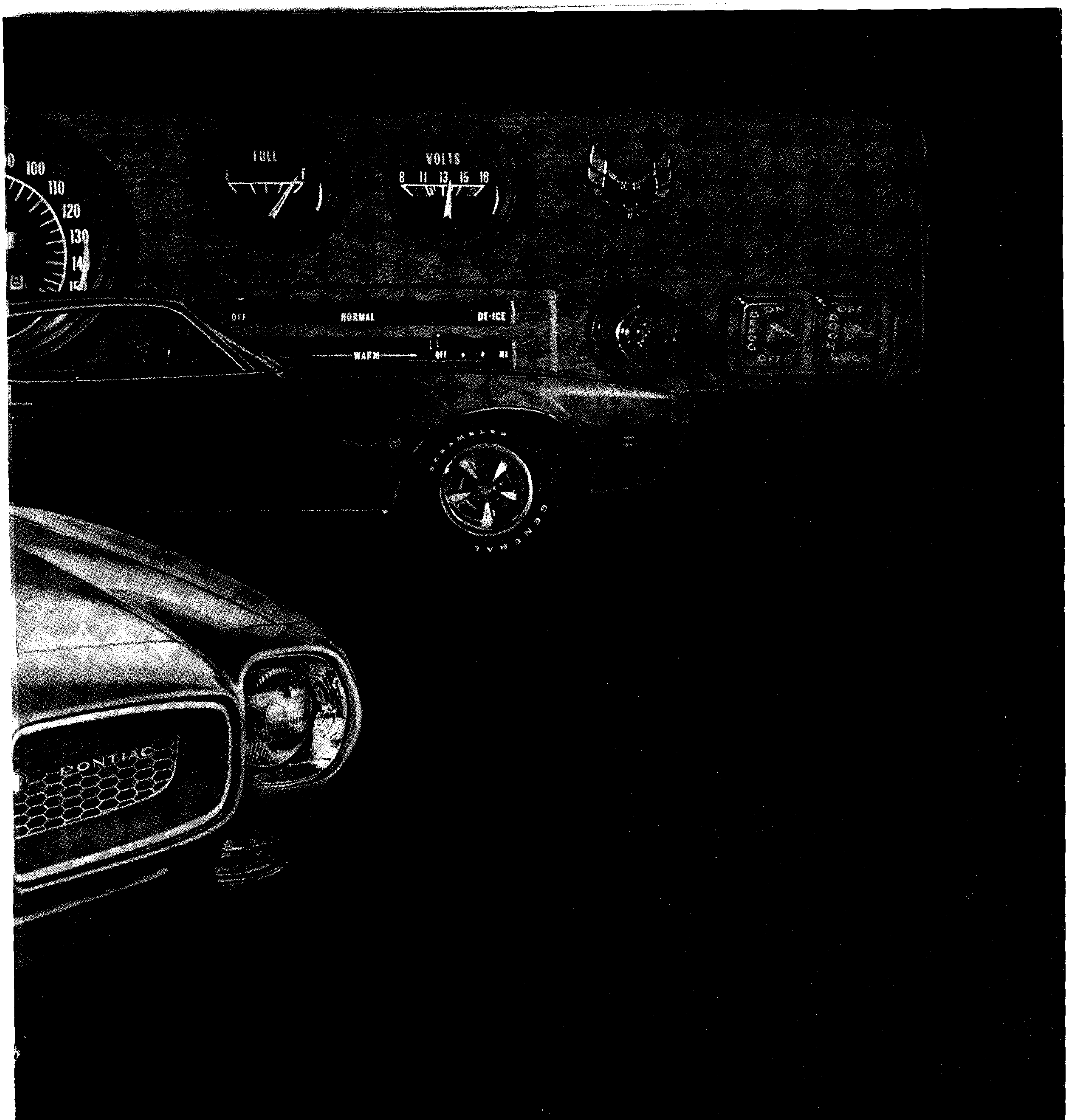
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Donald Brooks

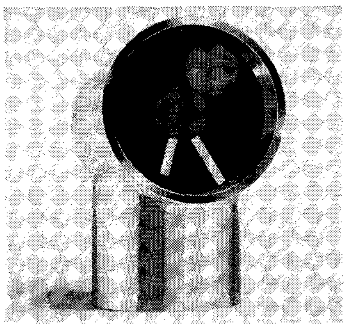
Donald Brooks For Coopchik-Forrest

lights go up. Ozzie is on the telephone. "The government" is calling to say that David has returned and is being sent home by truck. At the words "being sent," a shadow—but only a very slight shadow—passes over Harriet's face, just as Rick, by the tightening of his voice in reaction to his brother's name, gives only the slightest hint of his jealousy and dislike of him; ordinarily, they are an extremely cheerful lot. David, wearing dark glasses and carrying a cane, is led in by a sergeant major. Hostile and panicky, he will have no part of the welcome; at first, he will not even speak to the others. What he has seen and done in the war has estranged him from them and everyone else. We have already been told about a streak of cruelty in his character by his proud, chuckling father. David goes upstairs to his bedroom. There is a sound at the door, it blows open, and a beautiful Vietnamese girl walks in. She remains in the house for the rest of the action, visible to no one but David. When David does talk, it is to tell everyone that he has been living with a native girl and has had to leave her. This piece of news is a catalyst. Ozzie's jolly reminiscences turn acrid, and Harriet's doubts and fears and prejudices rise to the surface, as do Rick's moral callousness and destructiveness. David blights them by his very presence. All this, remember, in a comedy whose pace is as breakneck as farce. Among the funniest scenes is one in which a priest of overwhelming friendliness and informality, summoned by Harriet, visits David in his bedroom. Father Donald, second-hand know-it-all on sexual matters, assumes that David feels guilty because he slept with a Vietnamese girl, not because he left her, and keeps trying to give his blessing to the boy, at the same time dodging blows from that cane.

"Sticks and Bones" is by no means propaganda. Mr. Rabe is too scrupulous a writer to allow himself to become a persuader, however subliminal; he deals with the suffering of his characters onstage (and of his audience out front) with a touch that is always sure, always light. "Sticks and Bones" is no "Pavlo Hummel," but it is a good play all the same. The acting is just right. David Selby, tense and mysterious, is David, Cliff DeYoung is Rick, Tom Aldredge is Ozzie, Elizabeth Wilson is Harriet, Charles Siebert is the priest, Hector Elias is the sergeant, and Asa Gim is the Vietnamese girl. The double-decker setting was designed by Santo Loquasto, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Ian Calderon. Everything looks fine.

RICHARD WESLEY'S "The Black Terror," the second of the new plays at the Public, is about a group of black revolutionaries and about the schisms within that group. It carries quite a load of power and also marks two notable débuts—that of Nathan George, the excellent actor who was the saloonkeeper in "No Place to Be Somebody," as director, and that of a new actor named simply Kain in the leading role. The leading role—a young man named simply Keusi—is the official killer in the group. At the beginning, after a frenzied ritual dance, he is sworn in, along with a girl whose job it will be to stick with him and minister to him. This Keusi is another American veteran of Vietnam, and he has learned many valuable lessons from the Vietcong and from the war itself. His first assignment from the group is to do away with a brutal police commissioner in some nearby suburb—an assignment that he carries out with a crossbow. Then, when he hears that his second assignment is the murder of an elderly black moderate, he refuses. He will not murder a black brother—and who of them is fit to decide, anyway, which blacks shall live? His chief antagonist (all the members of the group are his antagonists to one degree or another, even the girl, whom he loves and who loves him) is a firebrand called Geronimo. Geronimo is brought in wounded after a shootout with the police in which three of his comrades were killed and all his files and ammunition lost. The lines of battle are drawn between the two revolutionaries. Keusi, obviously speaking for the playwright, argues for less killing and burning and for a quiet, well-thought-out revolution that will save and rehabilitate lives, and he accuses Geronimo of being a bad leader, who should have used guerrilla tactics of retreat and escape to protect his warriors. Geronimo accuses Keusi of lacking the proper revolutionary zeal. To Keusi, this sort of fervor appears to be a passion for death and martyrdom based on a fear of living. He loses the argument and the girl, and he leaves, unable to prevent exactly the kind of destruction that he has foreseen. The

TIME & LIGHT



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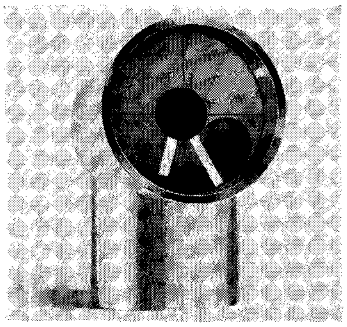
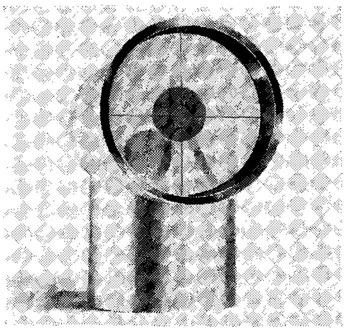
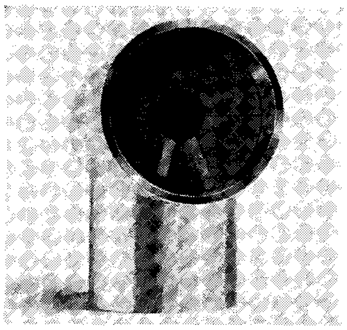


As the seconds disk floats in orbit, it passes through a never-ending succession of changing colors.



The effect is indescribably beautiful—a new experience in time telling.



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time of the action is "the very near future, given the nature of American society."

The play is, in a sense, a dramatized debate, but it *is* dramatized. Although the playwright often tends to labor a point long after it has registered, the tension rarely lets up, and although there is quite a lot of shouting and movement, there are quiet moments, too, and there is humor. Several of the better scenes take place in a tenement kitchen, before and after the murder of the commissioner, as we watch Keusi trying in vain to convince the girl that what matters is life and love, and that there is no need to abandon the revolution in order to get them. Kain, a discovery of Mr. George's, is one of the most persuasive young actors I have ever seen. He has the secret of attentiveness and the relaxed, dynamic quiet of a young Henry Fonda, and his listening is often more interesting than anybody else's speaking. As the girl, Susan Batson, pretty enough to sidetrack any revolution, seemed somewhat out of control on opening night, but that could well have been nerves. Don Blakely's Geronimo is properly explosive, and Paul Benjamin is impressive and impressive-looking as the leader of the revolutionaries. Mr. Wesley, a dramatist to watch, is twenty-seven years old and already the author of half a dozen produced plays. He is an associate of Ed Bullins at the New Lafayette Theatre. The good settings are by Marjorie Kellogg, the excellent costumes by Edna Watson.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

In Hallway Galleries I and II may be seen a documentary exhibition lent by the German Consulate in Houston, celebrating the 500th Anniversary of the Birth of Albrecht Durer, 1471-1528. Two original woodcuts, lent by Dr. and Mrs. Sam Binkley, will accompany a series of 50 informative illustrations noting Durer's infamous technique, his skill as a draughtsman and painter, and the influences of the era upon his art.—*Bulletin of the Oklahoma Art Center, Oklahoma City.*

Just tell about the exhibition, please.

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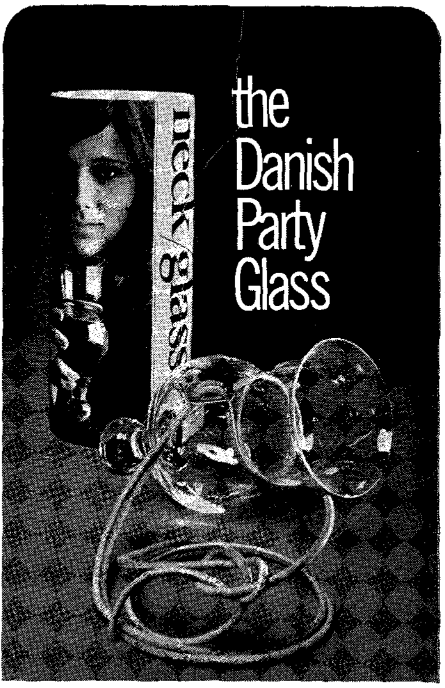
A116
BOOTHBAY HARBOR MAINE (AP)—THERE IS AN UNSUBSTANTIATED THEORY THAT THE GIANT LOBSTERS ON THE CONTINEN
BUST
BUST
BUST
—*News dispatch received by the Wilmington (Del.) News-Journal.*

Somebody just learned something?



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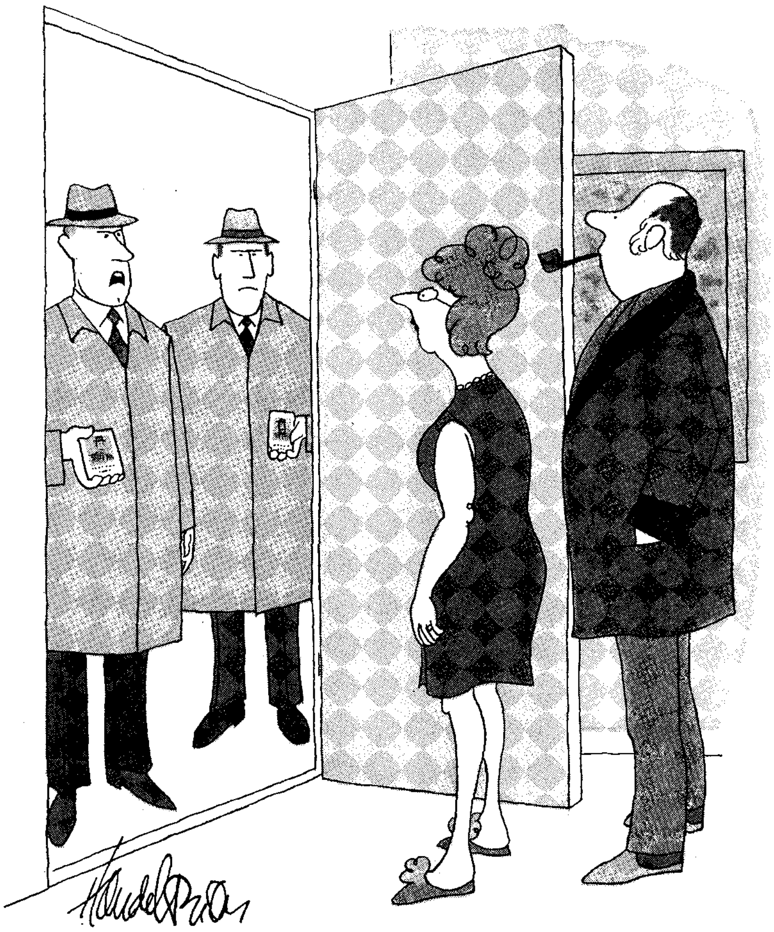
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHEN women rich enough to wear clothes with a designer label stopped wanting to stand out in a crowd, most dress designers, being businessmen, stopped creating original clothes. They began, instead, to repeat themselves or copy each other. Those few designers—usually the very young—who could not bring themselves to stick to best-selling styles were pushed toward extremism and toward accelerating revivals. (The skintight pedal pushers and the off-the-shoulder frills of Jane Russell's Hollywood are reliably reported to be next in line.) But freakiness is really out of style this fall. The richer and the more traditional you look, the better; in fact, for the first time in many years women of modest means feel prompted to invest in "one really good coat." But the vindication of wealth probably comes too late to save the idea of beautiful clothes. By now, an influential group of women will buy absolutely anything as long as it is expensive and just like what their neighbors own. Long ago, most women of this sort put aside their taste for line and detail in favor of the latest symbols of "chic." And fashion is now a verbal and intellectual business rather than a visual and tactile experience; shapes and prints and fabrics are less important than their function as reflections of a life style. Even such generalized modes as "the Chinese Look" and "the Nautical Look" now seem unfashionably tangible. Instead, the advertising world promotes systems, attitudes, and abstractions such as "reality," "relevance," and "glamour." In practice, such catchwords prove impossible to buy, and women end up in a uniform.

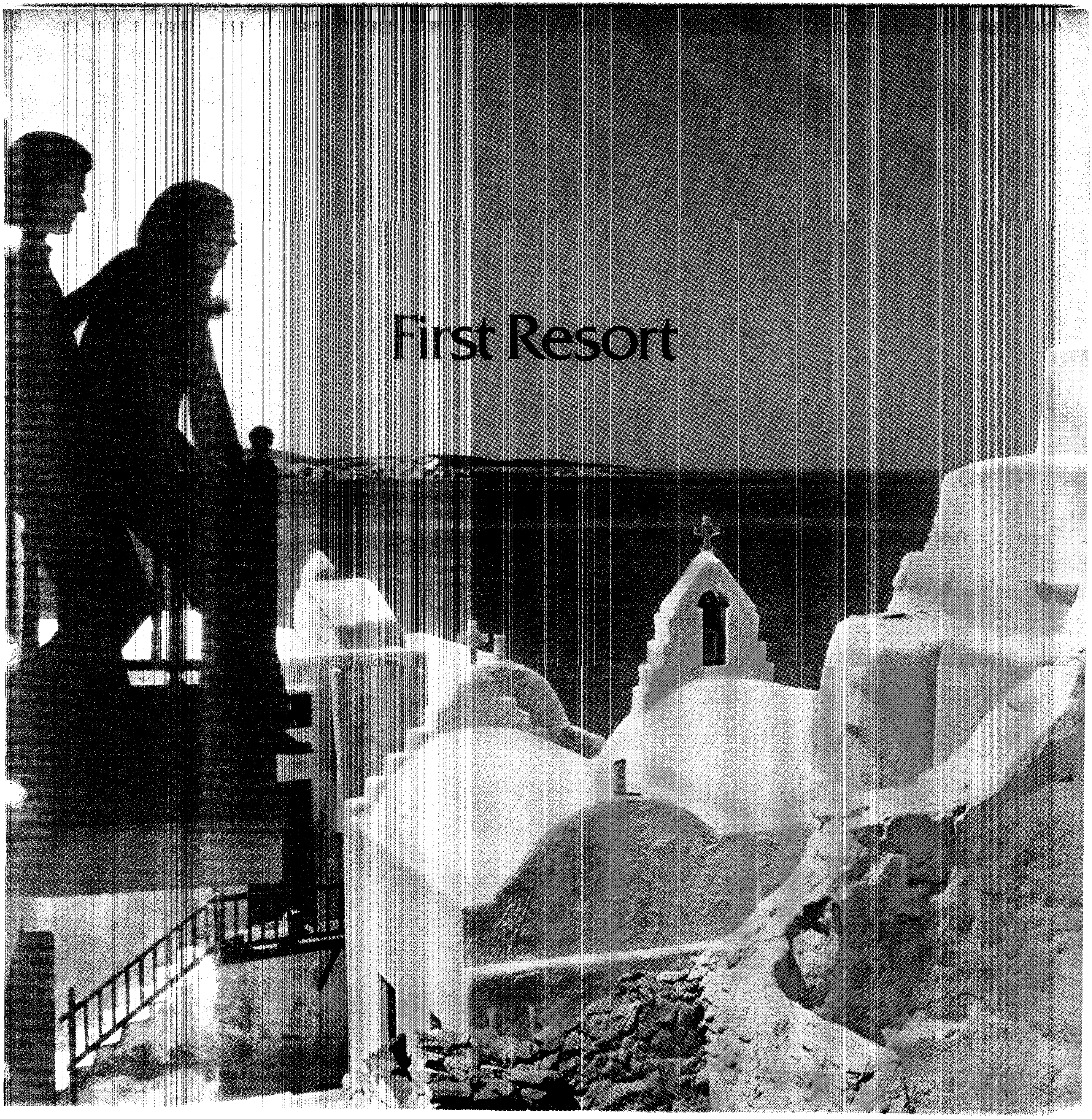


"We're from the F.B.I. Do you people know you're driving us crazy? You carry on the most inane telephone conversations we've ever been forced to listen to."

Miraculously, though, there is still a shop in town whose first concern is beautiful clothes—a shop that is supremely fashionable, but only incidentally. This establishment, called Narcissa, is on the second floor of a brownstone at 242 East 58th Street. Narcissa, which has been open for a year, represents the collaboration of its partners—Gwen Mazer, a black girl, who is also an editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and Nornie Lewis, a white girl, who was formerly a marine biologist—with a Norwegian designer, Eric Lund. In its respect for color and texture and in its imaginative approach to tailoring, this team is virtually unique. The clothes (first examples of which are made in Narcissa's own back room) appear in soft fabrics, such as crêpe, jersey, chiffon, fine tweed, challis, faille, surah, and printed or textured velvet; the colors, which are muted, are often variations on rose, sand, blue-gray, and brick. There are also frequent touches of plum and black. The garments hang in a tall, bright room whose walls are covered by mushroom felt and by mirrors, which reflect the basket of dried grasses, seeds, and poppy pods on a carved parlor fireplace of white marble.

Among Mr. Lund's graceful gowns is a slender ankle-length affair in aubergine wool jersey; its halter neck buttons at the nape, and twin sashes wrap around the waist and tie carelessly in front. The wearer's back and shoulders are naked; her chest is covered, and it might be further covered by the handmade jewelry this shop also presents. There are necklaces whose Lalique beads are separated by tiny crystal pennants on which spiders on their frosty webs are carved, and necklaces that are strung with miniature mahjongg tiles, and a pair of necklaces that are to be worn together. The first is a score of cords hanging vertically from a silver chain; each cord threads a tube of quill and then reappears to link a row of garnet beads interspersed with minute clay washers, followed by a tuft of rosy feathers and a small, worn silver talisman—a primitive hand, an axe, or a scimitar. The second necklace is very similar, but it includes a horizontal curve of ivory slung across the hollow of the throat. A soft, open-fronted cardigan of sleek French velvet might be tossed over necklace and dress. This jacket has two comfortable pockets concealed above its hip-length hem. The velvet's pewter-colored background shines gently with a sea-green gleam, and is printed with violet underwater tentacles and plum and russet leaves.

Undeniably, Narcissa's clothes are made for slim figures. But the slimness required, like the price, is reasonable. The prices at Narcissa (the backless dress is $135; the cardigan is $70; the necklaces are, together, $125) reflect fine material and high standards of workmanship. Many other designer boutiques seem to prey on the neuroticism of



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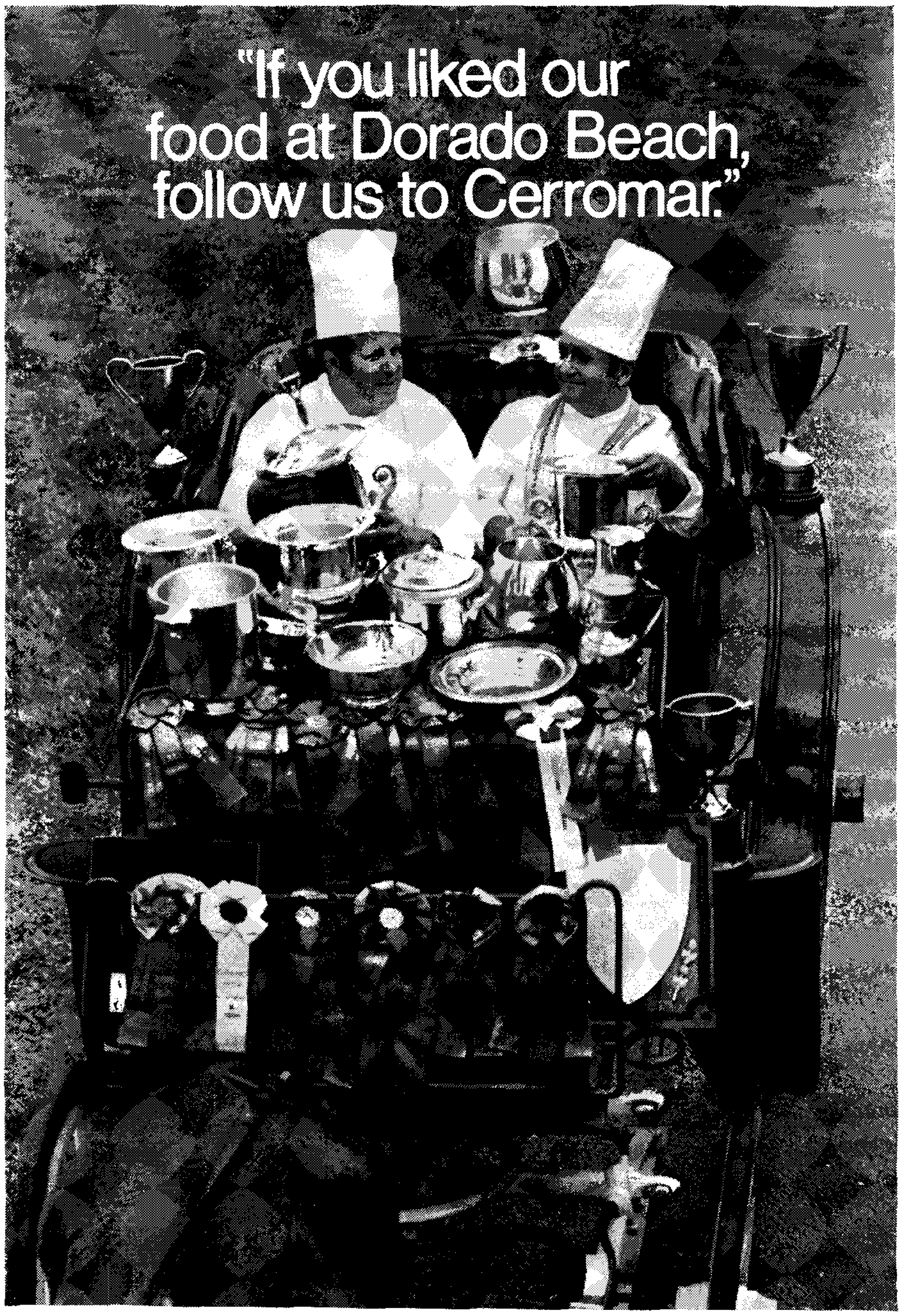
their customers by presenting them with clothes that are so small that only a woman who is fasting insanely or in a state of nervous debility can get into them. These clothes are sold at inflated prices; the wearer hopes that her peers will see how rich and thin she is, and the shop pretends to be offering her solace as it profits by the sickness or the unhappiness that has made her so emaciated. The torsos of the women who support such shops may be nobly exercised and exquisitely starved, but the lean faces above the torsos look strained by the search for the components in a rigid system of fashionable possessions. The seeker after "chic" (this ideology, like that of a temporarily disgraced Soviet leader, is currently being restored to honors) moves in a wearisome whirl of decisions about the right Cardin T-shirt for her children, the right cover for her tennis racquet, the right hairdresser for her dog, and the right plastic surgeon for the crinkles of her mortality.

The clothes at Narcissa are outside this network of chilling conformity. They are made to be worn for love of fine things and not as banners of opinion or social standing. Unlike so many of the clothes around, they do not look like a mechanical response to a set of fashionable mottoes. It is true that elegant skirts and blouses have been hard to find of late, and Narcissa happens to have an excellent selection. Yet this selection goes far beyond the vaunted "return of wearable clothes" and "the new importance of the classics." There are no tailored, double-breasted blazers here at all. This is most refreshing, and so is the way the skirts and blouses exist in their own right, in a year when a combination of layers—kilt skirt, cuffed and collared shirt under vest or sweater, blazer over all—is in general rigidly adhered to. Narcissa's skirts come in varying shapes and lengths. There are gored, ankle-length ones, of wool jersey or wool challis in Liberty prints, which are perhaps the loveliest of all the shop's extraordinary fabrics. There are knee-length skirts in herringbone-printed velvets or in an apricot or butter Austrian tweed, and hung from a hip yoke and with two front pleats. And there are matching sleeveless tops and flared skirts in another fine soft tweed—this one mingled beige and rust, which blurs into peach. To pair with these, there are long-sleeved, shirt-collared blouses; these are all in gentle fabrics. The shop has rolls of French surah that ranges between ivory and cinnamon, passing through beige, sand, mushroom, and nectar-



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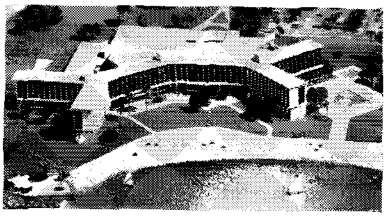
*Authors: Jeanne and Harry E. Harman, III



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ine. This cloth is so soft that it makes any thumb and index finger feel hideously coarse. It appears as blouses with a darted, fitted waist and a single small breast pocket. The buttons are faultlessly stippled with brown or dove gray, and look like horn. Another blouse is of a Liberty print in the William Morris scrolls-and-lilies school—the London firm is looking to its archives for some of the best of its current prints—in an assemblage of teal blue, rose, faded brown, and rusty maroon. A third blouse appears in garnet Italian chiffon splashed with small bouquets of sienna flowers and even smaller pink-gray leaves. Any of the blouses might be worn with fragile dungarees of beige wool jersey or with one of a choice of jumper dresses—a style that certainly deserves to be rescued from neglect.

When Narcissa's designer tackles trousers, as he often does, it is with judgment and with the knowledge that women are not built like men. This consideration, like his taste for pretty skirts and blouses, is remarkable in comparison with what is found elsewhere. Narcissa is unswervingly feminine, though not in a ruffly, giggly way, and its femininity does not preclude impeccable tailoring. But the clothes have a flexibility that is absent from all the mannish, rectangular sportswear—parallel knife pleats, square shoulders, and the varieties of checks and plaids—that is being worn this fall. The shop has a floor-length cape and matching trousers in a donkey-colored Austrian tweed with lines of feathery herringbone that form unobtrusive checks. This outfit is a model of the way in which Narcissa subjects fashion to a cool gaze and comes out with style. The fabric is as great a concession as the designer will make to the image of women as elderly squires puffing round the links in plus fours. The straight-legged trousers, with a wide waistband and curving pockets, are a practical version of pleated, elephantine oxford bags, which are proving hard to wear. These trousers are in a way an ideal version of the original mode. The matching cape is quite plain and full, and neatly fitted at the shoulders.

Evening designs show the same qualities of wit and discipline. A dress of gold matte jersey is slightly shiny, and it has a bias-cut knee-length skirt. Across one cap sleeve and diagonally across the low-waisted bodice goes a broad stripe of plum jersey. The other sleeve, which emerges from a block of gold and might be expected to be gold

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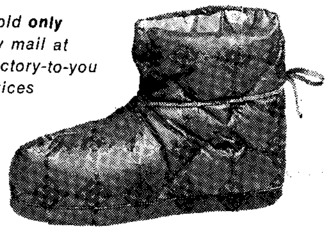

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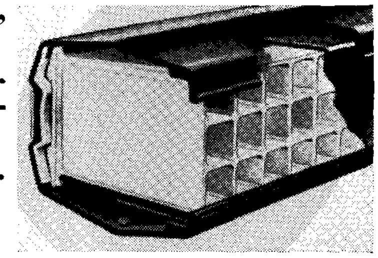

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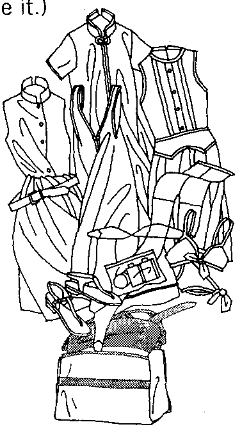

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as well, is plum. Mr. Lund's surprises are all the more delightful for being discreet. The wide, elbow-length sleeves of a floor-length gown of silk-like black jersey are not cut on the grain of the rest of the dress, and so their blackness reflects the light in a separate way. The sleeves are very like the arm cloaks of an academic gown; the bodice is closely fitted and has a low V in front and in back. This dress is a piece of masterly construction; it defies the miserable generalities of what anxious copywriters have hailed as "the return of the little black dress."

The clothes at Narcissa succeed in investing fashion with humanity. They are pleasing to the eye, and thus are a spark of hope in a field that may rumble ceaselessly with propaganda but is increasingly boring to look at. And while, for the most part, fashion revels in impermanence and so runs contrary to what we wish life to be, Narcissa's kind of style seems lasting and offers to enrich our lives. Any of the clothes here—perhaps a long, sashed robe of wool challis, whose print is marvellously weighted down with misty blooms, or the gentle drape of a Syrian *aba* of cream wool crêpe, edged at the neck with antique braid that is worked with carmine silk and gold and silver thread—appear to approach the garments of literature and legend, and to be ready to take on the mysterious vitality that clothes acquire when they are loved and worn for years.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From an article, "Is America Doomed?" by Max Lerner, in the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times, Oct. 3, 1971*]	[*From a speech by J. Earle Bowden, editor-in-chief of the Pensacola (Fla.) News-Journal, as reported in the News-Journal, Oct. 3, 1971*]
The left blames capitalist imperialism, which is presumably the last stage before a proletarian revolution. *The right has its own* brand of doom, which sees the breakdown of moral standards as spelling the end of American civilization.	The Left blames capitalist imperialism, which is presumed to be the last stage before the proletarian revolution. And the Right has its own brand of Doomsdayer, who seems to share with the Left the joy of turning off in the quicksand of misery. *The Right . . . sees the* shattering of moral standards as Death Row for American civilization.
In between these two extremes there is a pervasive sense of unease among many people, who may not feel America is dying, but who do wonder whether it is growing unlivable and in some ways coming apart.	In between these two extremes there is a pervasive sense of unease among many people, who may not feel that America is dying but who wonder if it is growing unlivable and in some ways ripping apart.

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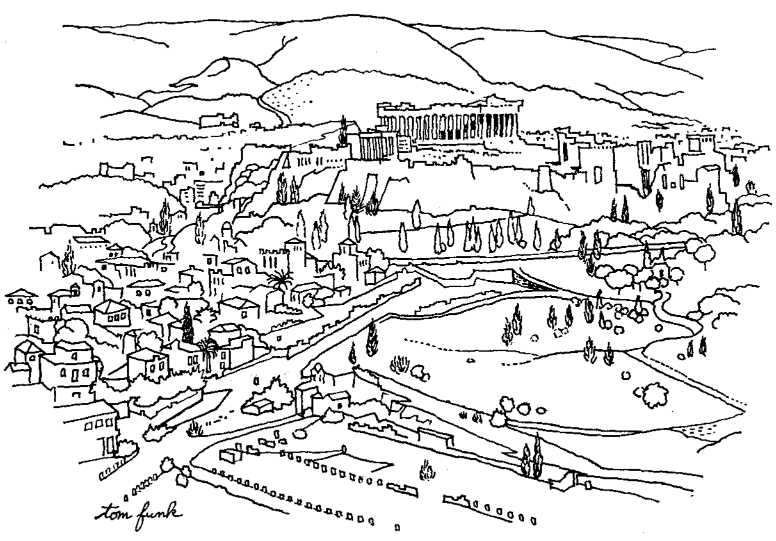
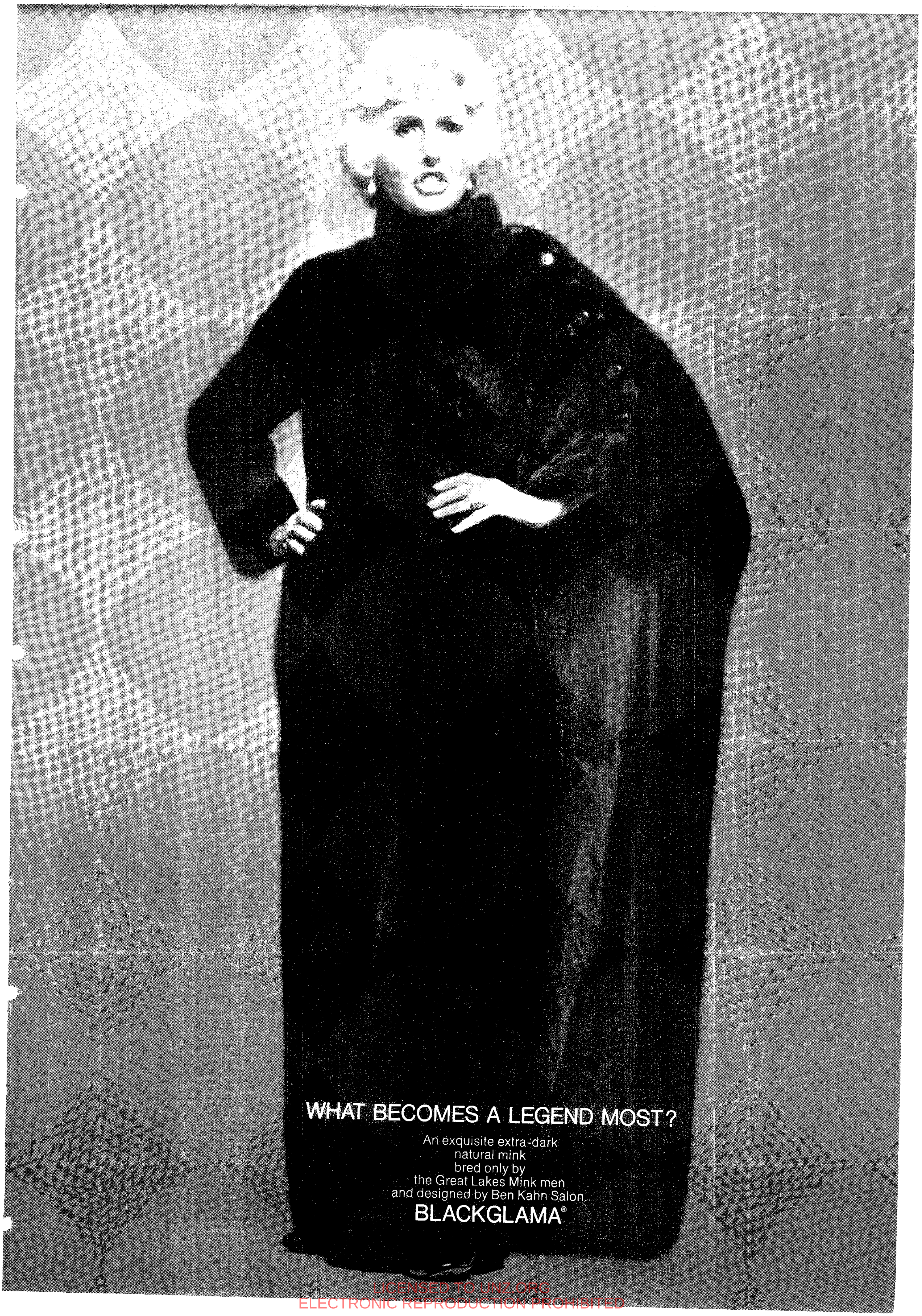
LETTER FROM ATHENS



ON most weekdays, Athens has four major rush hours—from seven to eight in the morning, in the afternoon from one-thirty to two-thirty and from four-thirty to five-thirty, and in the evening from seven-thirty to eight-thirty, with slight seasonal variations according to the length of the siesta, for which most people go home, even to distant suburbs. There is still another lesser rush hour around midnight, when Athenians (who seem, maybe because of the climate, to have little sense of home) reluctantly withdraw from the cafés and tavernas in which they have spent a convivial late evening singing, dancing, and carrying on conversations that sound to strangers much like violent arguments, and sometimes are.

There are many feast days in the Greek calendar, however, and on the most important of these the city calms down. On the long weekend holiday of the Assumption—this year, August 13th through 15th—Athenians have a choice of going to Tinos, an island where an ikon of the Virgin Mary is venerated for its miraculous powers, or of travelling to beaches or to the mountain villages where large numbers of them were born. And particularly at Easter, the biggest holiday, it seems that most of the two and a half million people (nearly a third of Greece's population) who live in the eighty-four-square-mile Greater Athens area, between a ring of mountains and the sea, return to their home villages. Last Good Friday, for instance, the ubiquitous jackhammers and hydraulic drills that noisily peck into the underlying rock—sometimes until 2 A.M., when raucous Athenian cocks begin to crow—were silent. Many of the seven thousand Athens taxis, whose gray, hurtling shapes on other days give perilous excitement to pedestrians, passengers, and other drivers, had left, jammed with returning villagers, and there were few of the exchanges of names of drivers and insurance companies that usually go on over crumpled fenders at intersections. The traffic fumes, which on most weekdays turn the narrow downtown streets into Balkan versions of the Cross Bronx Expressway, had thinned by midafternoon into a barely perceptible gray haze, slightly muting the harsh Attic contrasts of sun and shadow. One could smell more distinctly the roses that bloom on apartment balconies in the smart section of Kolonaki, and the blossoms of orange and lemon trees in small parks and squares. At 9 P.M., a crowd gathered at Syntagma, or Constitution, Square, with nearly everyone holding a thin, tapering candle, whose flame flickered in the chill night breeze. When the Epitaphios procession, carrying the simulated bier of Christ, came by—slow-marching soldiers, well-drilled security men, dignified clerics, priests bearing a cross, shuffling Boy Scouts, sleepy-looking schoolchildren, the bald First Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Pattakos, and assorted important citizens and slightly shabby representatives of municipal organizations, some trying to keep the step and others unaware that there was a step to be kept, for though there were several bands, they were playing gloomy religious music—one had a sense of being in a small town that had for a moment put aside its daily feuds and frictions, its ambitions and contradictions, and had achieved in the process an almost mellow character. But this condition was uncharacteristic, and lasted little more than a day. One was reminded of the fact at midnight on Easter Saturday, when priests appeared outside cathedrals, churches, and chapels all over Athens and all over Greece to proclaim "Christ is risen," to the noise of cap pistols and fireworks and the sounds of people laughing and kissing, after which many members of the congregations repaired again to tavernas and cafés, to sing, dance, and argue a new ecclesiastical year in.

IF Athens still seems to have many of the qualities of a small town, it is a small town that may soon absorb the rest of Greece. Its residents, for the most part first-generation Athenians, often appear less like city dwellers than like fierce mountain people (with favorite tavernas named after home villages), capable of sharing with you the last food in their house or of picking you off at close range with a shotgun or a taxi. In a crowd, whether on a ferryboat or at an Athens street corner, their behavior is atrocious—in fact, it often seems both brutal and malicious; but in a family or a small group of friends, they become close, beneficent, immensely hospitable. The weather changes with great rapidity, and so do the Greeks; sometimes they seem half asleep, sometimes too much awake. They drowse. They consume spoonfuls of jam and sweets, as if for instant energy. In Athens, they seem particularly high-strung—dynamic in some ways, inert in others. Contrary people, whose negative sounding word "*né*" means yes, and whose most often used expression, "*entáxi*," can be translated as "O.K." but is generally meant to convey the fact that the speaker doesn't want to be told anything more about the subject—that he knows more about it than you do, whether it is the compression of a diesel engine or the formation of a political party. Dialogue doesn't seem to exist in Greece—only monologues and choruses. Bloody-minded and bloody in temperament, the Greeks rapidly convince a visitor (even one with an inbuilt distaste for military governments) that they have been for centuries their own worst enemies, whether wielding swords, truncheons, machine guns, or, as during the civil war from 1946 to 1949, slicing each other's throats with tin-can lids. Despite the presence of the Parthenon, floodlit at night and still visible at any hour through ever-narrowing gaps between new office buildings and apartment houses, the age of Agamemnon and Odysseus often seems more pertinent now than the age of Pericles. (One Athenian high-school class was



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asked a while ago to find common characteristics in Pericles' famous funeral oration for the dead in the Peloponnesian War and Prime Minister George Papadopoulos's speech of March 25, 1971. The students concluded that there was no basis for comparison.)

The Hatfields and the McCoys have many Greek equivalents, and, indeed, there are feuds that make the giving of a dinner party very difficult for Athenian hostesses. In parts of Athens, as in a village, you run into the same people in the streets or the cafés day after day. You can't avoid them, whether they are enemies or friends. One journalist sees every day someone who quarrelled with him twenty years ago and hasn't talked to him since (and not talking is more of a trial for Greeks than for other people; it is said that if there is a dead silence anywhere on earth, two Greeks will turn up and start quarrelling). Even within close Greek families there are feuds. The Greek civil war, like the American, was a brothers' war, and even now fathers and sons find themselves in opposition to each other. In one notable case, Angelos Tsoucalas is Minister of Justice in the present military government, and his son Constantine, the author of a modern political history entitled "The Greek Tragedy," is an exile in Paris.

In the countryside, the men sit in tavernas and talk while their wives work in the fields, and in the city the men continue to talk in the cafés. They read their newspapers (which are printed talk) rather than books. One Athenian woman I know left her husband and went off to live secretly (she thought) with another man, six miles away, on the other side of the city. She left no forwarding address or telephone number, but the next day she had a message from her former landlady telling her she had forgotten two pillowslips. In the rare instances when people do not know what everyone else is up to, they are full of extravagant guesses and slander. A few months ago, Athenians had a lively time reading and talking about the Papandreou family. The late George Papandreou and his son Andreas were leading politicians in the last years of parliamentary rule before April 21, 1967, when the government was taken over by the military officers who are now in charge. They were both strong personalities, and judging from the memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Andreas Papandreou, recently published abroad and partially reprinted in Greek papers, father and son shared a facility that is

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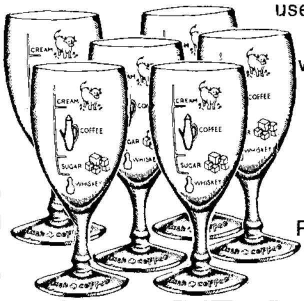

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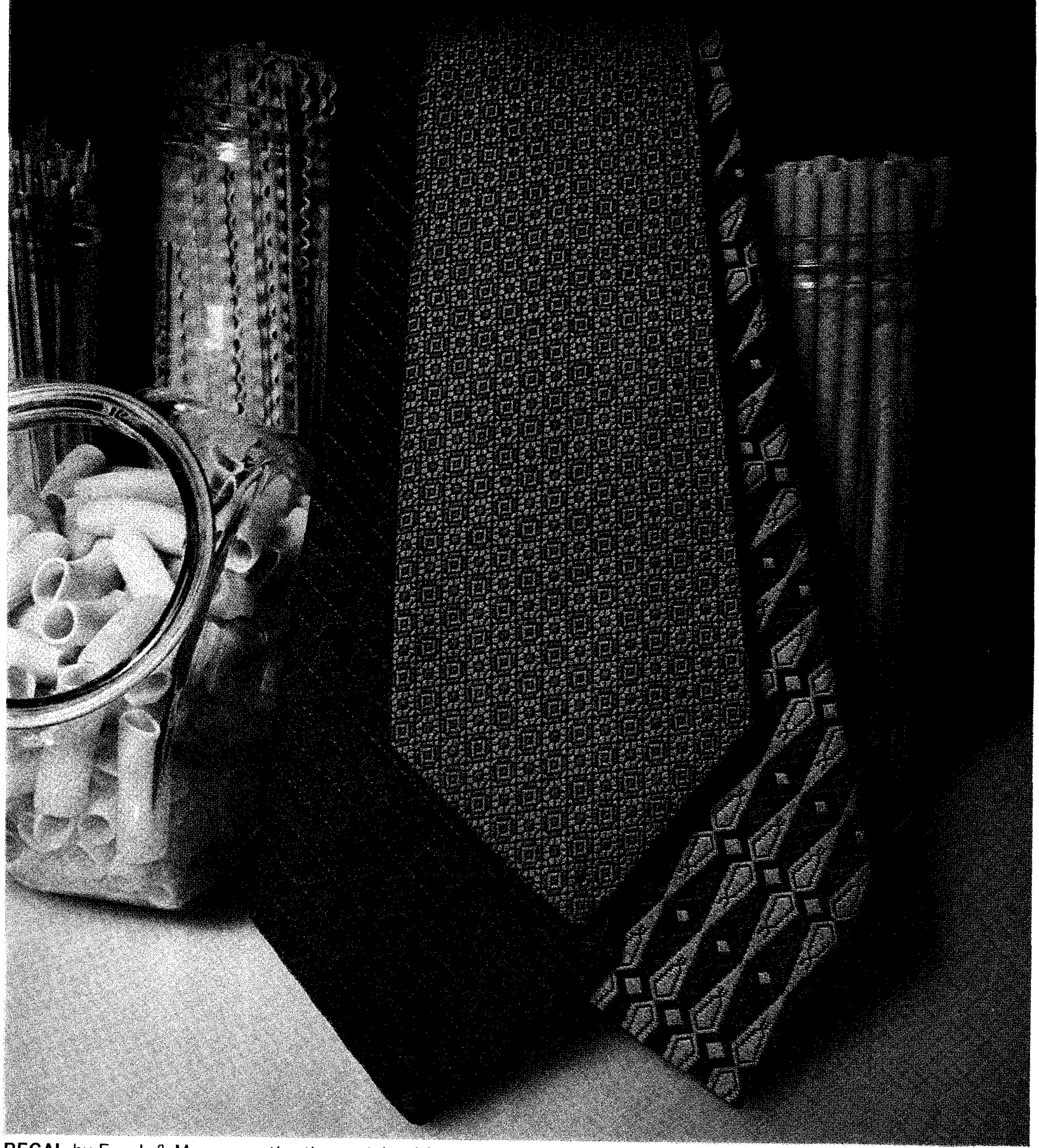

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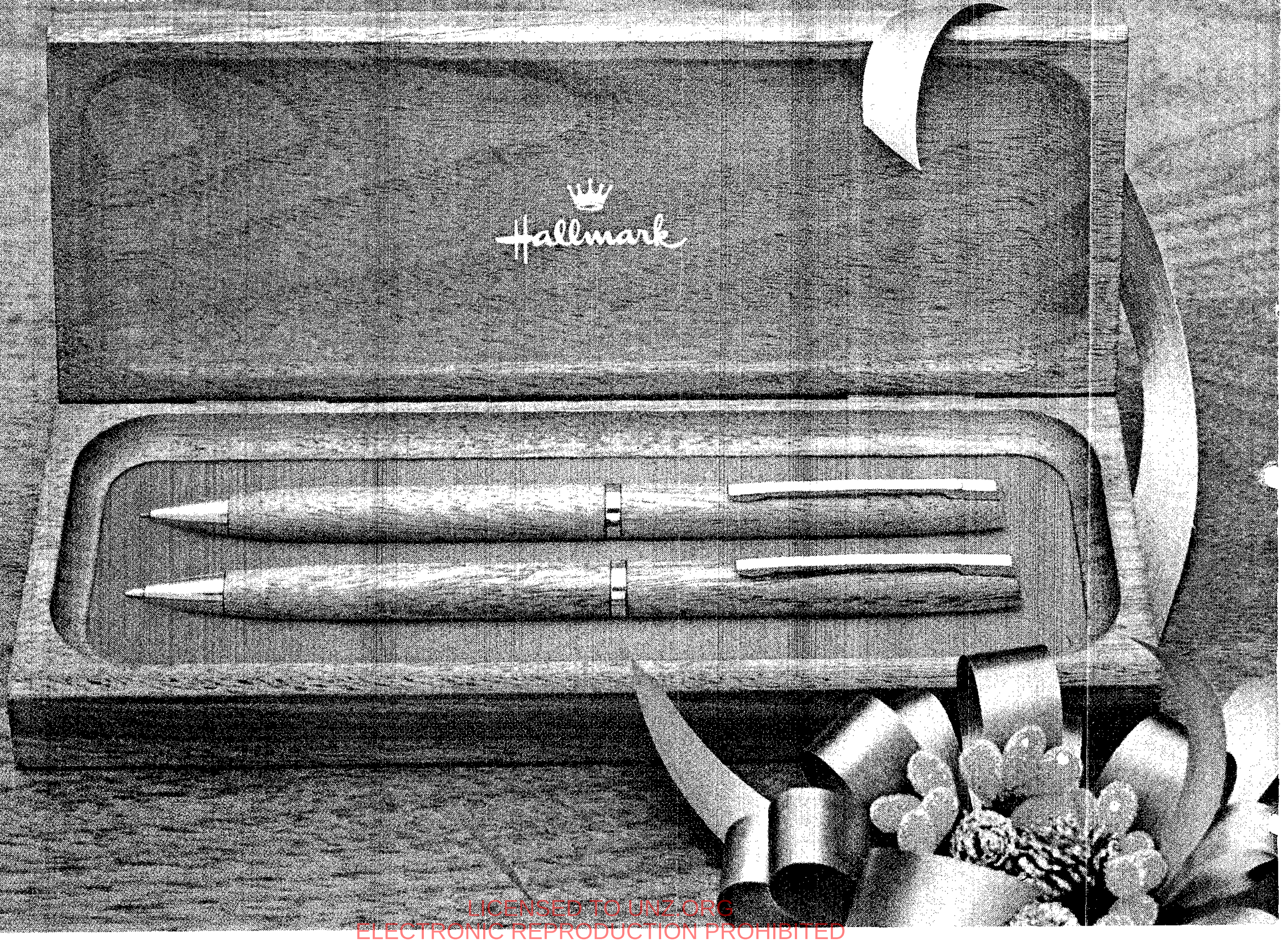
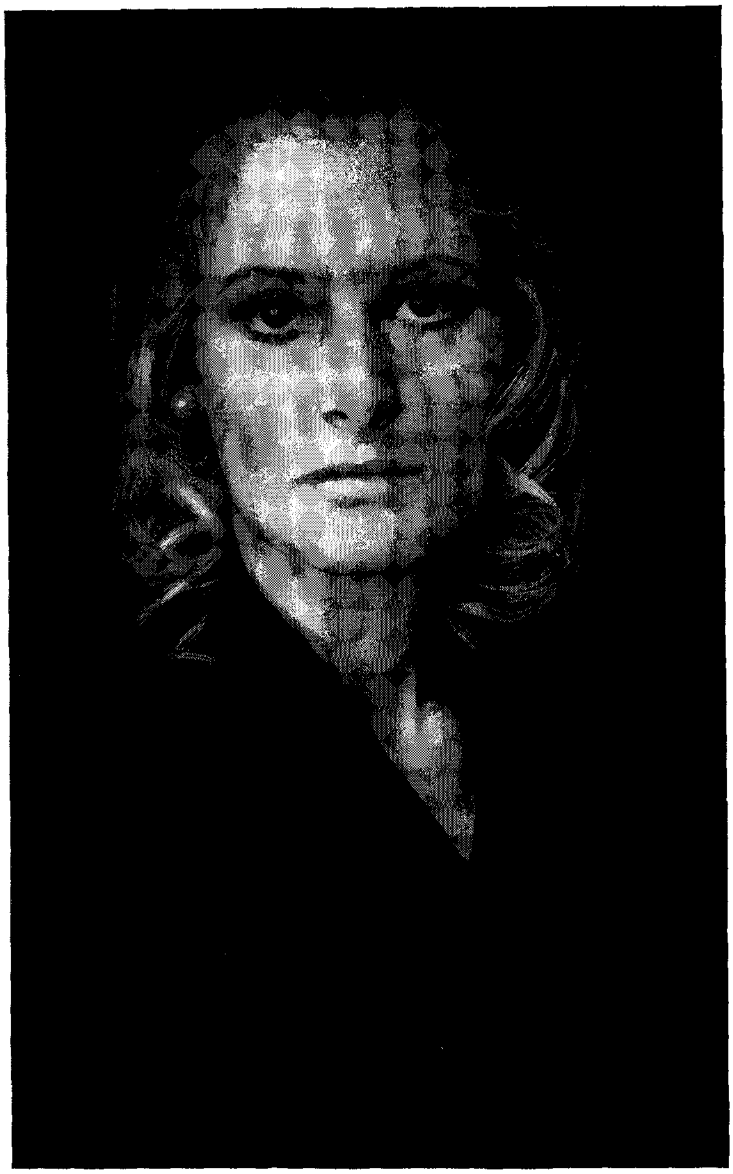


not at all un-Greek for damning each other and their former associates in public. For that matter, in late 1967, before an abortive coup against the military junta by young King Constantine II, who subsequently went into exile in Rome, the talk at Kolonaki cocktail parties and in such fashionable cafés as Floca's and Zonar's was whether the coup attempt would take place on the twelfth or the thirteenth of December. It took place on the thirteenth—and the date was, as everyone had said it was going to be, unlucky.

There are few things that Greeks of all political backgrounds can be got to approve of openly, but one aspect of the present regime that many Greeks find satisfactory is its attitude toward the monarchy. Since 1830, Athens has undergone ten peaceful and four bloody revolutions, numerous foreign blockades and occupations, intermittent rioting and rebellion, and some of the most lethal battles of the civil war, and it has seen many drastic changes in the country's constitution and in its statesmen. On several occasions, the monarchy has been abolished. Kings have abdicated and have been asked to quit. In a new constitution that "the colonels"—as the present junta is called—have promulgated but not altogether put into effect, the King's powers are reduced and his obligations defined. The new civics textbooks still call Greece a constitutional monarchy, but they refer to Constantine as "the young and foolish king." Indeed, although the King's head is still on the coins, and he and his young Queen, Anne Marie, smile down from photographs in provincial tavernas, most people seem happy to have the Royal Family in Rome. They smile wryly when they read that Queen Mother Frederica says (in her memoirs, recently published in England) that she is sure the Royal Family will one day return to Greece. The German-born Queen Mother may still have the loyalty of a few die-hard royalist former officers, now purged or exiled, and she may have a sentimental, movie-magazine sort of interest for young girls, but over the years she seems to have got many Athenians' backs up. Some people here believe that by setting up a fund to help provide dowries for poor girls—an entirely well-intentioned act—she actually helped to perpetuate the dowry system, which might otherwise have disappeared. Formerly, a girl was expected to bring to marriage some land or olive trees; now a city apartment or two is the requisite, and many young men, unable to marry before their sisters do, work for many



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years to get the cash for such purchases. The Queen Mother also annoyed many Athenians by taking over for her own use a small monastery, Moni Asteriou, halfway up the flank of Mount Hymettus, overlooking the city. This monastery, which includes a beautiful small Byzantine church, a walled garden, and a fountain, has now been opened to the public. Athenians drive up to it and walk there on Sunday afternoons, smelling the flowers and enjoying the view. Inside the monastery walls, they can admire some big lead seals that the junta, with rather ostentatious puritanism, has put on the doors of the Queen Mother's former quarters. Although a Greek embassy abroad is still called a Royal Hellenic Embassy, the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force are now just Hellenic. During the politically chaotic half-dozen years before the colonels' coup, the King had taken an increasingly open role in government. He was—perhaps unwisely—encouraged in this by Prime Minister Papandreou, whose resignation he finally engineered. Constantine Tsoucalas suggests that Papandreou flattered the King instead of trying to control him. For instance, Papandreou not only gave the Queen Mother a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year pension but he protected her with a decree forbidding all criticism of her person. One former royalist said to me recently, "The King's tragedy is the tragedy of Greece. He's had a very spotty education. When he tried that imbecilic coup in December of '67, he didn't even have his radio tuned properly so he could talk to his generals."

The military coup was quite different, in that no one had an inkling about it before it took place. It was well organized and, by Greek standards, its protagonists have remained well organized ever since. The government, led by a "revolutionary committee" of roughly a dozen Army officers, was sworn in by the King, and he has never disowned them, although he remains in Rome. A university professor who has some sympathy for the regime told me, "At the start, the colonels made the mistake of trying to run the country like an army—but they seem to be learning." Others say that what the colonels are learning is a little sophistication—that although they are still running the country like an army, they are getting quite skillful at disguising the fact. Prime Minister Papadopoulos was a colonel in Army Intelligence. Mrs. Papadopoulos, his second wife, whom he has married since the coup, was also an Intelligence officer. "It's a

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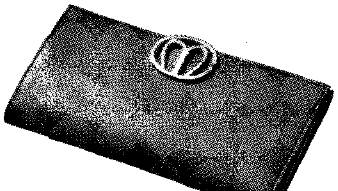

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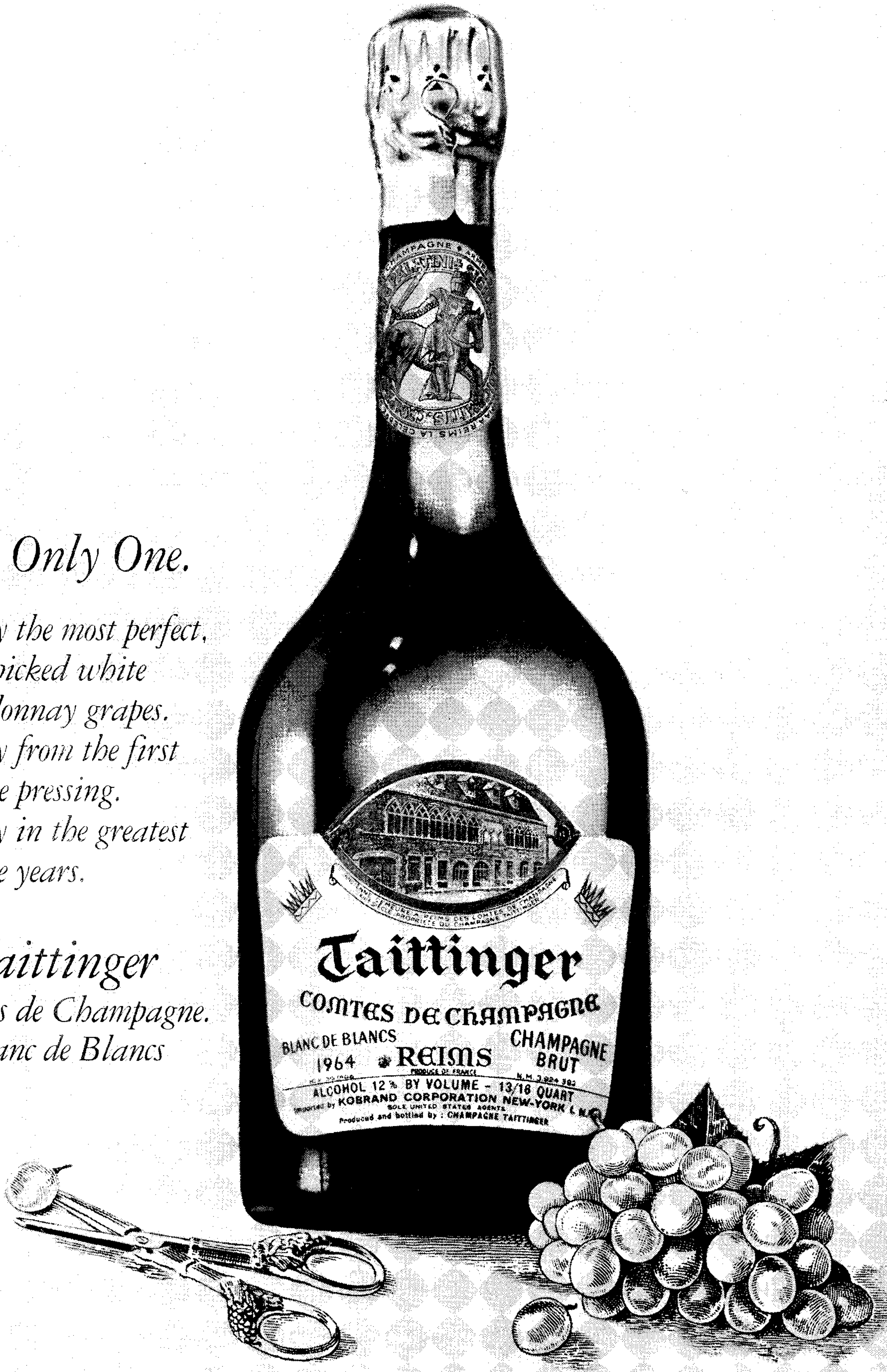
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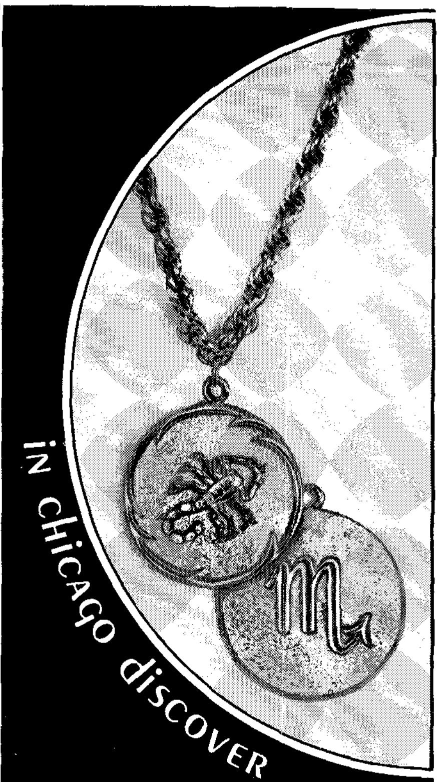
peculiar dictatorship, as any Greek dictatorship was bound to be," one writer in Athens remarked to me, "but these men, however stupid and intermittently cruel, are *Greek*—they're not Mussolinis or Hitlers."

A visitor comes across all sorts of attitudes toward the junta, from well-articulated hatred to a helpless shrug, from a noncommittal "It could be worse" to an outspoken "They are sincere men, and they came at the right time." However, it is hard to avoid the impression that the majority of Greeks are, in many different ways, merely putting up with the regime. People in the Athens streets look no less cheerful than those in New York—perhaps they look *more* cheerful. Of course, random sampling produces random truths. If you talk to an olive farmer who is harvesting a profitable crop, the regime may sound splendid. If you ride with an Athens taxi-driver whose day's take has been devastated by a long military parade and consequent traffic jams, you may read his grimaces and dismissive gestures as indications of the regime's unpopularity. In the Kolonaki apartments of the former governing élite, the members of the junta are often referred to as gangsters and hoodlums; elsewhere they may be referred to, in various laconic and sardonic tones, as "them," "those people," and "this lot." Many Greeks seem particularly offended not by martial law, arbitrary arrest, or lack of parliamentary government but by the colonels' lack of style. One family that (like many in Greece) has a great tradition of being opposed to the government, and now has a son who is a political prisoner, seems to find most upsetting of all what its members call the "sordidness" of the regime. "You know," one cosmopolitan lady said, "none of *them* speaks English or French."

For the moment, this failure to be bilingual (to which there now are one or two exceptions) may not be a disadvantage for the colonels (who have, in fact, now formally given up their military ranks). The colonels give the impression of thinking that bigger and better traffic jams are signs of progress, and—despite lanes for buses only, excellent traffic policemen, and strict parking regulations—most Athenians seem to feel the same way. The junta officers have been described by local observers as rural or small-town men, the leaders of a khaki proletariat. The sons of the Establishment used to join the Navy. Army pay was low, Army conditions were bad, and esteem—of great importance to a



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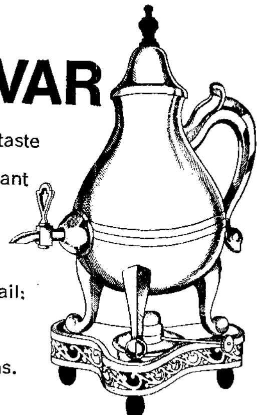

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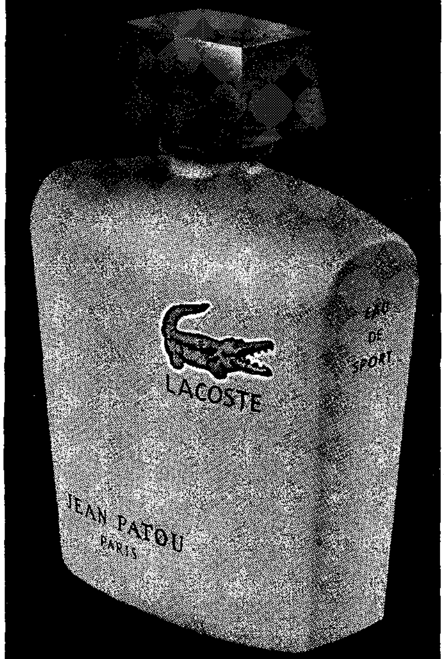

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Greek—for the Army was altogether lacking. “Mess-tin eaters” is what soldiers were called. Conscript privates in the early nineteen-sixties got a dollar and a half a month. Army men, particularly career officers, responded to all this by developing what was almost a class hatred against the educated, the privileged, and the rich, who often tried to make use of them for their own political ends. Army discontent with politicians has frequently surfaced in Greece. It did so in 1897, after a defeat by Turkey, and there was a military coup in 1909, one in 1922, and eleven between 1924 and 1928. In 1935, a coup led to the assumption of power by General Ioannis Metaxas, and although at the time few people liked his Hellenic version of Fascism, they found some good things to say later when he led Greece against Mussolini and Hitler. In justifying their actions of April, 1967, the colonels refer to the Army as “the healthy segment of the Greek people,” and it is hardly surprising that they have compensated it for its years of feeling inferior with pay raises of as much as fifty per cent and various perquisites, like interest-free automobile loans.

Nowadays, with the rest of Greece pouring into Athens—where the human population has increased by about a half in the last four years and the automobile population has doubled—with frenetic construction activity, and television, supermarkets, and department stores multiplying apace, there is undoubtedly a sense in which the junta is representative of the new petite bourgeoisie, of those who have rising expectations of material benefits and want to see them fulfilled. Junta officials are often laughed at as men more interested in soccer than in books, but the fact is that huge crowds spread across the city sidewalks outside television salesrooms when the Panathinaikos club of Athens plays, say, the Red Star team of Belgrade or Everton of England. One soccer fan, a commercial photographer, told me, “The truth is, many of us aren’t sorry to have lost some of our so-called freedoms. We used to have parliamentary elections, but they were often rigged. There was corruption and fraud and influence peddling. We had a parliament in which, just before the coup, one member took down his trousers as a gesture of contempt for another deputy. There were student demonstrations, sometimes fatal, and constant riots and strikes, like the ones in Italy this summer. The King was mixed up in politics. I don’t say we *like* these men, but

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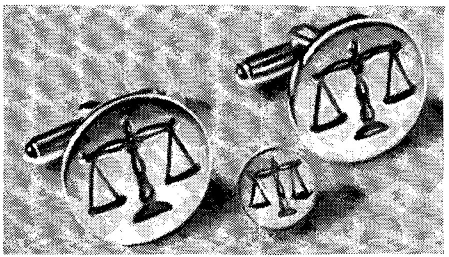

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about ninety-five per cent of us are glad to have some peace and quiet." A liberal banker said, "Right now, Greeks have a choice between being resistance heroes and successful businessmen. Most choose the latter."

There are parts of Athens—the Plaka, and Hephaistos Street, with its small, bazaarlike shops of tinsmiths, jewellers, and leatherworkers—that seem Near Eastern. Many men in Athens finger worry beads, the way Arabs do—though some Greek beads number thirty-three, for Christ's years on earth, rather than ninety-nine, like Muslim beads, for the ninety-nine wives of Muhammad. And in rural Greece men still ride the donkeys while the women, with scarves drawn across the lower part of their faces, walk behind. (In the northern mountains, after the civil war, according to one story, a Greek doctor proudly pointed out to a Red Cross worker a man walking behind his wife, who was riding the donkey. The doctor stopped to congratulate the man on his modern, Western gallantry. The man explained that there were lots of land mines on the road.) It therefore doesn't seem surprising that in many ways the present Greek government resembles the old Ottoman Empire: not completely oppressive but (an equally important defect to those within its purview) arbitrary and unpredictable. "You're never sure what they are up to," said an Athens lawyer. "The Prime Minister says he is releasing fifty political prisoners tomorrow. He lets out ten prisoners five days later. There's a law that says Army officers can stay only three years in one post. Some have been in Athens now for four and a half." A 1970 government handout still claims that the Army was compelled to act to forestall a Communist threat in April, 1967, but last year the Prime Minister told Sir Hugh Greene, former director general of the B.B.C., that the country had not been in danger of being overthrown through the direct activities of Communists.

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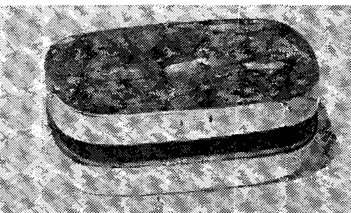

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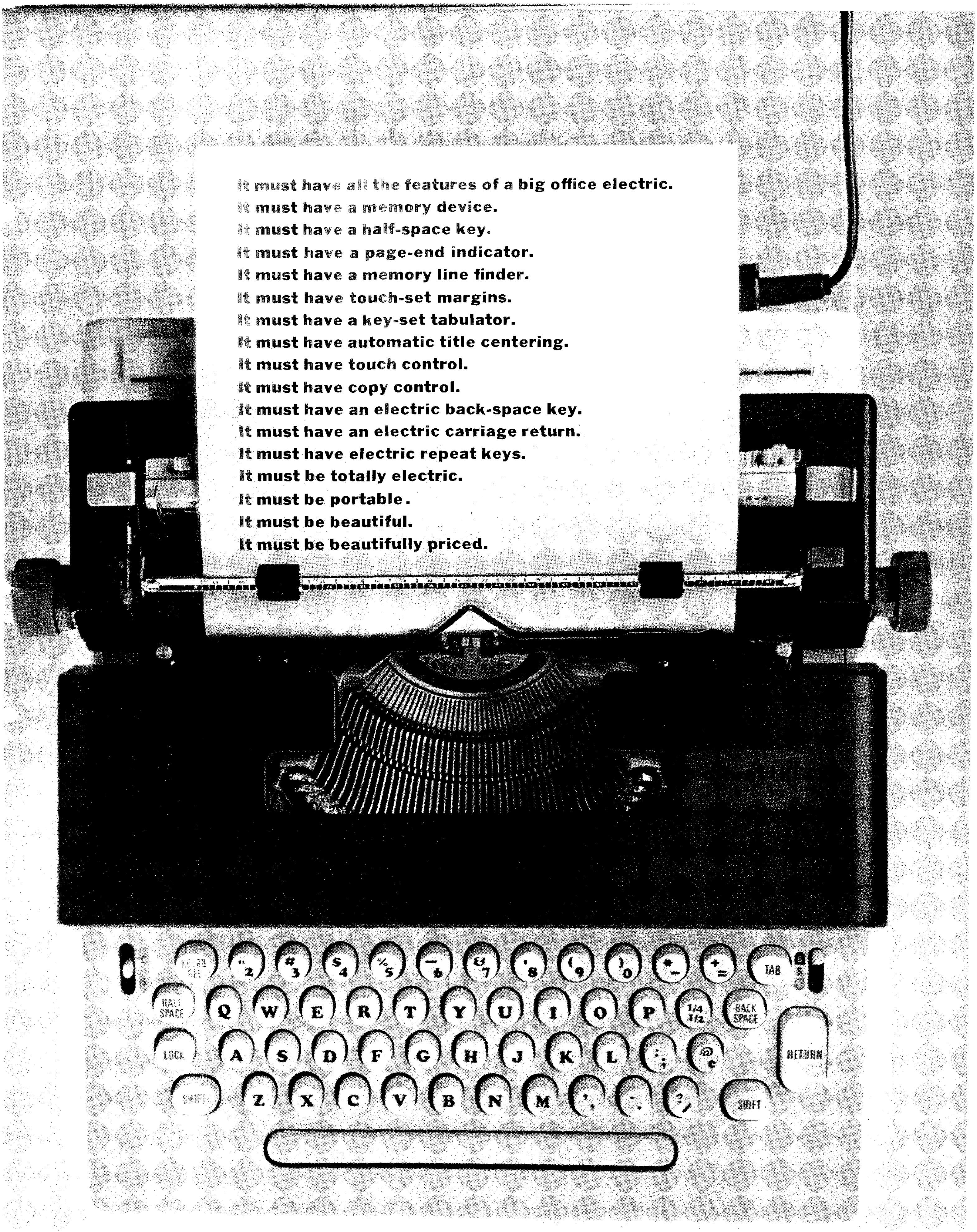

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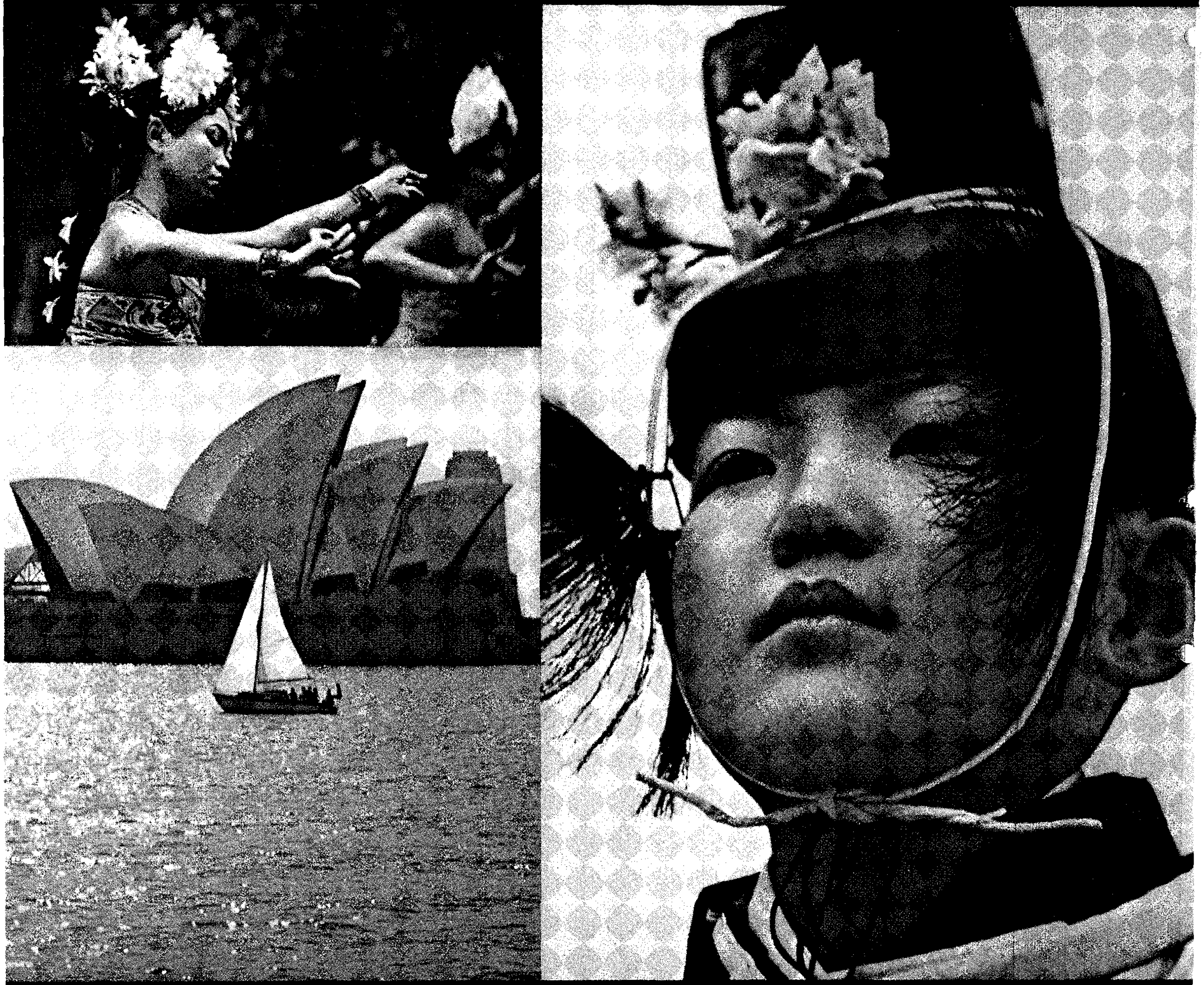

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driven up the avenue in a black Lincoln limousine, with several policemen on big white Harley-Davidsons riding ahead. His photograph (though not often visible in Athens outside of government ministries and school textbooks—he is a former Minister of Education, too) now hangs in country tavernas in the place of honor near the King's portrait and the American *Playboy*-type calendars. Because the Prime Minister has thinning hair, a small mustache, and a somewhat ingratiating smile, he reminds many Greeks of a maître d'hôtel. People of all persuasions make fun of his stilted manner of speaking and his pompous circumlocutions, but in small-town and village tavernas folk dances are done to a bouncy 45-r.p.m. jukebox record whose words go (in a rough, late-at-night translation) "George Papadopoulos, he's tops," and which favorably compares the Prime Minister to the heroes of the 1821 war against the Turks. There are faint, foxy smiles as the people dance, but they aren't contemptuous smiles. People also make fun of First Deputy Prime Minister Pattakos, the most conspicuous member of the junta, who is so short that people say he gets dandruff on his feet. (A record about Pattakos was banned last year.) However, a note of approval creeps in when they mention a cleanliness campaign promoted by Pattakos, which included forcing foreign tourists to pick up their discarded cigarette butts and Pattakos's personally leading classes of schoolchildren to clean up littered and oil-stained beaches. One Athenian mother (whose child spends four hours a day commuting to a private suburban school) told me, "People pause now before they throw something on a beach. They think, My child may have to come and pick this up."

The jukeboxes blast away now in mountain villages and from tavernas overlooking once quiet beaches where only windup phonographs played a few years ago. Progress has come with a rush to many parts of Greece in the last four years, and although some of it would doubtless have come anyway, even opponents of the regime admit that in practical matters like public building construction the government has achieved a great deal. There has been a fifty-per-cent increase in electric-power output, with new generating plants being built to use lignite, the poor-quality coal that is Greece's only extensive mineral fuel, and more than thirty-five hundred villages, many of them near the mountainous borders with

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Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria, have received electricity. Irrigation works have been started and roads constructed—projects that were often more talked about than carried out under previous governments. (People sometimes refer to a highway by the name of the Prime Minister under whose administration it was finished—for instance, a "Karamanlis road.") Now some villages can receive tourists, or send crops to market, for the first time. Docks have been built so that ships can land more conveniently at remote islands, and old handicrafts and traditional design are being encouraged by the development of new articles based on them. "They have been bringing some of the benefits of Athens to the boondocks, and the people out there are, by and large, grateful," an Athenian store proprietor told me.

The junta has not failed to tout itself and its achievements. In almost every town and hamlet, one of the principal streets has been renamed April 21st Street. On dams and mountain-road retaining walls young Army conscripts have had the job of painting, in big white letters, "LONG LIVE APRIL 21!" and such subsidiary slogans as "GREECE FOR CHRISTIAN GREEKS" (which is apparently anti-Communist rather than anti-Semitic) and "DEATH TO COMMUNIST MURDERERS!" In the same way that Metaxas boosted his "August 4th regime" as the guiding spirit of a new Hellenic empire, the junta seems to be cultivating a renewed nationalism, directed mostly against Russia but nowadays a little against America, too. The national emblem of Greece is a phoenix rising with outstretched wings from a fire. This has been adopted by the junta, which has superimposed on the "broiled bird" or "feather duster," as Greeks call it, a steel-helmeted soldier bearing a carbine. With the slogan "Hail April 21st!," the militarized phoenix is to be seen on billboards as you enter and leave every village. It is also on all new schoolbooks and on the state-monopoly matchboxes, which Greeks, being heavy cigarette smokers, are forced to look at quite often. Some opponents of the regime paste bits of paper over the matchbox bird.

Besides increased electricity supplies and better roads, there is, many people say, less bureaucratic muddle and less corruption. In 1879, a German visitor to Athens named J. Reinach wrote, "There are twenty times as many civil servants as the civil service needs." Anyone who has had to mail a package from an Athens post office or import spare parts for a foreign-made ma-

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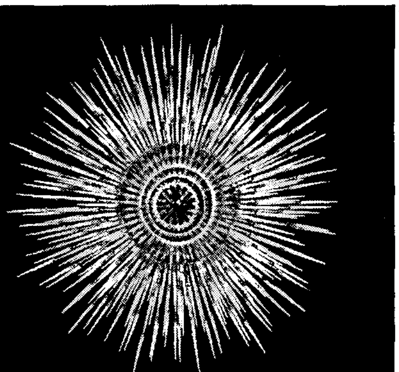

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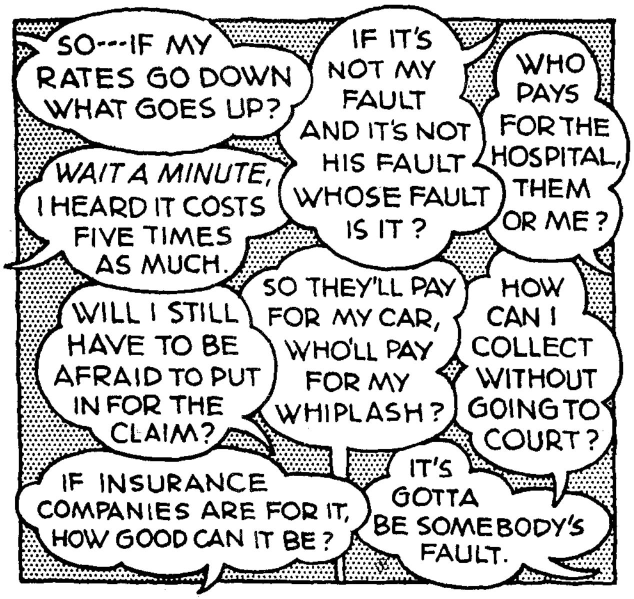
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chine would question claims of improved efficiency. In bookshops or restaurants, there often seem to be two people doing the work of one. Those two may well be friends or relatives of the manager. The poverty of the country is generally cited for this Greek involvement in patronage and favors—"*rousfetti*," a Turkish word, is used to describe it. Also, one good deed deserves another, particularly if the good deed is a vote, and there used to be a high ratio of politicians to people, with some five hundred deputies in a country of eight and a half million; they were best men at hundreds of weddings and godfathers at a thousand christenings. Greek political parties became extensions of a man's family, and politics itself was simply the means of acquiring and sharing jobs and power and prestige. Even Andreas Papandreou, as Deputy Minister of Coördination, was involved in what Constantine Tsoucalas calls "a transaction concerning the assignment of a large research project to a personal friend." Papandreou, however, resigned, astonishing most Greeks, who saw nothing exceptional in the transaction.

The present regime claims to have relieved many Greeks of the burden of past political favors and obligations by cancelling a seven-billion-drachma debt owed by farmers to the state agricultural bank. (In this, it followed a precedent set by Metaxas.) Deputy Prime Minister Pattakos is said to have turned up not long ago at a Ministry of the Interior sub-office in Piraeus, the port and seafront suburb of Athens, and found roughly a hundred people sitting at or around three desks; he fired all but three. State revenue from income taxes has just about doubled in the last four years, and though some of this increase has come from the continued business boom, much is probably the result of the fact that tax dodgers may now be sent to prison, with a few exemplary offenders already inside. A further aid has been the annual publication of a book listing everybody's income-tax return. The 1969 volume ran to 1,834 pages, and people say the volume is working wonders of honesty. As for the bureaucracy, many Greeks still find themselves hamstrung by political affiliations of parents and relatives; at the lower levels of government or civil service, jobs are hard to get if you have had Communist or Papandreou connections. On the other hand, foreigners have found that visa extensions, which used to involve days of queuing and hours of form-filling and pointless question-answering, are

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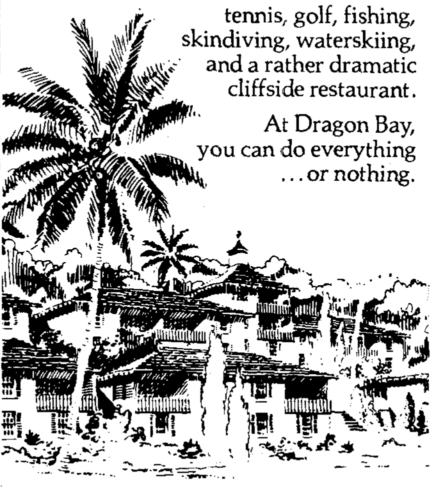

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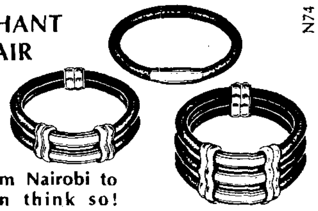

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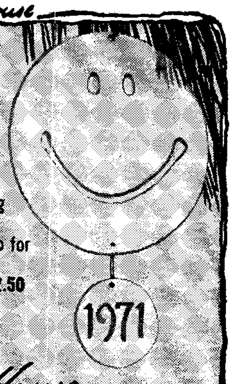

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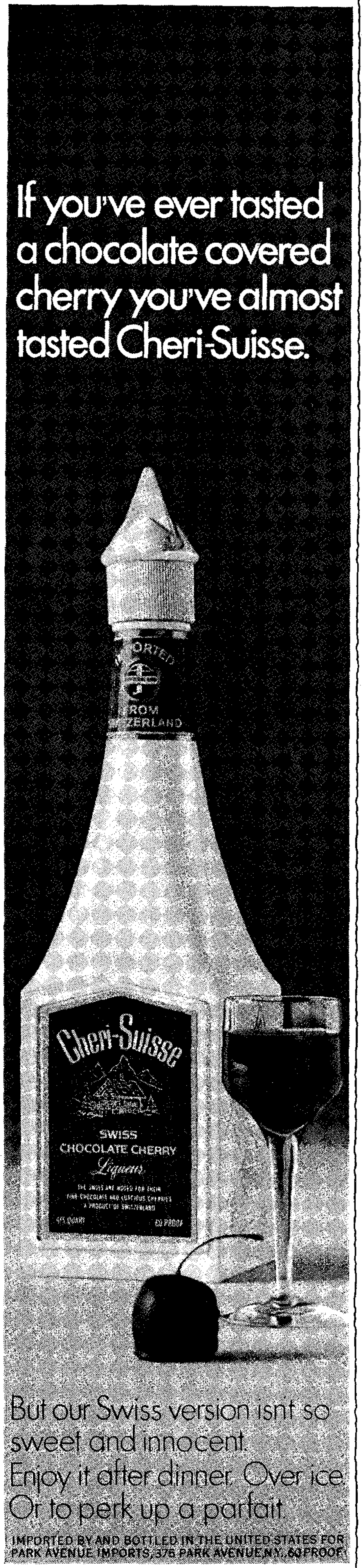

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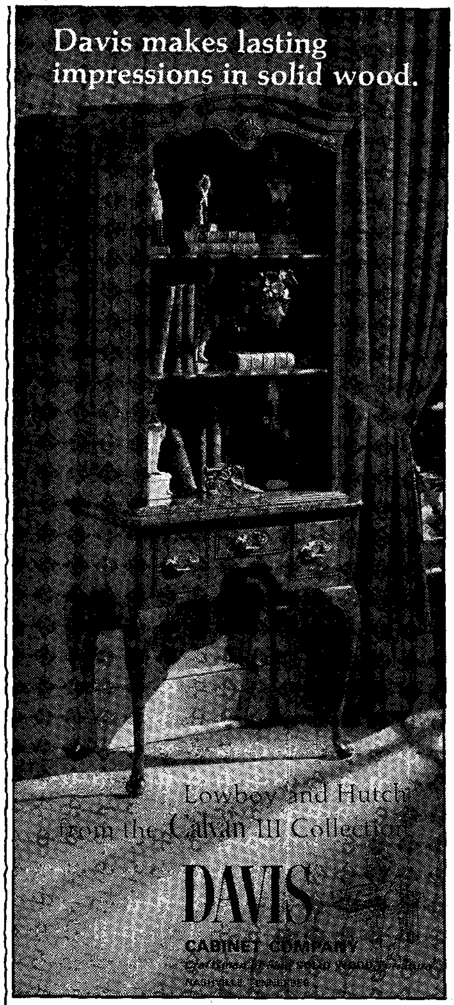
now provided simply and quickly. Archeologists, who under past governments went through months of Byzantine intrigue and maneuvering in order to acquire permission to dig, say things are much more straightforward now.

Among the top members of the junta—perhaps because they hold power in such concentrated, unchecked form—there seems to be little personal ostentation or display. Papadopoulos, who is quietly assisted by task forces of technocrats, preserves what is known around Washington as a low profile; now and again he makes a speech in the provinces or has a working lunch with a group of shipowners or labor representatives. Apart from Pattakos, who appears at occasional embassy parties, the most visible member of the junta is George Georgalas, a very personable former Communist, now Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior and District Governor of Crete, who appears on a TV program called "New Horizons," on Tuesdays, right after "Peyton Place." A twenty-one-year-old secretary in an Athens office told me, "I know it's propaganda for them, but it's very good. He really gets across what they're trying to do." A more cynical observer said, "He learned how to operate in a bureaucracy up in Hungary. He's a very powerful character, and he knows exactly which buttons to push."

When people talk about the pleasures of political peace and quiet, they don't mean that they aren't enjoying the din of prosperity and the clatter of drachmas. One planner remarked to me, "The irony is that this is one government with the power to control growth and channel all this development in sound directions, but it isn't aware of the fact." The Athens boom has, in fact, now been going on for nearly a decade, with a slight lull before and after April, 1967. Wages rose fifteen per cent in 1968 and 1969 and nine per cent in 1970, yet inflation, which was held to 3.1 per cent in 1970, is lower than in any other non-Communist European country. There seem to be fewer slums than in the cities of Italy or Spain. In the so-called refugee suburbs, which have names like New Smyrna, some houses may have only two rooms and a communal water supply, but they also have electricity and gardens. Before 1967, many houses on the outskirts of Athens were slapped up overnight, as a result of a legal loophole allowing a structure with a roof on it to stand, however illegal or flimsy it was. The present regime has plugged the



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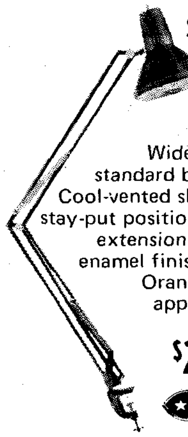

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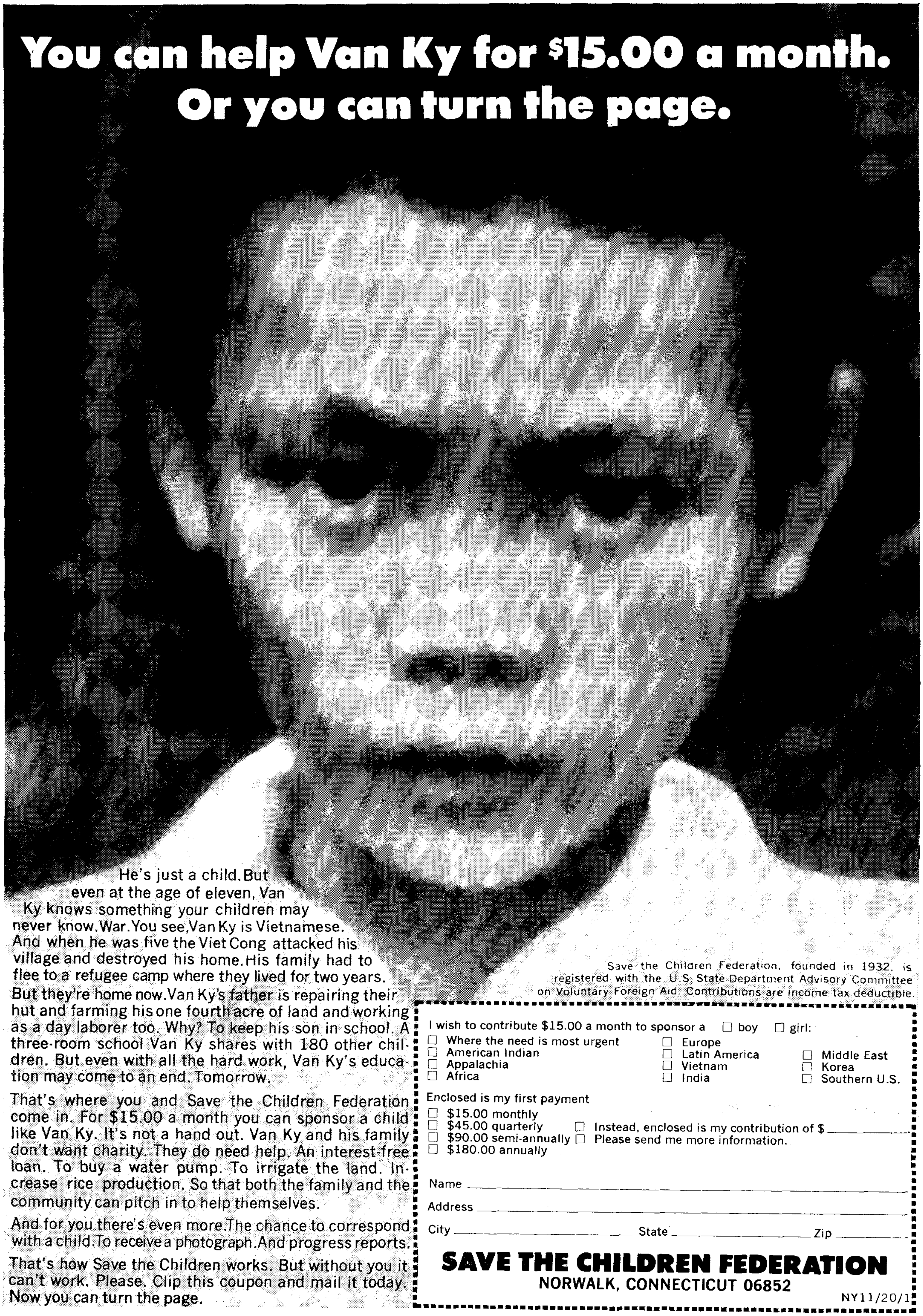

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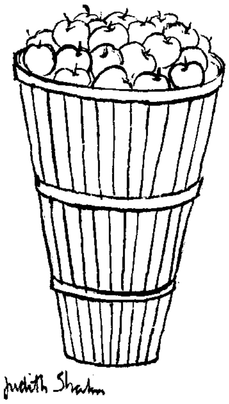
loophole, and some low-cost apartment houses are being constructed instead. Moreover, perhaps because so many Greeks were refugees from Turkey in the nineteen-twenties and from the mountainous north in the late forties, and many more have since then come into Athens from Egypt, the Aegean Islands, and all other parts of Greece, every Greek's highest ambition seems to be the purchase of an apartment in the city. (When someone wants to build an apartment house, he usually offers the owner of the old structure on the proposed site two or three apartments in the new building, and such an offer is almost invariably too tempting to resist.) One other factor in the housing boom may be that Greeks, who used to hoard gold, are now investing in property—though the owner of a building site will squander at least one gold sovereign by throwing it into the foundation for luck.



In the present prosperous mood, even the once moribund Athens stock market is showing signs of life, and there is a new casino at Mount Parnes, outside the city, which is doing fairly well, even though Greeks have to prove they have an income of as much as a thousand dollars a year before they are allowed to gamble there. Gypsies beg from tourists in the narrow streets of the Plaka, on the slopes of the Acropolis. The tourists are certainly around—more than 1.6 million last year, up three hundred thousand from 1969—and are very much part of the boom and bustle. On Rhodes, a serious slump set in after the coup, because the Swedes, who had previously vacationed there, took their custom to the resorts of Franco Spain; but the Swedes are now back. A foreign banker who had just arranged a sizable loan for the government told me he thought that, "for a Balkan country, things here are pretty stable." Several American banks have opened or are opening offices in Athens, and "business confidence" seems to be reflected not only in the prevalence of such common consumer goods as cars (though Greeks have to pay a purchase tax of roughly a hundred per cent on automobiles) but also in less common denominators, such as the numbers of ships sailing under the blue-and-white Greek flag. The regime has made Greek registration more attractive for Greek shipowners by giving them various concessions, including the right to bring in cars without the steep purchase tax. It has also made Greek shipowners, whose motley collections of vessels range from new super-tankers to some of the most undermanned, decrepit tramp steamers staggering around the world's oceans, feel a good deal more respectable. Thus, Greece can boast that it had the biggest increase in national fleet size in the world in 1969, and that in 1970 roughly $250,000,000 was brought directly into the country through shipping profits.

There are, however, Greeks who think that this prosperity has very shaky foundations, and believe that the junta, which inherited a sound financial situation, will shortly inherit problems of its own making. John Pesmazoglu, a former professor of political economy at the University of Athens and a former deputy governor of the Bank of Greece, who is now without official position and is doing research for the Ford Foundation, thinks that the stability of the drachma and the low rate of inflation are being officially maintained by continued borrowing abroad on very unsatisfactory terms. The trade deficit in current account payments, excluding all capital transactions, has risen from $264,000,000 in 1966 to $400,000,000 in 1970. The junta claims that the balance of payments is in equilibrium, but Professor Pesmazoglu says that the inflow of capital to match the deficit is from loans that will impose an increased burden on the economy.

SOMEONE collecting anomalies in Athens could well start with the fact that many former politicians and civil servants who are opposed to the present regime and who still live here get more publicity abroad now than they ever did before. Several have given formal interviews to foreign correspondents. Some, including Panayotis Kanellopoulos, who had the unhappy distinction of being Prime Minister from the third to the twenty-first of April, 1967, deliver statements attacking the junta and calling for the restoration of democracy in Greece. (Kanellopoulos has several times been put under house arrest for his statements.) Professor Pesmazoglu, who has a Cambridge Ph.D. and looks like a Cambridge don, has been quite changed by the situation, friends say. Formerly as nonpolitical as a Greek could be, he is now "committed;" he is not afraid to

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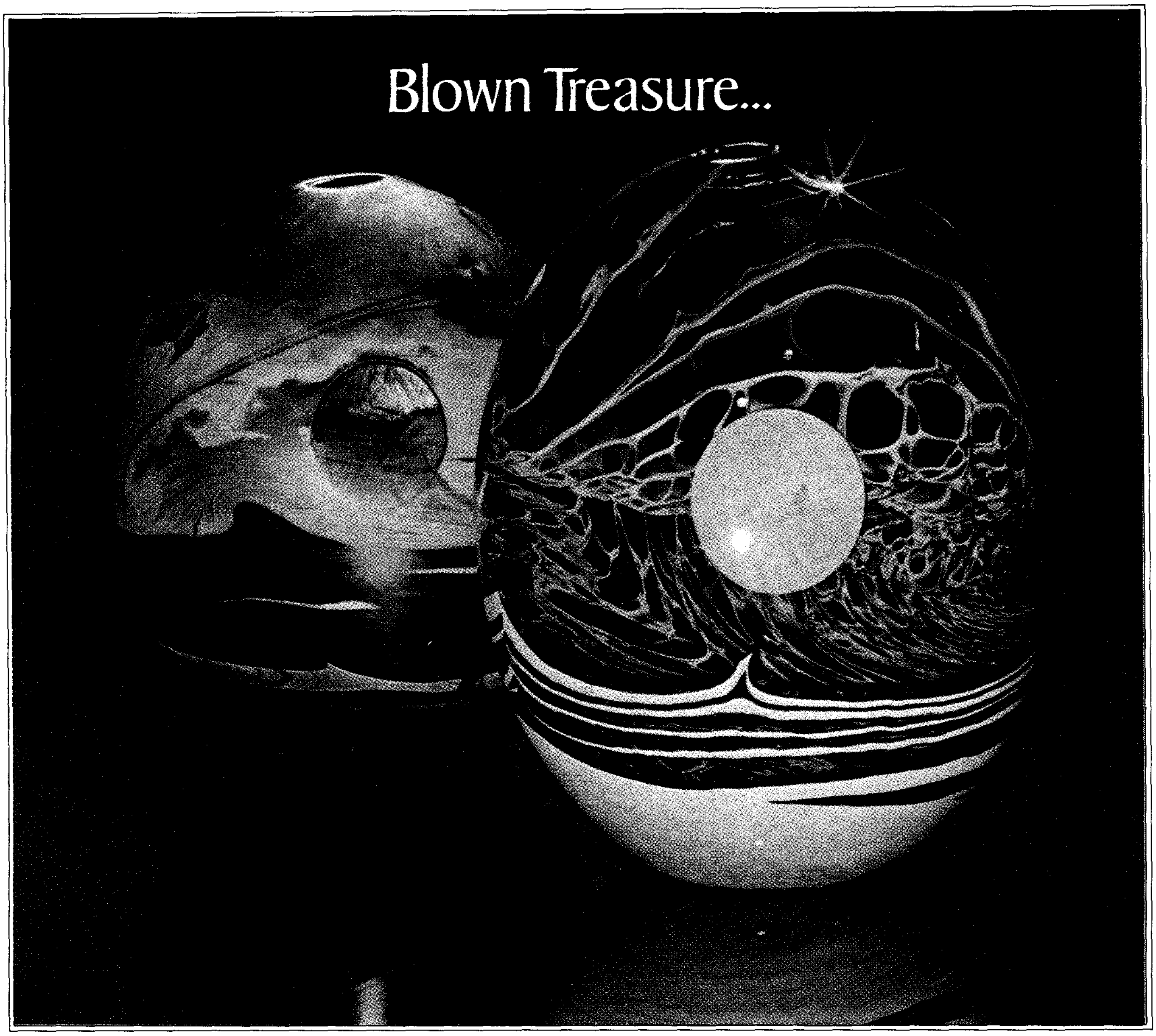

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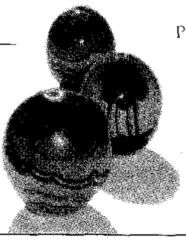

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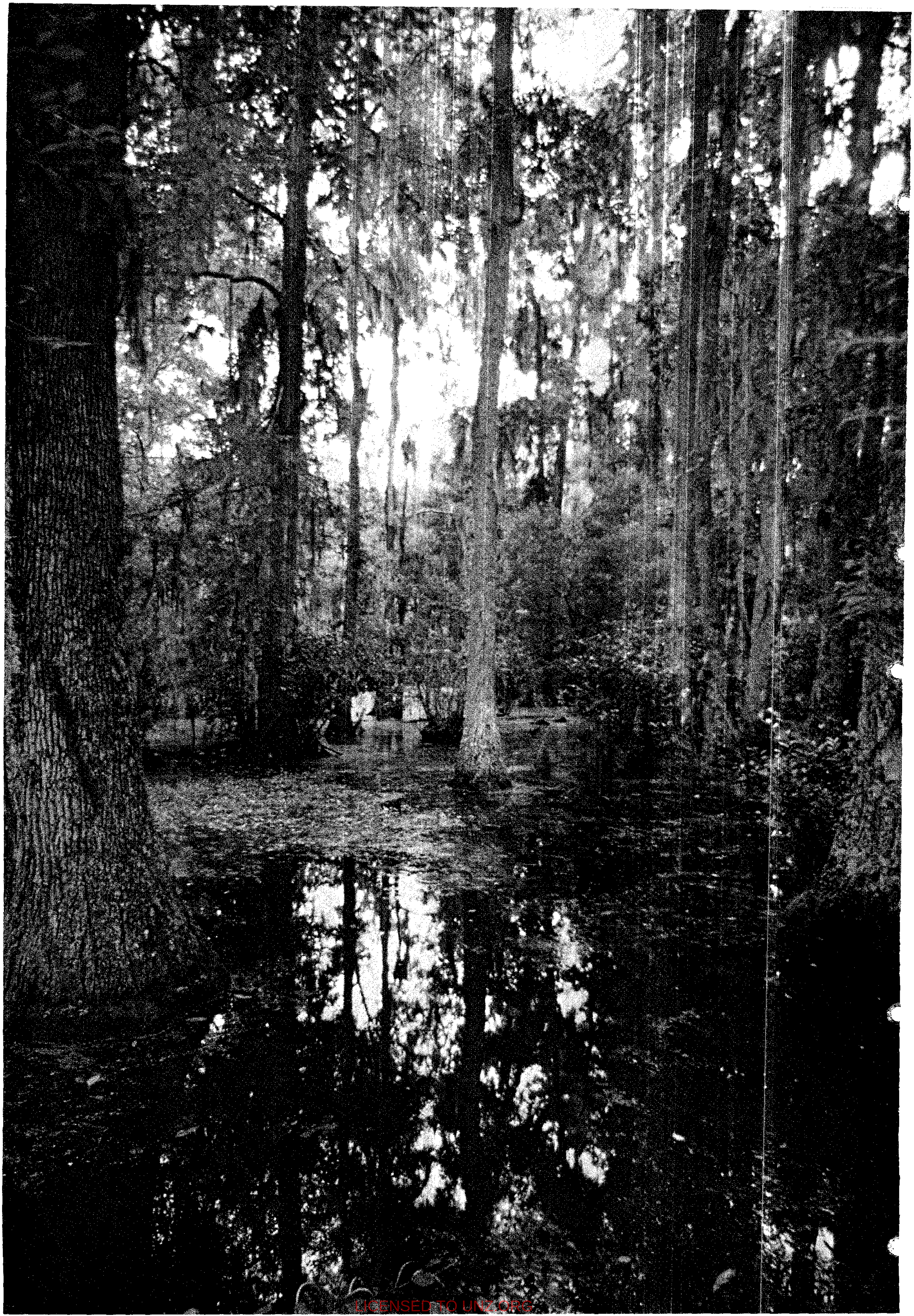

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be quoted by name, although he is aware that, under Article 71 of the Press Law, any statement that can be taken as tending to undermine confidence in the Greek economy is punishable by imprisonment of not less than six months and a fine of not less than a hundred thousand drachmas. He is prepared to take the risk, he says, because "they need one or two people to stand up publicly against them." "They," on the other hand, may well be willing for one or two to do just that, and thus give an impression of opposition; they know that others will not.

Dissent in Greece right now is a haphazard matter. A strange twilight of freedom exists, with some things permitted one moment and prohibited the next. Freedom of speech obtains for some and not for others. It is a patchwork of paradoxes. Most people who are opposed to the regime do not want their names used by journalists, but then neither do some people in the government. In the windows of Athens bookstores, the words of Solzhenitsyn and Marcuse are freely displayed. One political prisoner's wife has taken Marcuse books to her husband in jail, though when she tried to take him a Chekhov work it was confiscated. Greek books are now apparently no longer subject to prepublication censorship. (You can sit in an Athens park or square, or in most Athens cafés, and talk with a feeling of zest, which may be different from a sense of freedom.) According to one writer, more books are being published than ever before, particularly serious paperbacks. Mailer and "Love Story" are being translated into Greek, and although—according to Costas Taktsis, whose "The Third Wedding" is one of the best novels written in Greece in recent years—no great works of Greek fiction are appearing, people seem generally more interested in books than they used to be. Some are probably reading Marcuse, say, out of a feeling of defiance. Two collections of poetry, fiction, and essays, many of which indirectly attack the regime, have been published in the last year and a half, and both have sold well. However, despite a government spokesman's scornful statement in March that the authors of the essays didn't need to fear arrest, one of them, Professor Demetrios Maronitis, formerly a philosophy lecturer at the University of Salonika, was arrested a few days later. Some people may simply be in the right place or have the right personality to get away with things. In Crete, where everyone is always, at all

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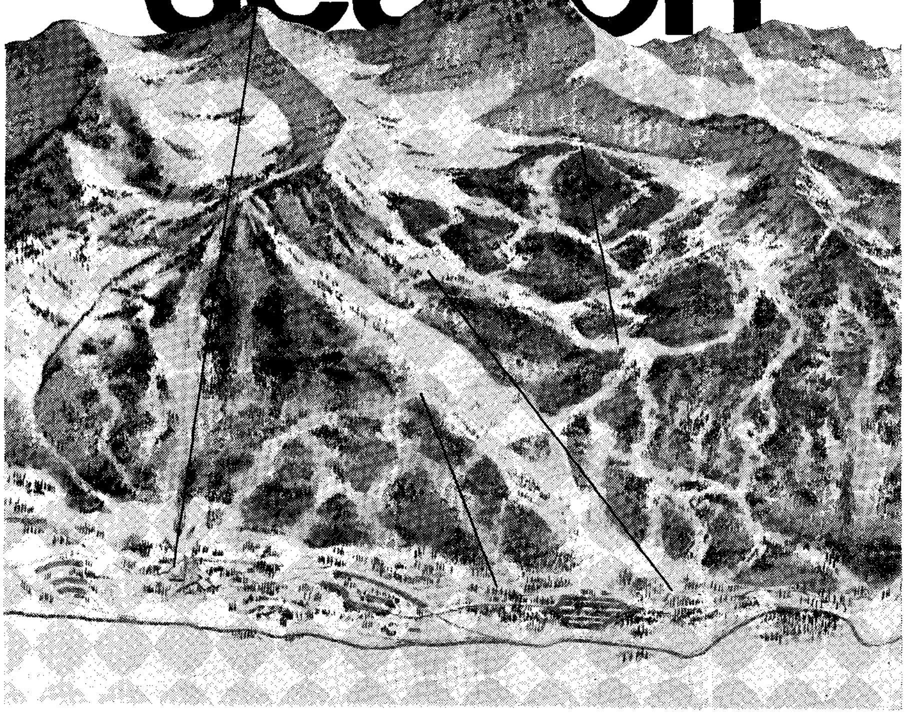

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times, against the government of the day, the proprietor of one taverna listens openly to the anti-junta news from a German radio station and tells anyone who comes in that he isn't scared to be found doing so. Banned records of music by the exiled Mikis Theodorakis are played self-consciously in Kolonaki apartments, sandwiched between selections by the Fifth Dimension and the Rolling Stones, but in some villages the local policeman who hears a banned tune may pay off an old grudge; in January, 1971, a farmer called Vassilios Mihalopoulos was fined three hundred dollars for playing Theodorakis's record "Great Is the Grief." At a country taverna one day, I had lunch with an Athens intellectual who has signed many antigovernment statements in foreign newspapers (he said he would have signed more, but if you weren't at the right cocktail parties you often didn't get asked); while we were waiting for the main course, he helped two genial off-duty policemen do a crossword puzzle. School textbooks now make windy pronouncements about appropriate clothes for youth, but the girls in Athens have gone in for hot pants and have not by any means abandoned miniskirts—though most have the legs of mountaineers. Not many of the young men have long hair, and the police recently raided an Athens café full of erstwhile hippies, but the puritanism of the regime (expressed early on in a ban on beards, since repealed) doesn't seem to have stamped out the whores on Syngrou Avenue or the pimps who flourish in Constitution Square. Yet a woman (or a man, too, for that matter) feels a good deal safer walking the Athens streets late at night than she (or he) might in most European or North American cities. To judge from the news reports, crime is largely a family or interfamily matter, albeit quite a bloody one.

Dissent may take forms as widely varied as the funerals you go to—more than half a million Athenians turned out for the funeral of George Papandreou, on November 3, 1968—and the kind of beer you drink. Fix, an Athenian brew, is still associated by many Greeks with the monarchy, partly because King Otho of Bavaria brought Mr. Fuchs, his brewer, with him when he became King of Greece, in 1835 (he also brought Bavarian architects and the German engineers who laid out the wide Athens boulevards), and partly because Petros Garoufalias, a recent head of Fix, was a friend of Queen Mother Frederica's and was named Prime Minister by the King in his

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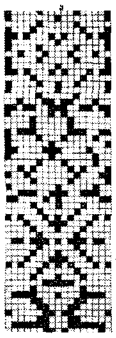

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abortive 1967 coup. Deputy Prime Minister Pattakos recently helped to inaugurate a new German brewery on Crete, and in many people's minds this beer, called Henneger, is the junta beer. In this situation, the Dutch beer Amstel, made under license in Athens, seems to be doing well. Certainly people who have lived in Athens for many years feel that beer is becoming the fashionable urban drink, and that less ouzo and retsina are being consumed.

For an artist, overt political involvement can be a curse. I met one writer who said that what he wanted most to write about was his childhood, but he felt he couldn't at this moment; it would be escapist—so he was writing nothing original but was staying alive with translations. I found no one in Greece who thought that the novel "Z," by Vassilis Vassilikos, which is based on the murder of the Communist deputy Gregoris Lambrakis, in May, 1963, is any good at all as a novel, however sympathetic they are to its point of view. Following a speech by Prime Minister Papadopoulos in which he compared Greece with a man who has been in a serious accident and whose injuries are not sufficiently healed to allow the plaster casts to be taken off, one sculptor produced a show of plaster pieces; it was a great success but, said several critics, not great art. Greek music is in an ambiguous state. Perhaps the most promising young composer, Yanni Christou, was killed in a car accident last year, leaving many fine songs, poems set to music, orchestral pieces, and an oratorio called "Tongues of Fire"—an impressive combination of shouting, shrieking, whispering, choral singing, prayer, and lamentation. In it, all the drama that is natural to Greece wells out of the followers of Christ just after the Crucifixion. In the same way that Greece seems to have skipped the long, slow process of political development that has gone on in other European countries, so Greek music seems to have missed much that happened elsewhere. The Byzantine chants, which have remained more or less unchanged for twelve hundred years, are, along with a great deal of unscored folk music, the source of the composed music that began to appear in the last century. Probably the best-known Greek music now is that of Theodorakis. Folk tunes and Byzantine melodies have inspired many of his compositions, including the film music for "Zorba" and "Z" and various cycles of songs, some of them settings of poems by Lorca, Seferis, or Yannis Ritsos. Sometimes bouncy, sometimes

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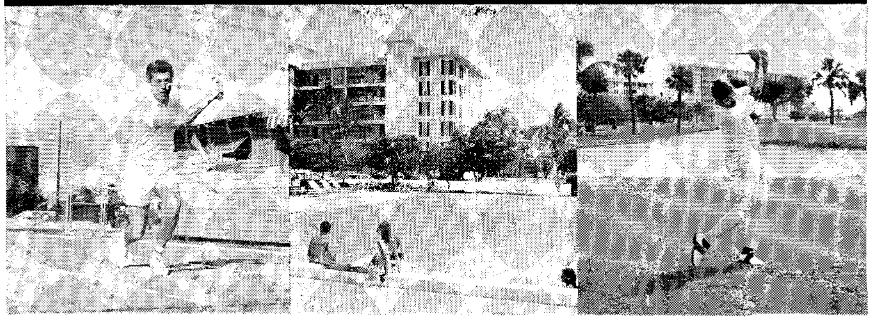

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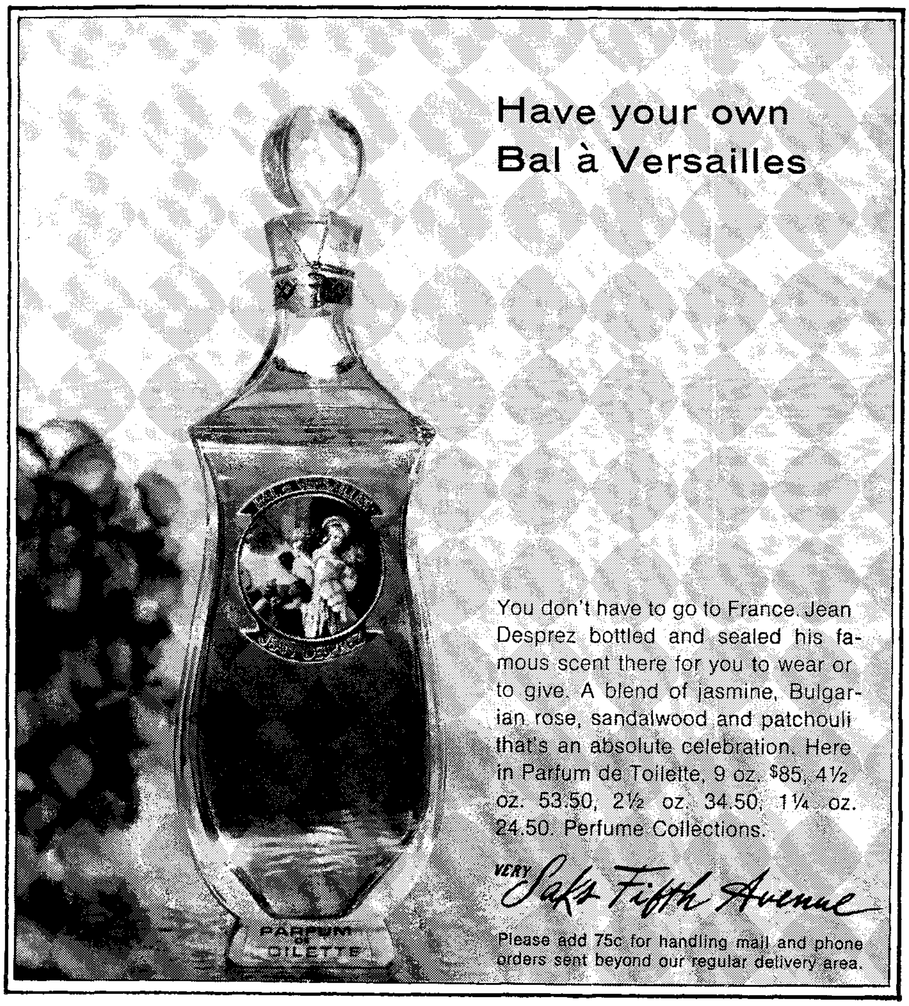

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elegiac, often immensely moving—especially when sung by Maria Farantouri—Theodorakis's music, now disapproved by the junta, was once also officially disapproved by the now defunct Communist-front party, E.D.A., before he joined it. Theodorakis has been living in Paris since he was released in April, 1970, after almost three years of prison and exile. He now heads a Communist Greek Patriotic Front and conducts concerts of his work all over Europe. At these often rather overamplified affairs, Theodorakis, a big man, bounces up and down on the podium in a barely contained frenzy. Some people in Athens say that he would like to return to Greece. Clearly, he is a man who needs to be near the source of his inspiration. Politics has helped him create much of his music, and politics may now make his music seem a trifle hollow and bombastic.

The Athens paper *Vima* devotes most of its arts page to theatre and stage personalities. Writers and musicians jealously assert that there are too many theatres in Athens—about thirty right now, most of them doing quite well. In recent months, the plays of Arrabal, the Spaniard who dissents from God, nationalism, motherhood, and just about everything else, have been staged successfully, and in the last few weeks the leading Athens director, Karolos Kou, has been presenting "Dracula," a play by an East German, Eugene Schwortz, which has been banned in Russia. Under Metaxas, performances of Sophocles' "Antigone" were forbidden. The present regime has not gone that far, though a former general sits on the board of the National Theatre, and people who planned to attend the opening last December of a revue satirizing censorship found when they reached the theatre that the censors had denied permission for the performance. A comedy called "The Liar Sought," which played at the Alpha Theatre, was placed by the Ministry of National Education on a list of plays dangerous to youth, and has been banned for secondary-school children. The author of the play, Mr. D. Psathas, who is a journalist on the Athens paper *Nea*, availed himself of the opportunity to write a funny column celebrating (and of course publicizing) the event.

"FROM a newspaper you get a black soul and dirty fingers," I was told by the wife of a Greek journalist. Greeks are such omnivorous newspaper readers that footnotes in

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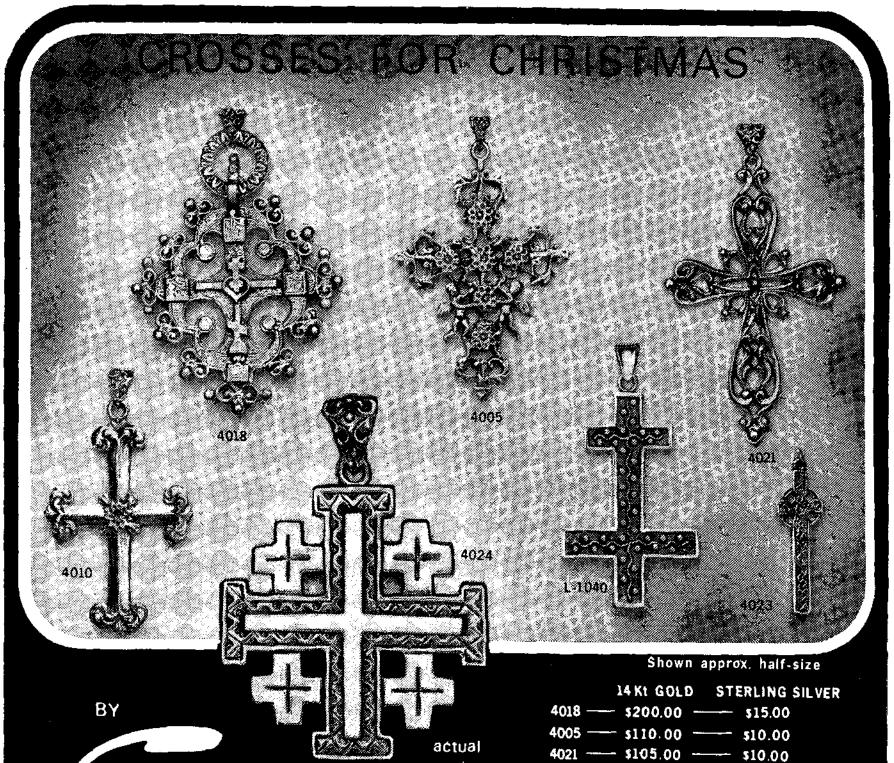
scholarly works often refer to newspaper articles rather than to books. "Before '67, the Greek press had more slander in it than news," said a former reporter who had just been telling me that Andreas Papandreou was a Trotskyite and a man of questionable veracity. In one of the bars on Voukourestiou Street frequented by journalists, a relatively detached observer said, "Ninety-nine per cent of the working-press people oppose the junta."

There are now nine national daily papers in Athens, and Salonika, the other big city, has four. Since the coup, seven papers have closed down. Six shut almost at once—two left-wing ones unwillingly, and four center and right-wing ones despite the junta's expressed wish that they carry on. The seventh—*Ethnos*, a Center Union daily—closed in April of last year after five members of its staff (two editors and three publishers) were fined and sent to jail for several months. According to the military tribunal that tried the case, *Ethnos's* offense was the publication of an interview in which a former Minister, Ioannis Zigdis, called for a parliamentary coalition government to handle the Cyprus question. This violated an article in the new Press Law that forbids the causing of public anxiety. Although many defense witnesses said that the article had caused them no anxiety at all, the prosecution produced a witness, a bus conductor, who said that the Zigdis interview had made him very worried about the future of the country. The real offense that *Ethnos* committed, many Athenians believe, was to follow an increasingly lively *anti-junta* line, which helped its circulation rise in a few months from seventeen thousand to an almost profitable forty-two thousand. The paper had a lawyer reading copy, but, as the Cyprus-question interview showed, the government could use almost any excuse to shut the paper down. *Ethnos* was in debt when it closed, and couldn't pay the fines the court imposed in addition to the jail sentences. As for Zigdis, he, too, was jailed and fined, and if friends had not come to his rescue he would have lost his house when the government threatened to auction it to raise money for the fine.

The Press Law is a forty-eight-page so-called legislative decree whose first article begins, "The press is free." Some offenses against the law are in the domain of civilian courts, but others, like that of which *Ethnos* was convicted, are handled by military tribunals. The government has another handle on the press in the form of customs



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duties on newsprint. Publications that sell less than twenty-five thousand copies per issue get newsprint duty-free; all others pay a duty, which increases as circulation rises. Moreover, whatever the paper's size, all duty privileges can be revoked for offenses under the Press Law. Although the most successful progovernment paper, *Eleftheros Kosmos* (Free World), now has a circulation of more than forty thousand, the three other strongly pro-junta papers have circulations of between seven and five thousand. Those that give the junta grudging support, such as *Acropolis*, *Apogevmatini*, and *Vradyni*, or no support at all, such as *Vima* and *Nea*, have a total circulation at least four times that of the combined pro-regime papers—and this is the case even though their newsstand price, to cover their higher newsprint costs, is about a drachma higher than the price of three of the pro-junta papers. Because the government already has its instruments of power, it has surprised many by producing in recent weeks a supplementary press code, which—modified after much protest—goes in for a good deal of righteous admonition to journalists, both Greek and foreign, to write the truth in a dignified, accurate, moderate, and undistorted fashion.

Despite the extreme uncertainty of the newspapers' future and despite lowered profits, there is a great deal of bounce in most of them. Total daily circulation in Athens is seven hundred and ten thousand, compared with about half a million before the coup. Perhaps because Athenians like to read during their siesta, the afternoon papers generally sell better than the morning ones. Afternoon begins exactly at noon, when the newspaper venders are allowed to shout their wares. (Morning-paper salesmen are not allowed to yell.) A good deal of implicit criticism of the regime is put into (and read into) articles condemning torture in Brazil or outlining the economic theories of John Kenneth Galbraith. Reports of attacks on Greek consulates abroad are published, and so are antigovernment statements that have first been published abroad—reprinted in the Greek press as news items. *Vima* seems particularly skillful at publishing a story about one thing under headlines about another—for example, in January a page-one article headlined "MR. PAPADOPOULOS DECIDES WHEN HE WILL MOVE TOWARD FULL IMPLEMENTATION OF THE CONSTITUTION" was positioned right over one headed "PAPADOC APPOINTS HIS OWN

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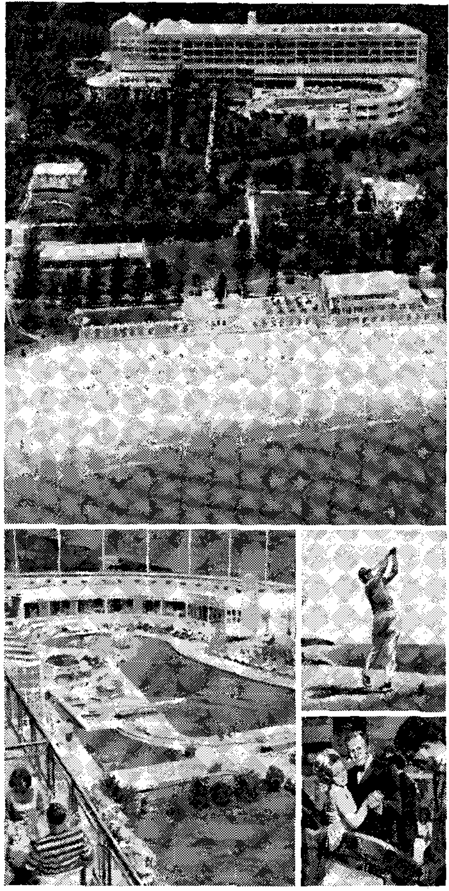

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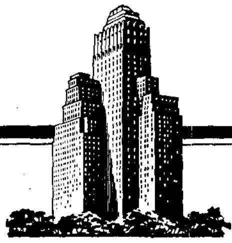

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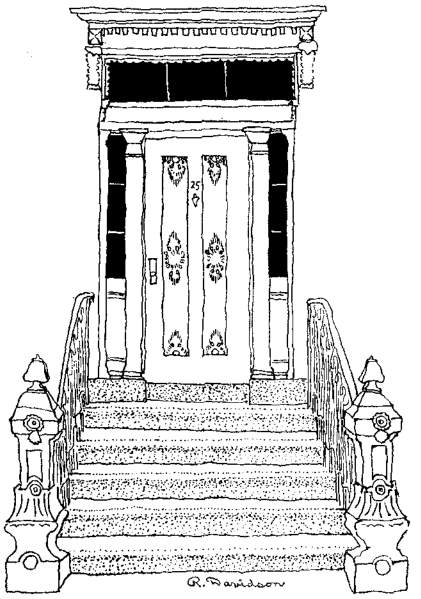
SON AS HIS OFFICIAL SUCCESSOR." The editor of the English-language Athens *News* was arrested for a similar offense a few weeks ago. A few months earlier, a story in the progovernment *Nea Politeia* referred to the imminent fourth anniversary of the colonels' coup under "our great Prime Minister George Papandreou." But this—however many opposition chuckles it caused—may simply have been the work of a sleepy typesetter. Much ingenious creativity goes into cartoons. Mitropoulos, in *Nea*, has often made fun of Spiro Agnew as a sort of stand-in for the local law-and-order colonels.

One Salonika paper, *Ellinikos Vorras*, has been conducting a pointed campaign against the regime's laissez-faire policy on emigration and against the uncontrolled growth of Athens. One editorial said, "The democratic system of government was suspended for national reasons. Why should we then abstain from prohibiting more Greeks from moving to Athens?" In *Vradyni*, a right-wing but not especially pro-junta Athens paper, Colonel D. Stamatelopoulos, who resigned from the junta because, it seems, of personality conflicts, has been writing perky columns telling the junta to stop shilly-shallying and get on with implementing the constitution. Stamatelopoulos recently claimed in print that in 1948 Under-Secretary Georgalas had been condemned in absentia by a Greek military court for Communist activity and sentenced to twenty years in jail. The political editor of *Vradyni*, Vassos Vassiliou, takes a weekly dig at Georgalas; in April, he accused him of filching the work of another journalist for a broadcast presented as Georgalas's own work. Vassiliou is also considered particularly adept at using the Prime



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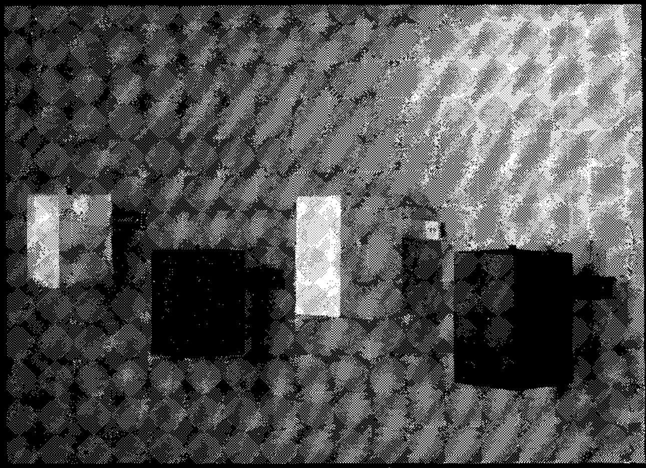

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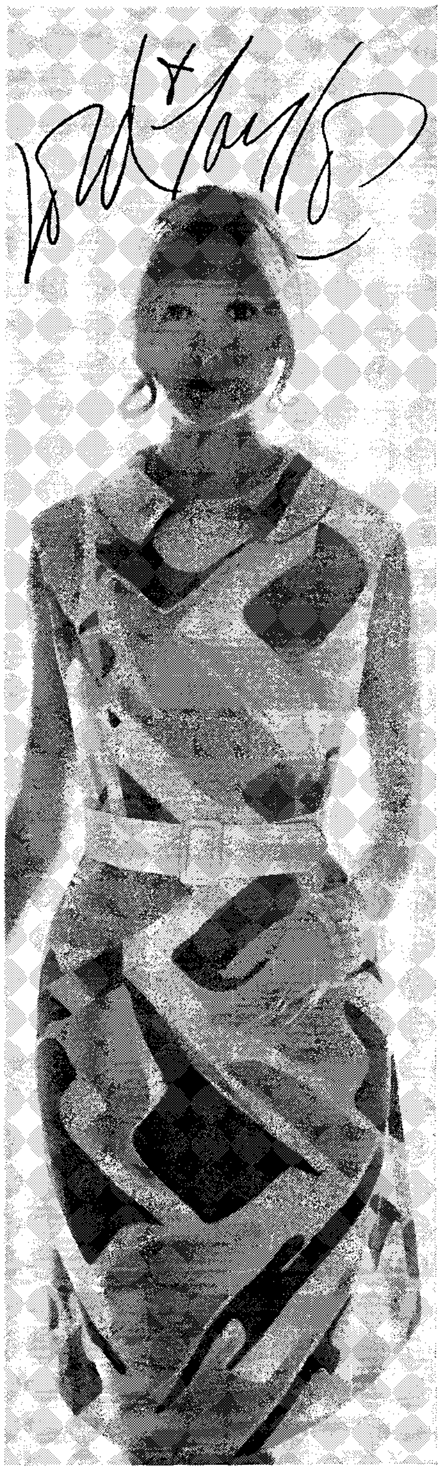

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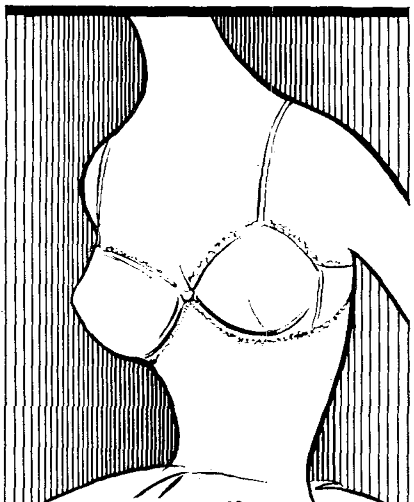
Minister's exact words against him, and giving facts announced by members of the junta a caustic and highly critical treatment. A fellow newspaperman says, "It's risky, though. Every day, I worry about him." Last February, the editor-in-chief of *Vima*, George Romaios, was stopped at Athens Airport and relieved of his passport as he was about to fly to Baghdad with an official Greek good-will mission. On March 19th, he was arrested at his home by the E.S.A. security police and has been detained without charge ever since.

On the airwaves, there is no dissent, except perhaps among the characters in "The Forsyte Saga." One TV channel is in the hands of the Greek armed forces, and the other channel—that of the National Broadcasting Institute—is also government controlled and censored. Helen Vlachos, who published two right-wing papers that are now closed, writes in her memoir, "House Arrest," "Every new government started by promising to free it [broadcasting] from the former government's fetters and finished by imposing its own."

Epicurus advised his readers to be detached from politics and to affect events by example, by the quality of their own way of life. For the Greeks, such advice has always been hard to take, and today it is particularly so for a whole class of out-of-work politicians and civil servants. Some men who were top government officials before the coup are now minor commercial middlemen, representing foreign drug firms or biscuit companies. Although many of these men appear anything but hard up, a number are prohibited from taking any job that involves contact or dealings with the government. For political men and intellectuals whose trade is ideas, it is infuriating to have ideas and be able to do nothing with them. One former politician who is, like many, a lawyer finds it difficult to get cases in criminal law, for would-be clients fear that judges will be prejudiced against them because of him. However, he isn't doing badly with civil cases; when I talked with him, he was about to buy a new car. Some university teachers who have resigned for reasons of conscience have had great difficulty in getting other work. Although a few anti-government people say bravely that they are busier than ever—and perhaps they are, what with preparing statements and talking to foreign journalists—many others, according to a veter-



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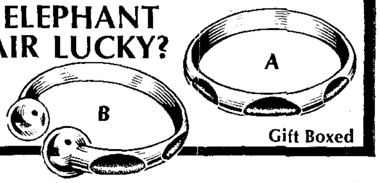

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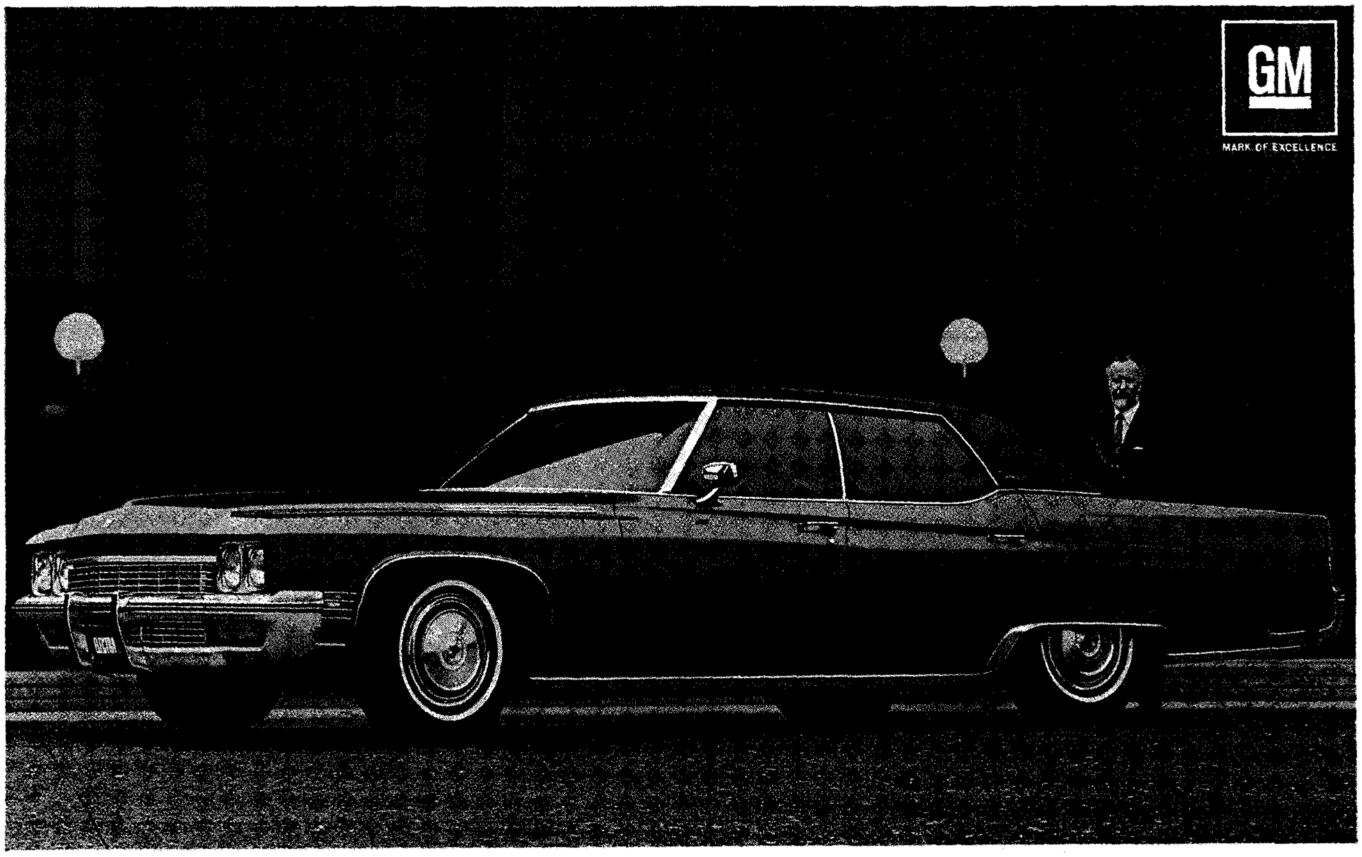

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an Athens correspondent, are attempting to insulate themselves from present events. This is probably true of quite a number of businessmen—men who would ordinarily be involved in parliamentary politics but are now simply trying to get on with the job of making a successful living. Still, I had the feeling that some former politicians and civil servants are, if anything, less insulated from political facts than they were when they were in power. They may now have time to reflect, and so come to understand where things went wrong.

Students of Greek society have now and then commented on the characteristic loyalty of most Greeks to small circles of close associates. One girl in Athens told me, "We grow up involved with a family. Then we slowly get involved with a family of friends." Adamantia Pollis, a Greek sociologist who now lives in New York, has written (in the British *Journal of Sociology*) that existence as an individual separate from a group is inconceivable to Greeks. There is no Greek word for privacy. A person *exists* because of his loyalty to or membership in a group. The present junta seems to be such a group, and so is what might be called the opposition, consisting of former parliamentary people and the educated cosmopolitan élite, many of whom live within a few fashionable streets of one another in comfortable Kolonaki apartment houses. Miss Pollis says that there has historically been a gap between the élite and the masses in Greece, and that "the adoption of the trappings of democratic political institutions and the conduct of political controversy in democratic verbiage" have "beclouded the issues." She adds that before the coup, although Greece was "formally a parliamentary democracy, the democratic structures were vitiated by the political role of the monarch (who pitted his authority against that of the Prime Minister), the [shallow] nature of the political party system, the character of political leadership [which was rooted in strong personalities], the existence of political prisoners, and the operation of traditional clan and village loyalties and obligations." Miss Pollis has the distinction of having written in 1965 that, given the Greeks' self-esteem, their failure to form widely based political parties, and the power of personality among them, together with their deference to authority as to the head of a clan, and the emergence of the nation state as an object for their loyalty, there might well come "some form of au-

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thoritarian and totalitarian political system in Greece."

It used to be said that forty or fifty families ruled Greece. Now those supposed erstwhile rulers, referred to by some observers with a touch of malice as "the Kolonaki gang," give the impression of feeding unhappily on their discontent. Members of the group daily compare notes about arrests and intimidations. Many of them believe that they are being followed and that their phones are tapped. One lady I visited kept her phone under three blankets and a pillow, because she believed that it could be bugged even with the receiver on the hook. Several of these people use a code for making appointments: If they mention a certain day, for example, they in fact mean the day after that, and if they mention a certain hour, the time for the rendezvous is meant to be three hours earlier. The possibilities for confusion are immense. Although there is no over-all informer system, as there was under Metaxas, when children were asked to spy on their parents, some people are suspicious of their apartment-house concierges, and of new faces among the men who tend the sidewalk kiosks, where you can not only buy local and foreign newspapers, candy, and cigarettes but can make telephone calls—which are highly public.

The safest hour for a clandestine meeting is around three o'clock—mid-siesta time, when concierges are off duty, kiosks are closed, and even members of the security police are presumably having naps. Most foreigners are not much aware of all this, though James Lowenstein and Richard Moose, two staff members of Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee, did know they were being followed some of the time while they were in Athens last February.

In the matter of travel abroad, many opposition Greeks are subjected to harassment; they don't know whether they will get a passport when they apply for one, and if they do, whether their name is on a little brown card in a box on the security officer's desk at the airport, in which case they may not be allowed to leave, and if they are, may not be allowed to come back. Mr. Pattakos announced last August that former politicians could apply for passports, but, among those who did, Mrs. Semni Karouzou, a distinguished archeologist and scholar of Greek vase painting and sculpture, was refused one. Several British archeologists publicized this fact in the London *Times*; the Greek Ambassador in London de-

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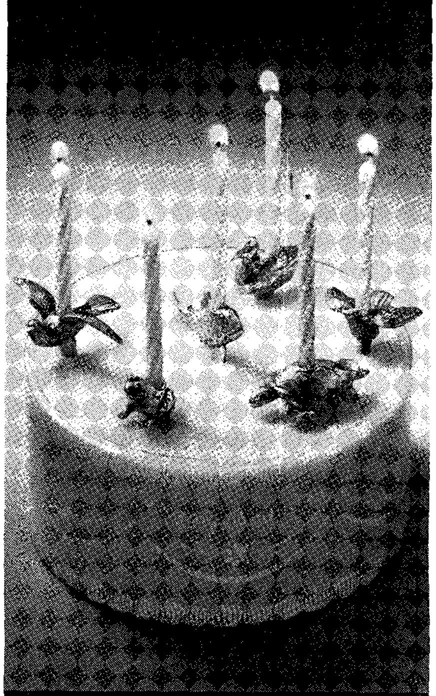

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nied it; and a few weeks later Mrs. Karouzou received a passport, antedated.

ATHENS, to walk around in, seems a safe, law-abiding town. Many people don't lock their cars. Most screams and shrieks are the noise of accelerating trolley buses and cornering taxis. An anti-regime or anti-American bomb goes off every few weeks, and some cause a death or serious injury, but the squeals that most people hear in the night come from the scrawny Athenian cats. (Greeks don't bother either to have their cats fixed or to feed them but prefer, with rare exceptions, to leave their fate in the hands of the gods, so the cats complain loudly at all hours.) The police seem no more numerous than in other cities, though they handle the horrific traffic smartly enough. Although there are many uniformed soldiers on leave in the city, along with American military police keeping an eye on some of the three thousand American servicemen based in Greece, one doesn't often see the khaki uniforms, white armbands, white webbing, and blue peaked caps of the E.S.A., the Greek military police. The E.S.A. is the two-thousand-or-so-man agency (Prime Minister Papadopoulos calls it "a mere shadow") that makes martial law a serious matter if one who dislikes the junta makes that dislike too evident. Constantine Tsoucalas says that right-wing governments in the fifties and sixties preserved and strengthened the security apparatus that they inherited from Metaxas and the Nazi occupation force. According to one estimate, the security forces had more than sixty thousand people on their secret payroll in 1962. But, however their numbers may have declined, the E.S.A. men are highly armed and highly trained—the one group in the parades I've seen who consistently kept in step (their slow-march step closely resembles the goose step). Although other units of the Greek armed forces are said to require joint orders from several ministers before they can act, the E.S.A. needs a word from just one man—its commander, Colonel Basil Ioannidis. "The men are loyal to him, and they are a formidable force for civilians to reckon with," one foreign observer told me. They are also a reminder that the regime came to power through armed strength.

Although the government has released all but about a hundred and twenty-five of some six thousand people who have been "detained" or put in exile, and all but roughly four hundred

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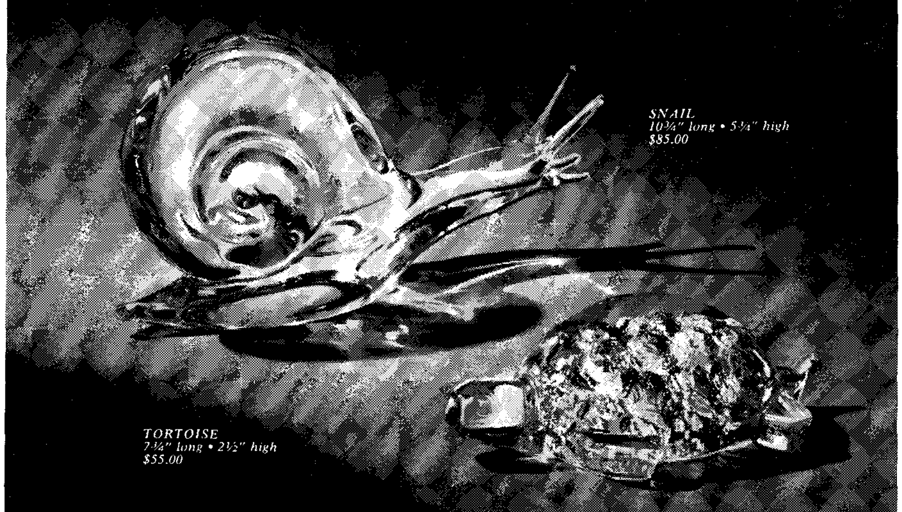
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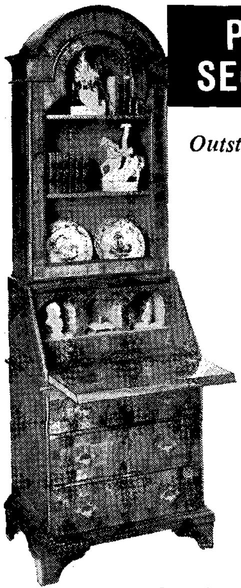
jailed political prisoners, and now has, in fact, fewer prisoners in each category than the Karamanlis government had in 1962, the military police are still making arrests. In April, 1970, the Prime Minister announced that Article 10 of the new constitution—which bars arrest and imprisonment without due process of law—was being observed by the government, yet just before Christmas last year Colonel Ioannidis's men rounded up somewhere between forty-three and a hundred and forty people, including some members of a left-wing student organization, Rigas Ferraros. The arrests are said to be connected with autumn bomb explosions near the statue of Harry Truman on King Constantine Avenue and near the Prime Minister's office when Mr. Papadopoulos was conferring with Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird. This year, toward the end of March, the E.S.A. arrested George Romaios, the editor-in-chief of *Vima,* and Professor Maronitis. Others arrested at the same time were a retired Air Force brigadier general named George Papadonikolakis and the general manager of American Express in Athens, Demetrios Papaefstratiou; no one I have talked with seems to have any idea why either one was arrested. (Papaefstratiou was set free on May 17th, but whether he has been exonerated or is still awaiting trial no one knows.)

Perhaps the best-known prisoner at the moment is Christos Sartzetakis, the Salonika judge who investigated the murder of Gregoris Lambrakis ("Z") during the closing days of the Karamanlis government. Though the Greek constitution prohibits arrests without warrants, Mr. Sartzetakis was summarily arrested on December 24, 1970. According to David Tonge, the Athens correspondent for the British paper the *Guardian,* Sartzetakis was arrested not by the E.S.A. but by police acting on the orders of a Captain Mitsou, the son of a general whom Mr. Sartzetakis had had arrested seven years before and had charged with complicity in the Lambrakis murder. But Sartzetakis, once arrested, was handed over to the E.S.A. and, by several accounts, severely beaten. He is now in Korydallos Prison, near Piraeus, in a room with a bed, a washbasin, a toilet, and heating. ("If I ever go to prison, I hope they put me in Korydallos," one foe of the junta has said.) According to his lawyers, he was charged with sedition on May 8th, but General Odysseus Anghelis, head of the Greek general staff, has denied this. Sartzetakis, Anghelis says, is being



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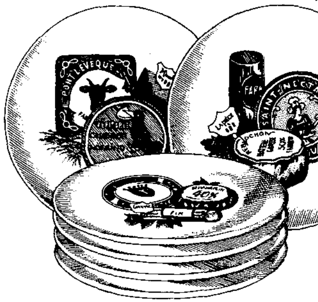

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held with thirteen others "under military jurisdiction pending investigation." Friends in the judiciary say that Sartzetakis is a man of great intelligence and integrity who simply had the bad luck to have to investigate the Lambrakis case, which has been a vehicle for so much anti-police and anti-junta propaganda and is still providing opportunities for deep-rooted Greek grudges to be worked out. (The widow of Mr. Lambrakis, for instance, has sued both the author of the book "Z" and the makers of the film for invasion of privacy and defamation of the Lambrakis family.)

The prisoner who seems to be in the most unfortunate circumstances is Alexandros Panaghoulis, who in November, 1968, was found guilty by a military tribunal of attempting to assassinate Papadopoulos and was sentenced to death. He has not been executed but has been in solitary confinement for almost three years. A message apparently written by Panaghoulis and describing many forms of torture used on him was smuggled out early this year and was inserted by Senator George McGovern in the *Congressional Record* of February 17, 1971. About three months ago, Lady Amalia Fleming, the Greek-born widow of the English discoverer of penicillin, was arrested, along with two Americans and a Greek, on charges of plotting to help Panaghoulis escape. Lady Fleming had been in trouble with the regime before, for testifying on behalf of some intellectuals accused of conspiring against it. At her trial, late in September, she was sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment, but last month the sentence was suspended—at least for eight months—on the ground that her health was poor, and she is now back in her tiny penthouse in Kolonaki with her eight cats and her many fine English watercolors, collected by her late husband.

"Nine-tenths of the torture stories are not true," one well-to-do, rather conservative Greek lady told me loftily—which leaves, of course, a tenth that are. A majority of the Council of Europe's Commission of Human Rights concluded in 1969 that political prisoners in Greece were being tortured. The Greek government has denied this, as it has denied that Panaghoulis is being mistreated. In regard to such matters, a foreign visitor is clearly in no position to say what is so and what isn't, but there is little doubt that the fear of torture is present among some people I have talked to, and I believe that the chance of it is quite likely; just as Greeks cut each

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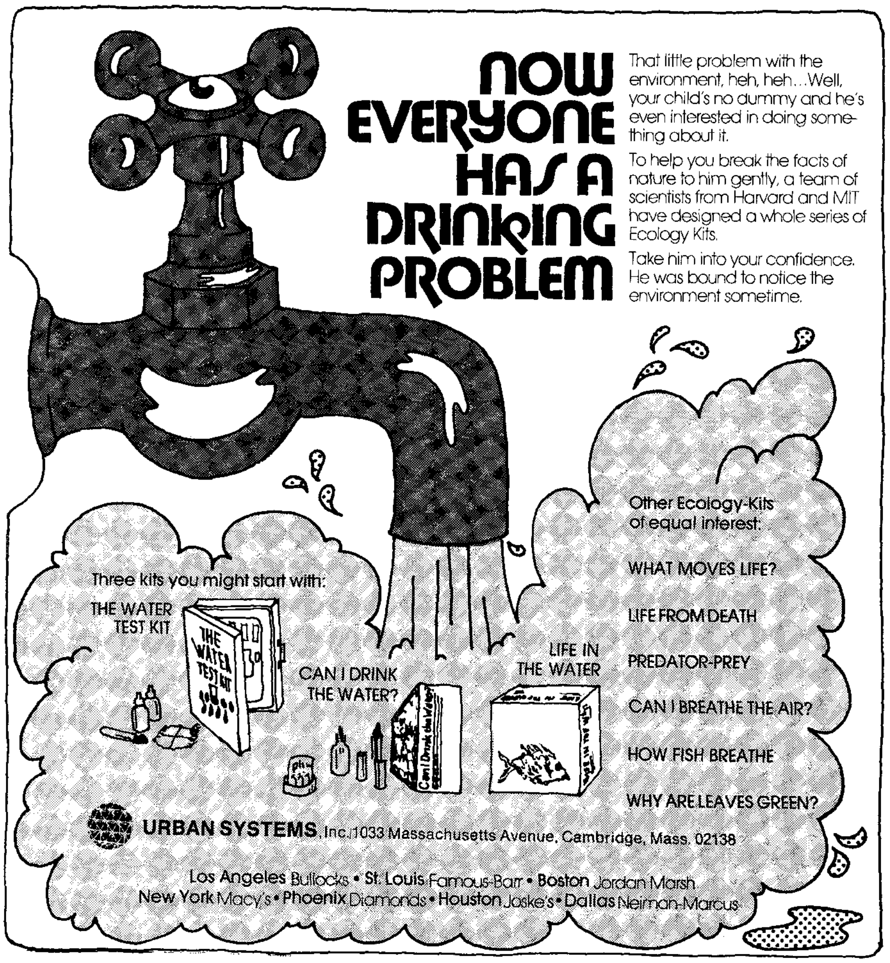
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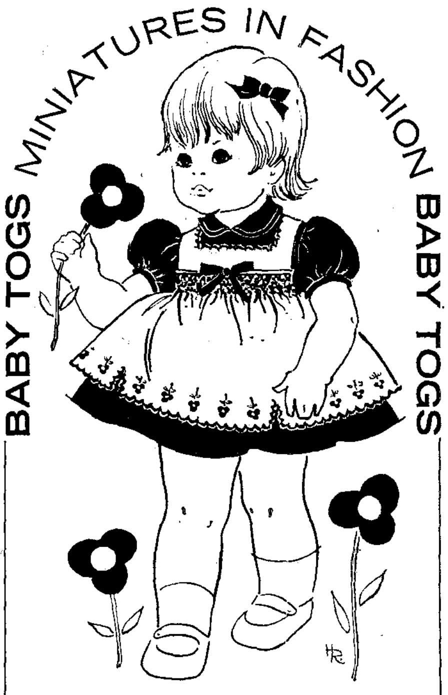
other's throats during the civil war for political reasons, they are certainly capable of pulling out the fingernails and beating the feet of their countrymen today. An Athenian said to me, "We Greeks have always been terribly cruel to Greeks." According to many people here, torture was used on many Communist prisoners under the Karamanlis government, and was justified by such senior ministers as Kanellopoulos, who still issues periodic statements attacking the junta.

A few Athenians have been called into the police station to see a security official and have had a pleasant chat, with little bearing on matters that might have got them into trouble. Others have heard bloodcurdling screams coming out of the police headquarters on Bouboulinas Street, behind the National Archeological Museum. One foreign resident told me that he thought the standards of minor civil justice had improved under the junta, *for you could now take a* gendarme to the police station and get recourse for improper actions, but he also thought that a number of fine people had been ruined by the regime—men such as George-Alexander Mangakis, professor of penal law at the University of Athens, who in March, 1970, testified before a military court that he had been tortured. The uncertainty is what bothers many. "Nobody knows who is going to be arrested, or quite why, or what will happen to the people who are," a lawyer told me. In two recent sedition trials before civilian judges, relatively light sentences were meted out to a few prisoners and most were acquitted. However, military courts are said to have sentenced at least eight hundred government opponents for sedition in the last four years; nearly four hundred received four- or five-year sentences. Moreover, the announced releases of some prisoners have turned out to be a hoax. Just before Easter, the regime proclaimed the release of a number of men who had been exiled to remote islands, naming among them John Alevras, Takis Papageorgopoulos, and Gregoris Kasimatis. The regime could perhaps rightly claim that these men were released from exile, but they were, in fact, transferred to prisons.

Transfers from one prison to another go on all the time, and are exceptionally hard on the families of prisoners. A woman will go to a prison or camp to visit her husband and find he is no longer there; sometimes it takes days to find out where he has been moved to—days of pestering officials



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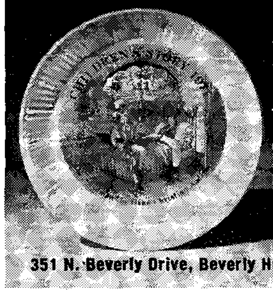

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and getting evasions and lies. The cost of making a quarter-of-an-hour visit twice a month is often considerable, especially if the prisoner is on a remote island. Sometimes a wife, after getting to the prison, will for no clear reason be denied permission to see her husband. Families often move to be nearer an imprisoned relative, and then are forced to move again. One group of political prisoners on the island of Aegina, who were keeping themselves busy by teaching each other languages, sciences, and law, was recently split up and moved to different prisons, probably as punishment for a denunciation of the regime that was smuggled out of the prison and printed in *Le Monde*. The wives of some prisoners have been followed, threatened, and intimidated. However, imprisonment occasionally has a useful by-product. Pavlos Zannas, a former Salonika film critic, has been keeping himself occupied by translating Proust's "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu," which has never before been put into Greek. Three volumes have appeared so far, and they have been well reviewed and are selling well. Zannas writes in an exercise book, which is reviewed by the prison censors and then taken by Mrs. Zannas to the Ministry of Justice, where it is read again. If Pavlos Zannas serves his full sentence—ten years, of which eight years remain—he will probably have translated all fourteen volumes of Proust, and the officials of the Ministry of Justice will have had to read every word.

In general, justice remains entirely under government executive control. Although judges in Greece have always been appointed for life, and the present regime appears to have preserved this concept in its new constitution, the regime "suspended" all judicial guarantees for three days in May, 1968, and in that time dismissed thirty senior judges, including the president of

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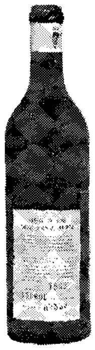

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the Supreme Court and five of its members. When the Council of State, the highest administrative judicial authority, declared the dismissals invalid, the Prime Minister denounced the decision, the President of the Council was put under house arrest, and the government's *Official Gazette* announced that his resignation had been accepted—although he hadn't submitted it. Seven of the twenty remaining members of the Council of State then resigned. Although lower courts have continued to annoy the regime occasionally, the security police and military tribunals continue to handle "political" cases.

According to figures handed out by the regime, the new constitution was approved by ninety-two per cent of those who voted in a referendum in September, 1968 (but, despite severe penalties for abstention, only 77.7 per cent of the electorate did vote). The constitution seems to give all power to the executive, and assigns to the armed forces the mission of defending "the existing political and social system" against "any insidious attempt." It provides for a new—as yet nonexistent—legislature, with fewer deputies, and for a constitutional court to oversee the formation and structure of political parties, should they in the future be allowed to exist. This might seem to close up loopholes through which old-fashioned Western democratic notions might creep, but, as if to be on the safe side, the government issued a decree setting up a Council of National Defense, whose unremovable head is Papadopoulos. If it feels the need, the Council of National Defense can proclaim a state of extreme necessity and close down the as yet unopened parliament.

GREECE is roughly the size of Alabama, and its population is about that of New York City, but to Greeks it is still the center of the world. They have a habit of blaming almost every national misfortune on "barbarian" intervention or foreign influence. There may be some historical justification for this. Though Professor George E. Mylonas, an archeologist, is now showing that the fall of the ancient empire of Mycenae was probably caused not primarily by Dorian invasions from the north, as historians have long thought, but by family squabbles within the royal house of Atreus, there seems to be no doubt that a Swedish commander of Venetian troops was responsible for the cannon shot that blew up the Parthenon, in 1687, when it was being

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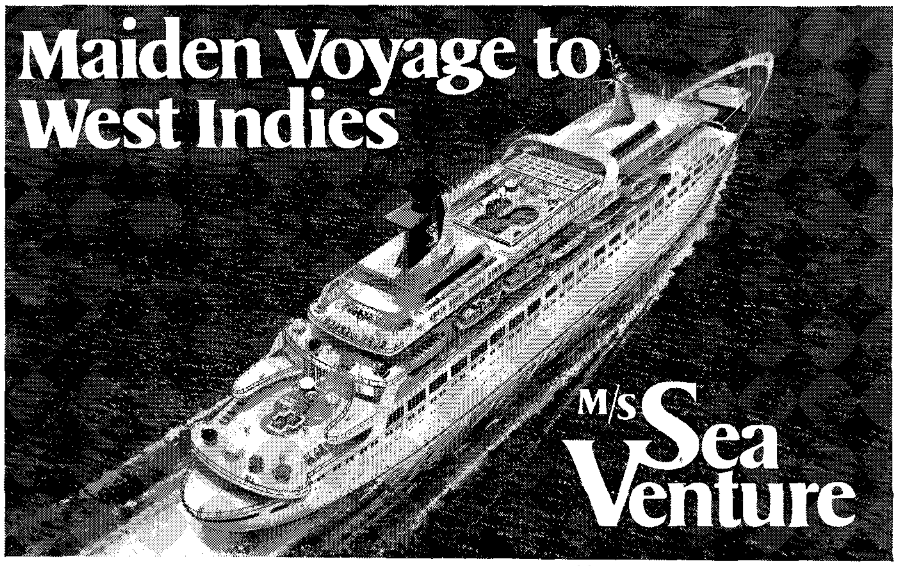
used by the Turks as a powder magazine. Moreover, Greece achieved its independence from Turkey, in 1830, with the help of Britain, France, and Russia; British and French forces occupied Greece from 1854 to 1857, during the Crimean War against their former associate; the nineteenth- and twentieth-century kings of Greece have been successively German and Danish; and Germany's interest in Turkey, together with Russia's interest in the Balkans and in access to warm water, has provoked a continuing involvement in Greek political affairs first of Britain and then of the United States. Aid under the Marshall Plan and the Point Four program helped set Greece on its feet after the devastation of the Second World War and the 1946-49 civil war. Since 1945, American taxpayers have sent Greece, all told, some four billion dollars' worth of aid—more than two billion of it military—and there are still about three thousand American military personnel, with their families, living on at least half a dozen air and naval bases, with the largest number based at Athens Airport. On most days, according to Lowenstein and Moose, the Foreign Relations Committee staff men, some two thousand American sailors are ashore in Greek ports, which are the only friendly harbors of refuge, or holiday, in the Eastern Mediterranean. In Turkey (whose Army causes its government to come and go), American servicemen have been attacked in the streets; Wheelus Air Force Base, in Libya, has been taken back by the Libyans; Israel and the Arab countries are, of course, out of bounds. American policy is still to consider Greece the stout Eastern Mediterranean sheet anchor of the Western alliance. A British observer in Athens said to me, "There's no doubt that in some quarters of the American government the security of the Mediterranean for the Sixth Fleet has higher priority than democracy in Greece. But the balance of power is still the big worry. The American government worries about it more than Europeans do—and maybe the Europeans worry less because they know the Americans are doing the worrying for them."

American shipments of arms—including such things as aircraft, missiles, and recoilless rifles—to Greece was suspended (except for a brief period during the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia) from immediately after the colonels' coup until September, 1970. The shipments were resumed then, with the justification that the embargo was no longer serving the purpose of



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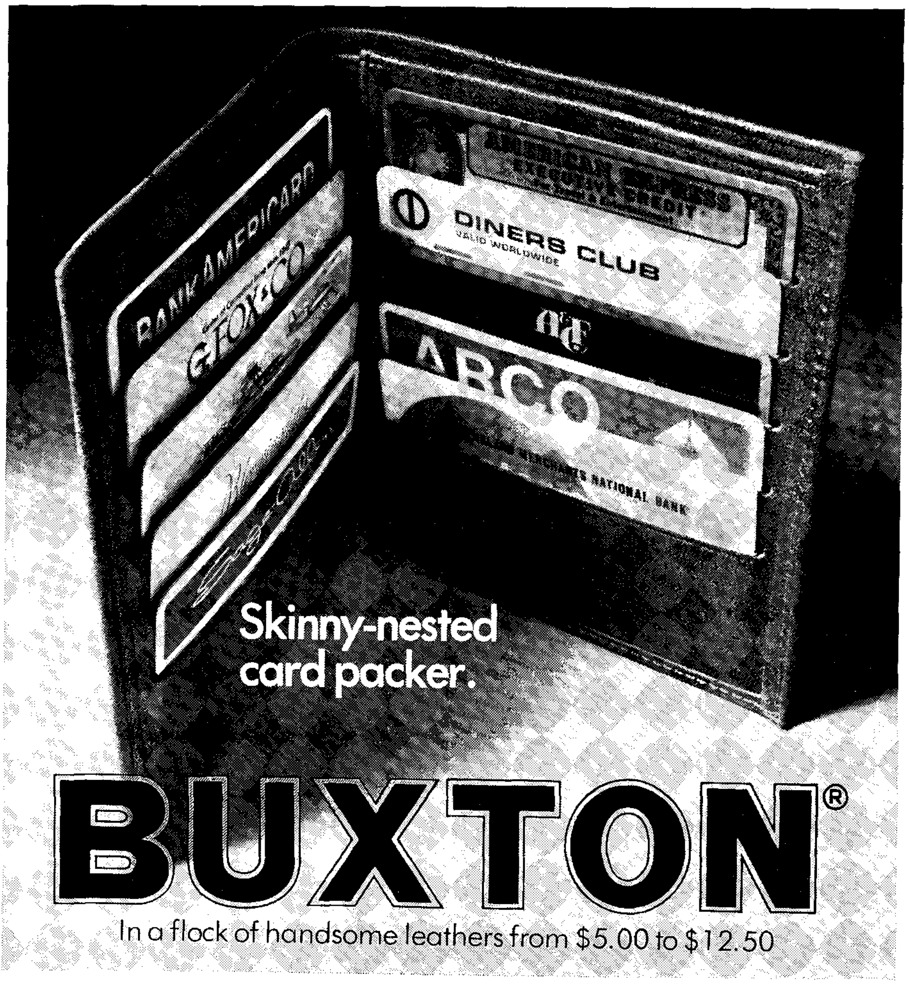

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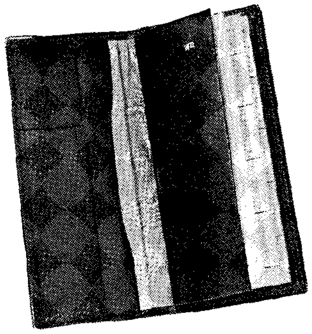
influencing the regime toward a return to parliamentary government (though at the time of the resumption, as Moose and Lowenstein point out in their report, an official American announcement claimed that "the trend toward a constitutional order is established"). The House of Representatives last summer voted for a halt in military aid to Greece, and the whole question of such aid to it and other countries is *now being reconsidered by the Senate.* What undoubtedly continues to influence American military thinking, as it influences much Greek emotion, is the fact that Greece shares a long border with Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria (and also with Turkey, a NATO member but a traditional Greek enemy); that Russia still has obvious ambitions in the Mediterranean; and that the Greek Army, although it has lost many of its best senior officers in purges and is manned largely by two-year conscripts, can presumably be counted on in strategic computations.

The American Embassy is the most striking modern building in Athens. A sleek temple designed by Walter Gropius, it sits on Queen Sophia Avenue, not far from the Hilton Hotel and just around the corner from the headquarters of the Greek military police. Higher officials in the Embassy are well versed in the higher pragmatism: they say they are dealing with a defacto government in power, and they counter criticism by asking, How do you stop supporting the regime without openly opposing it? The critics reply that this supposed "noninterference" policy is hollow—that the United States interferes simply by recognizing a government that does not spring from the will of the people. The argument doesn't seem to profit anyone, but it continues to exercise a lot of people in Athens, and opponents of the regime feel increasingly anti-American as they see American generals hobnobbing with their Greek counterparts, and Melvin Laird coming to talk guns and tanks with the junta. More recently, too, Vice-President Agnew had a pleasant visit with the members of the junta and a fine welcome at the spruced-up village of his ancestors, Gargalianoi. In the aftermath of congressional criticism, our Ambassador in Athens, Henry J. Tasca, has let it be known that he and his aides have spent increasing time with members of the opposition (an activity that the Greek government has huffily described as "inadmissible"). The Ambassador and his colleagues have undoubtedly been told by the opposition people that America's long-



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term interests are not served by supporting the junta, and that failure to help restore parliamentary government can result only in the bottling up of Greek fury and, ultimately, in help to the extreme left—in other words, in the serving of Communist interests. (Russia, however, seems to be doing little for the Greek Communist Party, which is split into numerous factions; many Communist Greeks in Russia have been losing homes and jobs.) American officials here who love Greece and have Greek friends find it difficult to get across to opposition Greeks either the argument about the balance of power or their feeling that if the majority of Greeks really want to change their government they should do it themselves—especially if (as opposition Greeks often claim) the Greek Army is no longer the formidable, disciplined fighting force that NATO thinks it is.

PART of the present tragedy is that the Greeks who are most harmed by the regime do not seem prepared to admit—at least to foreigners, and perhaps even to themselves—how the junta came about. They have, for one thing, very little predisposition to feelings of guilt (which may be why there are so few psychiatrists in Athens), and though they are capable of spending hours of talk or lengthy columns in a newspaper blaming and slandering one another, they seem to have precious little capacity for blaming themselves. But to say this is to start judging them by non-Greek standards. In his marvellous short history "The Greeks," Professor H. D. F. Kitto writes, "We think that it is normal to regard society as an aggregate of individuals. This is not normal from the historical point of view: it is a local development. The normal view is that society is an aggregation of families, each having its own responsible leader." Professor Kitto adds that this concept is the usual one not only in Greece but throughout Asia and the Middle East. From our sense of the individual springs our Western concept of freedom and our ideas of objectivity, fairness, and coöperation for large, often abstract ends. These ideas are not common in modern Greece. After the bad earthquake in 1952, it was impossible to get the Ionian islanders to coöperate in rebuilding their villages. A Greek is being fair when he does the right thing for his family and his friends (and anyone who has spent any time with a Greek family will know what warm, vivacious, and wonderfully protected feelings are engendered in its circle). Miss Pollis, in her

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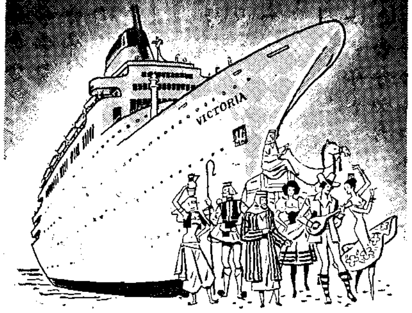

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article in the *Journal of Sociology*, points out that the predominant Greek value is *philotimo*—a word that literally means "love of honor" and has come to signify self-esteem within a group, a family, or a gang, which has to be protected and not brought to shame. Although the Greeks have picked up the vocabulary and now and then have supported the institutions of Western democratic government, they have never achieved the sort of community needed to support such a government, or given widespread acceptance to the necessary values and attitudes.

At the beginning of this century, most of Greece was still in the hands of semi-feudal landowners, and there was only a tiny middle class. Miss Pollis lists other obstructions to democratic political development: the authoritarian élite, the kinship system, a rigid class structure, a nonindustrial society (half of all Greeks still work on the land), and an authoritarian and inadequate educational system. Today, the well-educated and comfortably situated members of the upper middle class are slow to admit the Greek bourgeoisie's culpability in not sharing its privileges with the working and peasant classes. Many still talk of the "masses" and the "peasantry." The civil war from 1946 to 1949 did not solve any of Greece's problems. It added a hundred and fifty thousand deaths to the five hundred and fifty thousand in the Second World War, and may well have deepened old hatreds and dissensions. Yet in the mid-nineteen-sixties, under the government of George Papandreou, there was a sudden blooming in the arts and in politics, and intellectuals, liberal politicians, and many cultivated Athenians believed that things had finally changed for the better—that Greece was a true parliamentary democracy at last. One woman told me, "They were dizzy with success. They acted as if Athens were somewhere between Paris and London. They forgot they were still sitting on a powder keg—the King, the Army, the vast numbers of underprivileged who didn't feel at all a part of them." With the blowup, and the return to Greek reality, the feeling of disappointment was vast.

Those who look back regretfully to those pre-junta years feel that the most positive achievement was in education, and, indeed, it may well be that reforms in that sphere—given a little time—could have provided Greeks with some of the necessary grounding in duty and coöperation. In the nineteenth century, Greek education, like the Athenian boulevards, the Greek Army, and the

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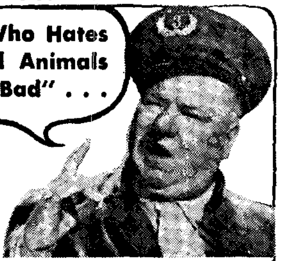

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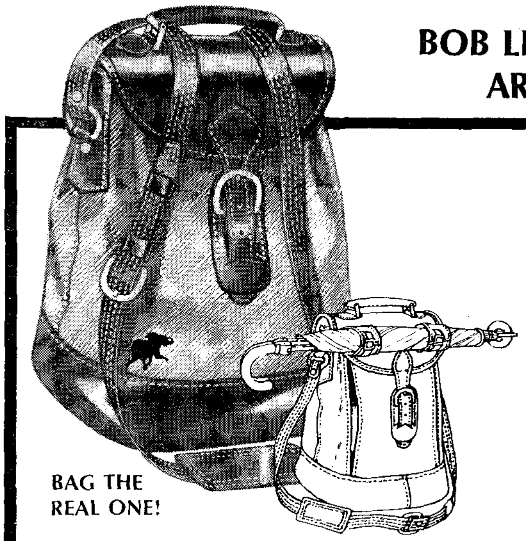
police, had a formal, German stamp. Then, for many years of this century, Greece rivalled Portugal for the lowest educational expenditure and the highest pupil-teacher ratio in Europe. Not until 1964 was there a serious attempt to shake off this heritage. *Gymnasia*, or high schools, had previously charged fees; now all education was free. Children had to stay in school until they were fifteen—previously the required age had been twelve—and the *Gymnasium* course was split into two periods of three years each, so that primary-school children could go on automatically, without entrance exams, to finish at least the first three *Gymnasium* years. The percentage of primary-school children who entered *Gymnasia* went up from roughly twenty per cent to sixty per cent between 1964 and 1966. Changes were made in the curriculum to deëmphasize ancient Greek, the Greek Orthodox religion, and Greek history, and to stress science, mathematics, and modern humanities. The Greek classics were to be taught in modern Greek translation, and up-to-date French and Danish textbooks were also translated into modern Greek. Most important of all, perhaps, was an attempt to solve the language problem—the question of whether to use the *demotiki*, a version of the spoken Greek of the day, or *katharevousa*, a version of a pseudo-archaic language created after Greece became independent, in 1830, with the idea of purifying (*katharsis*) Greek of all the words it had picked up since ancient Hellas but at the same time providing words, culled from ancient Greek, to describe things that had since been introduced. Many words are completely different in the two languages; endings and constructions are different, too. The language problem has bedevilled the lives of generations of Greek schoolchildren, and, like everything controversial in Greece, it has become political. *Demotiki* has generally been identified with liberals and the left, *katharevousa* with conservatives, the Army, and the right. But things aren't as simple as that. While some *katharevousa* is exceptionally stilted and antique, suggesting the language of a Victorian lawyer, some *demotiki* is equally artificial—a deliberately aggressive argot. Some works of Kazantzakis, for example, are written in an extreme Cretan *demotiki*. Costas Taktsis, a novelist who himself writes in *demotiki*, told me he thought Kazantzakis was easier to read in English translation.

The Papandreou reforms made a moderate demotic the language of the



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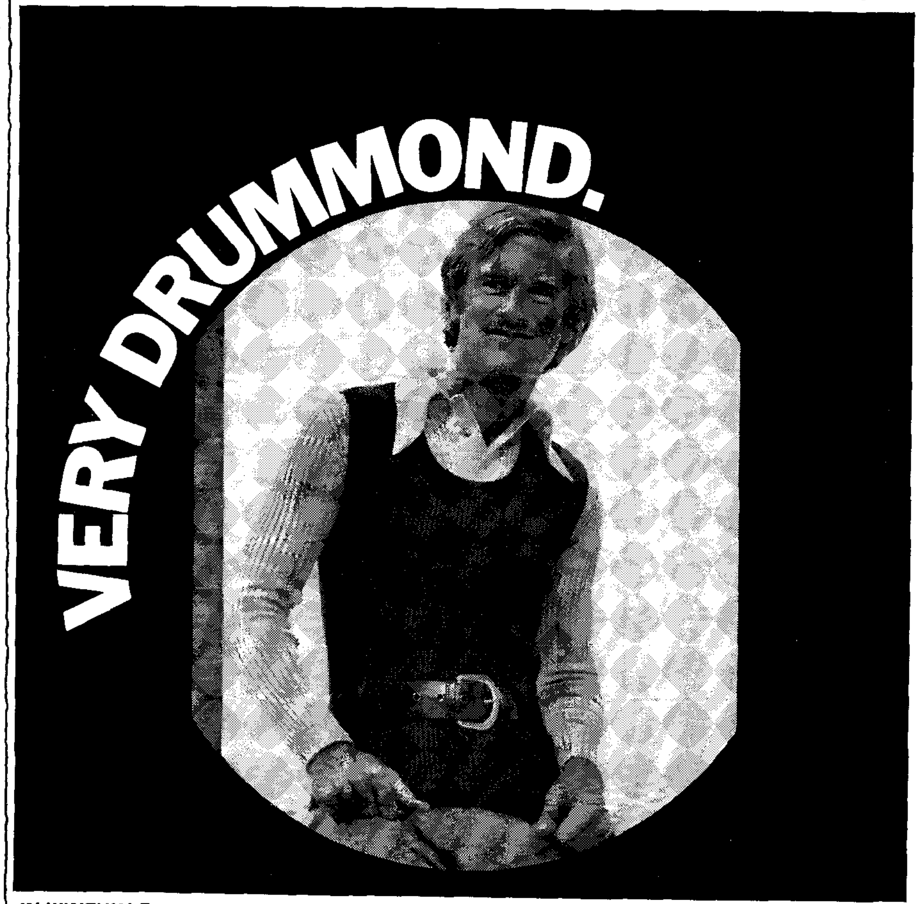
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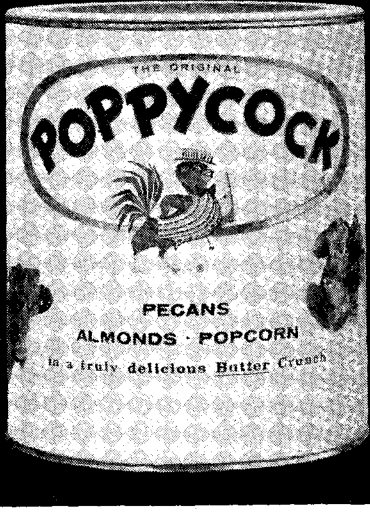

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primary schools and put *demotiki* and *katharevousa* on an equal footing in the *Gymnasia* and the universities. The colonels (who abolished the 1964 Education Act by a so-called Law of Necessity, in September, 1967) have put back the educational clock in this and other respects. *Demotiki* is now supposed to be used only in the first three years of grammar school. Then, in the next three, beginnings are made with teaching in *katharevousa*, which is also now the only language of secondary education. (Ancient Greek is back in the curriculum, and is sometimes taught to *Gymnasium* students for eight hours a week.) Some university teachers claim that for technical subjects *katharevousa* provides greater clarity. Modern Greek poets all write in *demotiki*. There are, of course, many shades of difference between, say, the *katharevousa* spoken by the Prime Minister addressing his troops and the modified *katharevousa* of the television news, as there are between the *demotiki* of television commercials and the language spoken by children out of school. There is also a lot of snobbery involved. In a recent survey made by an American firm called I.C.A.P. to find out what language to use in a Greek edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, people seemed to divide fifty-fifty when they were asked whether they preferred *demotiki* or *katharevousa*. When, in a second question, they were presented with six texts, varying from extreme *demotiki* to extreme *katharevousa*, ninety-three per cent of those surveyed plumped for a moderate *demotiki*.

The present regime has once more set twelve as the age at which one may leave school (and although there are child-labor laws forbidding children to work until they are fifteen, it isn't hard to get a thirteen-year-old maid in Athens). The Ministry of National Education and Religion is in charge of schools; its office in Athens is in a building owned by the Greek Orthodox Church, and God is, with Fatherland, once more to the fore. Placards in classrooms bear sayings like "The Beginning of Wisdom Is the Fear of the Lord." There is in Greece, as elsewhere, a teacher shortage, and some Athens classes have fifty or sixty pupils. Teachers are not very well paid, and a headmaster with twenty-five years' service gets about the same pay as an Army major. Primary-teacher training colleges in the bigger cities have been shut down, leaving just those in the provinces. The idea, apparently, is to counteract cosmopolitan, urban influences. *Gymnasium* teachers are gener-

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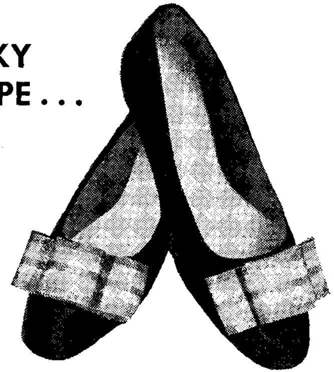

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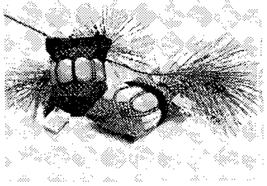

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ally university graduates, but there is a shortage of universities in Greece, so only about a fifth of the students who apply gain entrance. Those students who do get in are subject to fierce academic pressure, which tempers student dissent. Furthermore, the average student thinks twice before getting involved in politics, knowing that if he is thrown out for political activity no other university will take him in. On the other hand, some students are probably radicalized by the old-fashioned character of Greek university teaching.

It is probably fair to say that many Greeks are reassured by the present insistence on traditional education—the sort of education they had to endure themselves—and only wish the textbooks and language weren't changed every few years. Quite a few feel that what the regime may lack in innovative talent it makes up for in getting things done. Since 1967, hundreds of new schools have been built, and, in all, more than two thousand classrooms have been added. I visited a new *Gymnasium* in Methoni, a village in the southwestern Peloponnesus, several hundred miles from Athens. The school is a handsome white-and-gray modern concrete structure sitting high above the village, with a view of the sea, through big windows, from every classroom. There are more rooms now than are needed, but they will fill as the population of the area slowly grows. Methoni had the first *Gymnasium* (a few rooms in a house) opened in the provinces after the War of Independence, which ended in 1830, and I got the impression that the junta is associating its revolution with the earlier one, for the classrooms are decorated with pictures of that war side by side with posters hailing April 21, 1967. The soldier-phoenix banner hangs in the entrance hall, where there is also a plaque commemorating the opening of the school by Minister Pattakos, in July of last year. In every classroom, over the teacher's desk, are a sentimental picture of Christ and a framed text of a speech by the Prime Minister, including, among other things, the statement "The young will follow us." The school has central heating, and there are hot-water showers next to the gym. The local people are immensely proud of the school, but since they have to pay the fuel bill, and are afraid that their children, who are unused to heated houses or running water, may get softened up, neither the central heating nor the showers have yet been switched on. The hall clock and auditorium

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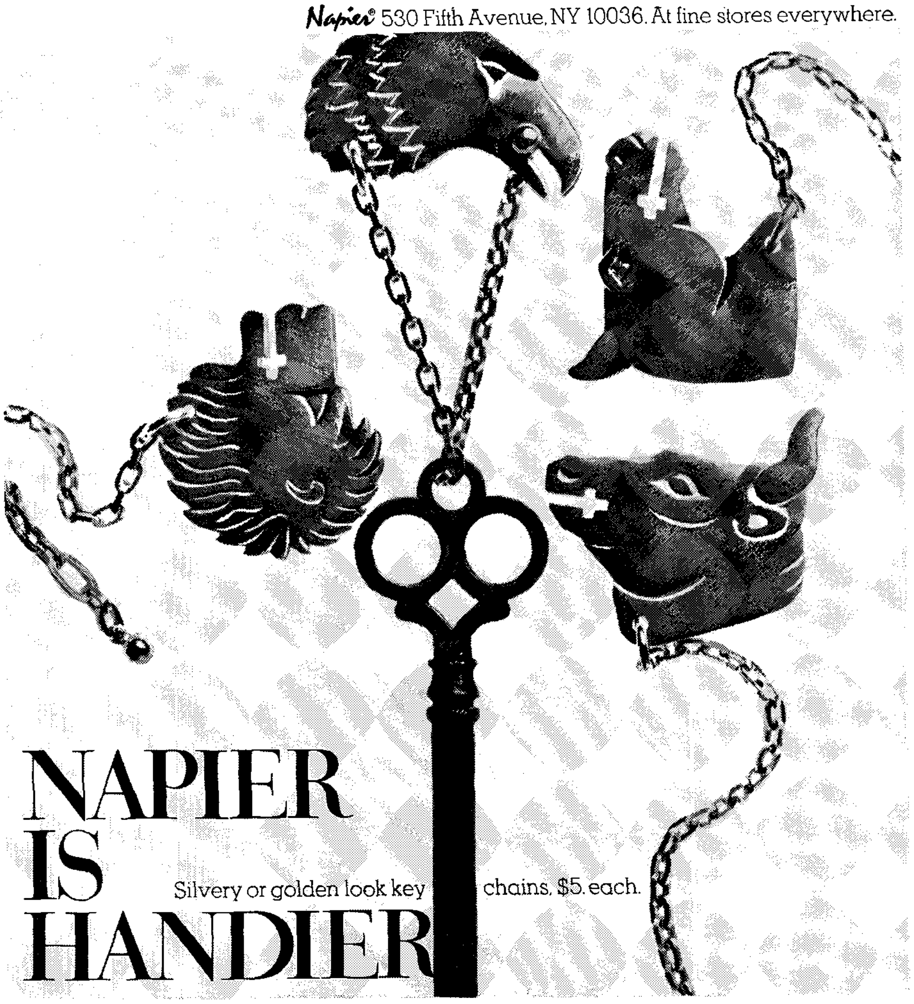

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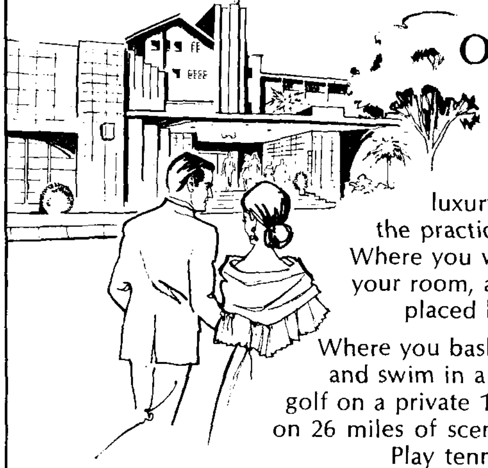

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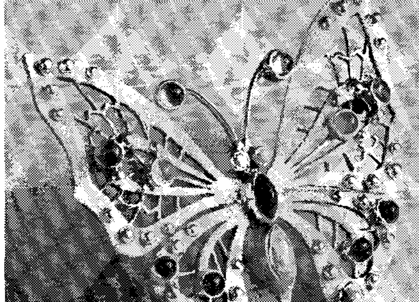
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chairs were given by a Methoni man who did well as an emigrant in America. There is a well-equipped science lab but no art room as yet, and the library seemed to me very short of books. However, there was a copy of a Kazantzakis novel about the Greek civil war which in Athens, I had been told, was banned. There were also works, translated into Greek, by Will Durant, Robert Graves, Tolstoy, and Pasternak.

EARLY this summer, I climbed Lykabettos, the little mountain that crops up in the midst of Athens and—even more than the Acropolis—dominates it. There is a funicular railway to the top, but I stuck to the steep, switchback path, pausing to draw an occasional deep breath of thyme-and-lemon-scented air, to watch a lizard scurry across the rocks, or to glance at the ever-widening view of the city. At the top, above a military lookout where two armed soldiers guard a pair of small artillery pieces, there is a tiny chapel dedicated to St. George, its rooftop cross outlined with neon tubes. From the stone-paved platform there, you can take in the entire plain of Athens—the city spreading west, north, and east to the encircling mountains and south to the edge of the sea. You can see fumes rising from the industrial area of steelworks, shipyards, and oil refineries at Perama, to the southwest. You can see international flights taking off from the airport at Glyfada, to the southeast, and ships sailing from Piraeus. And whereas down in the city you begin to feel that any change is dependent on changes in the Greek character, or else, as many Greeks insist, on changes in the world at large, up here you can't avoid seeing that change is taking place all the time. Those ships and planes, for one thing—so many people coming and going. Tourists coming in, and Greeks—as they always have done—leaving Greece. In the second century B.C., trade flourished, the arts were stagnant, and Greeks emigrated in great numbers. Last year, ninety thousand Greeks left for such countries as Australia, the United States, and Germany. Many who stay home believe that Greece is being drained of its best talent—its young, energetic men. The Greek birthrate is very low. There has always been a shortage of skilled workers and now, when Greece is part of a European industrial complex that drains away many of its men, even unskilled labor is being imported; Africans work in some of the new tourist hotels. The Niarchos shipyard needs

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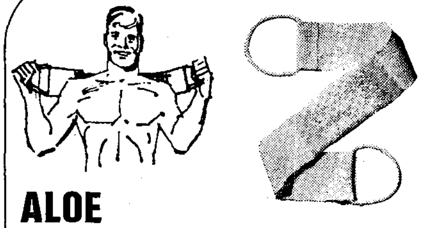
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eighteen hundred men and cannot find them. Doctors, writers, lawyers, and artists go to Paris, London, and New York. Most people leave not for political reasons but to make money. Although emigration presumably relieves the pressure of overcrowding, these men are neither making a direct economic contribution nor making the country what they want it to be. The emigrants send back large sums of money, and often retire to Greece (a hundred thousand dollars in American Social Security benefits comes monthly to the small Aegean island of Karpathos), but during their active, productive years they are abroad. The Salonika paper *Ellinikos Vorras* calls emigration "the national disease" and wants the junta to control it, as Metaxas did. It says this desertion means that Greece has a disproportionately aged and disproportionately urban people.

From Lykabettos, Athens grows almost visibly. Constantinos Doxiadis, the Greek city planner (who seems more honored abroad than at home), said several years ago that every hour Athens increases its number of houses by five and the total length of its streets by five hundred metres, or about three-tenths of a mile. This pace is still kept up: apartment houses gnaw at the flanks of Lykabettos, and the city, its green belt subject to more and more concrete intrusions, sprawls farther northward every day. But, as cities go, Athens is still a remarkably pleasant one. It is hard to blame anyone for moving into it from the barren, inhospitable mountains that make up so much of Greece—and it is possible that the way in which Athens is absorbing Greece is, in the long run, the most important change that is taking place. The results of continued urbanization and prosperity have to be guessed. Will they make for an inert, easily manipulated lower middle class, fearful of anything that might upset its rising standard of living? Right now, a minority would clearly like the democratic liberty to make its own mistakes. The majority, to judge by its passivity, has found past mistakes too costly.

The colonels have promised elections when the annual per-capita income reaches a thousand and fifty dollars, and that won't take more than a few years at the present rate. According to the announced timetable, municipal elections will come first, after a year's notice, and another year will probably pass before parliamentary elections. No one has much faith in this timetable. Moreover, what the regime means by "normalization" and a "healthy sys-

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tem" may be simply a parliament elected from a list of men congenial to the junta—mayors, businessmen, youth leaders, and the like; that is, it may be something like the *mini*-parliament that was established last year to help "advise" the colonels, and quickly faded from sight.

But the city's fast growth may have other effects. Within it, the particularly fusty Greek Orthodox Church is demonstrating a few signs of movement—nothing radical, but an occasional bishop or priest indicating that he is aware of the urban world. In Athens, women now have far greater opportunities for escaping from the Turkish-style shackles that have enslaved them for so long: no equal pay yet, or equal jobs, but some marriages without dowries, some women architects, designers, doctors, archeologists. Aristotle said that a city should make people happy and secure. Athens is steadily providing better means of communication and greater access to leisure and knowledge for more Greeks, and these amenities may slowly break down the traditional gang loyalties and mountain rivalries that have stood in the way of any sort of widespread trust, including the ability to respect politicians and governments. Furthermore, to the Army itself and to the "rural" colonels Athens may be singing a siren song. Although the colonels are still very standoffish and puritanical, it is thought here that they may be beginning to talk to people outside their tight circle. In Athens cafés, one hears of approaches being made by the Prime Minister to young and ambitious civilians. Mr. Papadopoulos has appointed a sort of Lindsay task force to help with specific problems and master what Georgalas calls "that monster"—the Greek civil service. As Mr. Papadopoulos "normalizes" things on his own terms, and perhaps in the process finds himself a political base, he leaves many dissidents unhappy. "If things were unbearable for many, the chances of change would be greater," one told me. Some activists will continue to plant bombs to show that for them things are unbearable. However, others feel that there is a growing chance of compromise. This may be the wishful thinking of men seeking a career, but the very use of the novel word "compromise" in Greece is a hopeful sign.

Down in the city, a clear, constant view of the Acropolis is increasingly hard to come by, but from the summit of Lykabettos you can look across to that other, somewhat smaller rocky outcrop and at that improbable majes-

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tic ruin set on its top. It seems a little less mythical when one knows that the Parthenon was built to relieve unemployment and to help get money, which was then tight, into circulation. It is also a reminder that there was once in Athens a period of perhaps three centuries when (to quote Professor Kitto again) there was "a pervading sense of the common interest, *to koinon*, which was as rare in ancient Greece as it is in modern Greece and indeed modern Europe." And Professor Kitto points out that the first sign of this disposition "to deal with social troubles as reasonable people, acting together, not, like children or fanatics, by violence," was the Union of Attica, around 600 B.C., when the independent rural clans became less powerful and people began to move into and give their loyalty to this city. —ANTHONY BAILEY

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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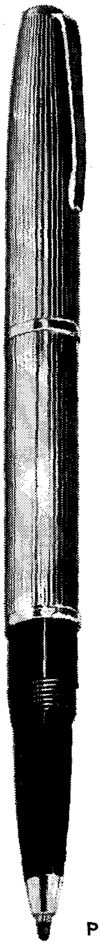
MANY years ago, my teacher in musical composition assured me that the three great "B"s in music were not Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms but Bach, Beethoven, and Bruckner. It was a long time before I became convinced that he was right, but finally, after an assiduous study of the Bruckner symphonies, I began to agree with him. And nowadays I find that I prefer Bruckner to Brahms by far. (I compare only the four Brahms symphonies with the nine or ten Bruckner symphonies; I am not considering Bruckner's religious music, which does not impress me as much, or Brahms' chamber music, songs, concertos, and so on, which are often noble.) Perhaps my preference has been affected by my present profession as critic and by my previous profession as musician. There was a time when the Brahms symphonies turned up virtually every week on symphonic programs. I have participated in performances of them. I have listened to them over and over again. I know them by heart. I have, to use a current vernacular expression, *had* them. On the other hand, I have always considered it very foolish of a critic to denigrate any work that has passed the test of public approval over a long period. I suspect, however, that the Brahms symphonies are being less often played today than they were twenty or thirty years ago. And it is certainly no secret that those of Bruckner have during the past ten years or so become exceedingly popular in America. (They were always popular in Austria and Germany.) The reasons seem to me to be quite evident. Brahms was unquestionably one of the great composers. The workmanship of his symphonies is beyond criticism. Their form, their contrapuntal intricacy, the machinery of their construction are all admirable, if slightly academic for their time. The Bruckner symphonies, in contrast, are fresher, bolder, more innovative, more complex, more rousing, and expressive of a larger range of feeling. As I have said, these statements may be those of a critic who is simply tired of the Brahms symphonies because of too intimate an acquaintance, and who, having crusaded many years for Bruckner and seen Bruckner's



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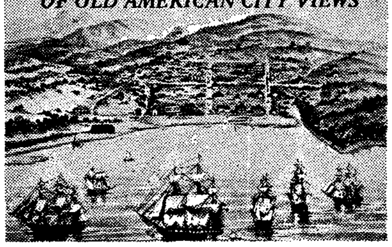

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works triumph after long neglect, finds each of *his* symphonies a revelation at every performance. Perhaps if Brahms were withdrawn from the symphonic repertory for a decade or so, I might come to his symphonies with refreshed ears. But as things are I cannot.

It is just a bit unfair to hang these thoughts on a perfectly good performance of Brahms' Third Symphony given last Wednesday evening at Carnegie Hall by the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Henry Lewis. I have written before about Mr. Lewis's gifts as conductor and orchestral trainer. They are first-rate. And though I may be jaded by a surfeit of Brahms symphonies, I am still capable of analyzing the details of a performance. My only criticisms of this one are that in the first movement the orchestra's strings were occasionally muddy, and that Mr. Lewis allowed his brasses (which are excellent ones) to overpower his strings both *in the* beginning and at the very end, where the brasses made the return of the first motive of the first movement in the strings almost inaudible. Otherwise, this was a strong and clear interpretation, judiciously planned and authoritatively executed.

The next number on this program was Brahms' Rhapsody for Alto, Male Chorus, and Orchestra, with solo singing by Mr. Lewis's wife, Marilyn Horne, backed up by the superb male contingent of the Rutgers University Choir. This less often performed work seemed newer to the ear, and Miss Horne sang with artistry and splendid German diction, utilizing the magnificent contralto range that is just one aspect of what is to me the greatest voice to be heard today. After the intermission, Miss Horne (Romeo), along with Patricia Brooks (Juliet), the Korean tenor Philip Cho (Tebaldo), Richard Anderson (Lorenzo), and the fine bass Saverio Barbieri (Capellio), moved to more familiar territory, at least for Miss Horne, in a performance of four scenes from Act I of Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi," an opera based on "Romeo and Juliet."

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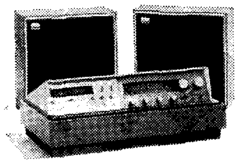
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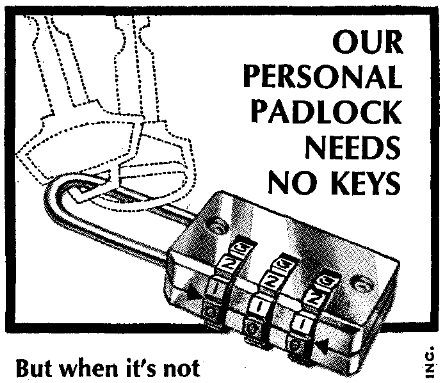

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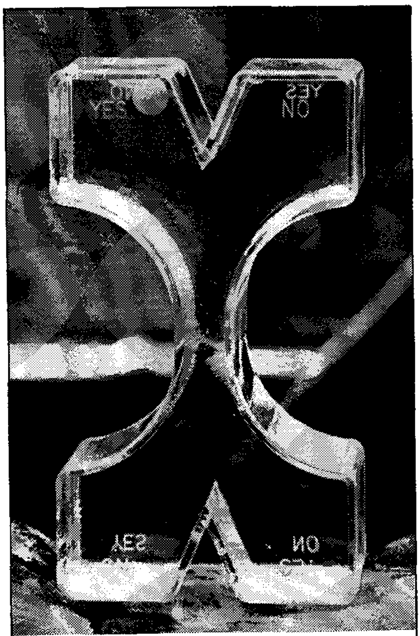

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Miss Horne's flawless agility exhibited itself in a truly spectacular manner, while Miss Brooks's much lighter voice coped effectively with tests of agility that were almost as stringent. The men had less to sing, but they served adequately, and the male chorus again sang with distinction.

MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS has some peculiar ideas about program-building, and I am not sure that I understand exactly what he is aiming at. For the second time with the New York Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night, he flouted tradition by putting a symphony at the end instead of the beginning of the evening and by devoting the earlier part to shorter and lighter works. I do not mean to criticize this proceeding, which is probably as good as any other, though the audience is apt to be tired when the symphony comes along. I just wonder about the logic that has led to it. Anyhow, he started off with Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's Sinfonie for Orchestra with Twelve Obbligato Instruments, in D Major, Wotquenne 183, No. 1—a not too familiar item that is a suite rather than a symphony and that deserves more frequent hearing because of the bold originality of its conception. Then followed a surprise: Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," a beautiful work retrieved from what is practically the pop-concert repertoire, and Liszt's Fantasy on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," a piece of glittering junk based on one of Beethoven's two worst compositions (the other: "Wellington's Victory"), performed brilliantly, however, by Jorge Bolet, who was the piano soloist. After the intermission, Mr. Bolet appeared again as soloist, this time in a more congenial piece, Chopin's Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise, Opus 22, which he did with a great splash of virtuosity, taking runs, trills, and octaves as only a bravura pianist can take them.

After all this light stuff came the symphony—Borodin's Second, a composition I was glad to hear, because it hasn't been done here in ages. It is not a great symphony, but it is a highly original work, with deep roots in Russian folk music, and its orchestration (partly done for the composer by Rimski-Korsakov) is bright and skillful.

Again Mr. Thomas showed himself to be the compleat maestro—at home in almost any idiom he chooses to undertake. His Wagner was lushly Romantic, his C.P.E. Bach precise and well balanced, his orchestral ac-

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companiments adept, and his Borodin so dramatic that he almost managed to convince me that it is a major symphony.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, I attended a recital in Carnegie Hall by the pianist Carol Rosenberger. Miss Rosenberger is known to have put up a heroic fight against polio, and to have learned how to play the piano all over again. I prefer to disregard this circumstance and to consider her as a pianist among other pianists. From this standpoint, she is an able performer, perhaps not a powerful one, but one with taste, musicianship, and fluent technique. She drew a large audience that night, and looked most attractive in a gold-colored gown. I thought the early part of her program somewhat trivial. There was Stravinsky's Sonata for Piano (1922), which is my idea of nothing at all; Fauré's Thirteenth Nocturne, Opus 119, a light, not uninteresting miniature; Ravel's "Ondine," from the suite "Gaspard de la Nuit," which is fairly pleasant (though I always resent the French pretense that "Ondine," or "Undine," is French, for this water sprite was invented by a Prussian, Baron Friedrich de La Motte-Fouqué); and an early sonata by Pierre Boulez, which is less than nothing—that is to say, just unpleasant. My favorable impressions of Miss Rosenberger's playing derived entirely from the latter half of her program, which was devoted to Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes, Opus 28. Here, with music of some substance to interpret, she proved to be an accomplished technician and a sensitive and intelligent musician.

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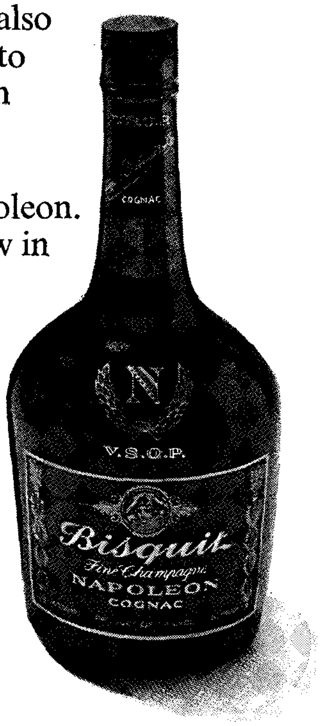
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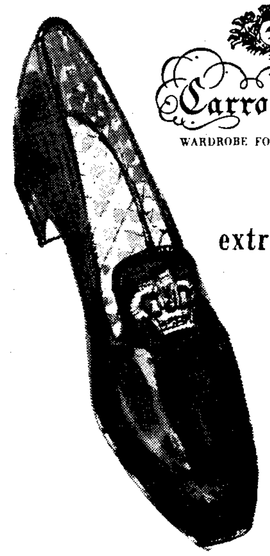

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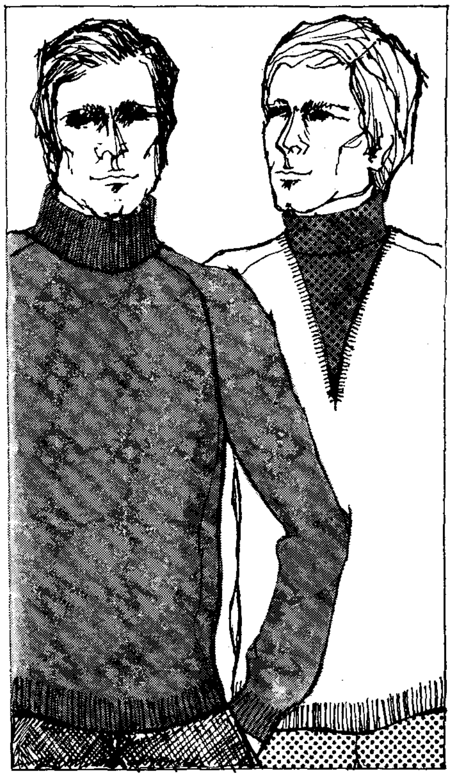

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ON one of the granite sidepieces of an oaken bench that sits in Dublin by a lock of the Grand Canal, a waterway that wanders some eighty miles from the Irish Sea through the city to the River Shannon, these words are engraved:

> O commemorate me where there is water,
> Canal water preferably, so stilly
> Greeny at the heart of summer....
> O commemorate me with no hero-courageous
> Tomb—just a canal-bank seat for the passer-by.

These are the words of the poet Patrick Kavanagh, who died in 1967, and, through the good offices of his friends a short while ago, got his wish to be commemorated by a bench.

I was loafing on Kavanagh's bench the other day, watching the waters of the Grand Canal pour through a sluiceway, when I was joined by a very thin, very elegant, very old gentleman, Edwardian in style, whose acquaintance I had recently made while having a pint in a pub near the Grand Canal. A retired barrister, a friend of Kavanagh, a lifelong dabbler in prosody—you can learn a lot about a man in the course of a chat in a snug over here—Mr. Rorty, as I shall call him (he guards his privacy), observed when he sat down beside me, "We're sharing a dedicated seat, but, however anointed and consecrated it may be, it's still hard on an ancient behind like mine. But I'll put up with a couple of calluses gladly to see the sight of this running water. They throw everything into it from cigarette ends to beer cans, but it submerges them the way the grass on a grave hides what's below it. Do you know anything of the history of the Grand Canal? I wouldn't want to be boring you with information about it that you already have at hand."

I told him my knowledge was meagre.

"The beginnings of the Canal," he said, "go back to the middle of the eighteenth century. The government people of the day were busy with all kinds of schemes for draining the land and setting up inland waterways, and the Grand Canal was conceived as part of the program. As you might expect, the bureaucrats of the time being no more capable than the ones we're afflicted with now, the development of the waterway under government auspices was snail-slow, and in a couple of decades the Canal had got no farther than Sallins, which is only twenty miles from Dublin. So the project was turned over to private enterprise, and the Canal finally reached the Shannon at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was a damned expensive proposition—a million pounds or so—and the freight and passenger business never came up to expectations. But the waterway entrepreneurs, when it was early in the game, were sure that the Canal would be a bonanza, and they shot branches from the main stem all over the place. Somewhere along the line, a disgruntled member of the Grand Canal Company had a falling-out with the other directors and proceeded to dig the Royal Canal, parallel to the original waterway—which was, of course, a lunatic enterprise. The Royal Canal was a disaster from the start, but the Grand Canal struggled along somehow until the railroads made the whole waterway system anachronistic. There was some use made of the Canal during the Second World War for shipping materials when transportation was in short supply, but since then it's been used mainly for pleasure boats. If you're really mad to know more about the Canal, you might take a look at 'The Canals of the South of Ireland,' by the late V. T. H. Delany, which his wife, who is now Mrs. Ruth Heard, completed after his death. Most of this stuff I've been telling you I picked up from an essay by Mrs. Heard, which is a hell of a confession to have to make after I've got you convinced that I'm an independent expert. But let us not dwell on the past of the Canal—let us consider its present. Have you heard—you must have—what the boyos who run the Dublin Corporation want to do with the Grand Canal? Close it down, so that they can put in sewer pipes—a job that will take them three years—and once they've made a sewer out of it, I'm told, they're conniving to drain it, cover it over, and build a dual carriageway where it formerly flowed. There'll be no more sitting here, as we are now, in peace and quiet, listening to the lap of the water. The tricksters will have us getting killed of heart failure as we jump out of the way of cars and lorries."

I HAD indeed heard of the proposals by the Dublin Corporation (or municipal authori-

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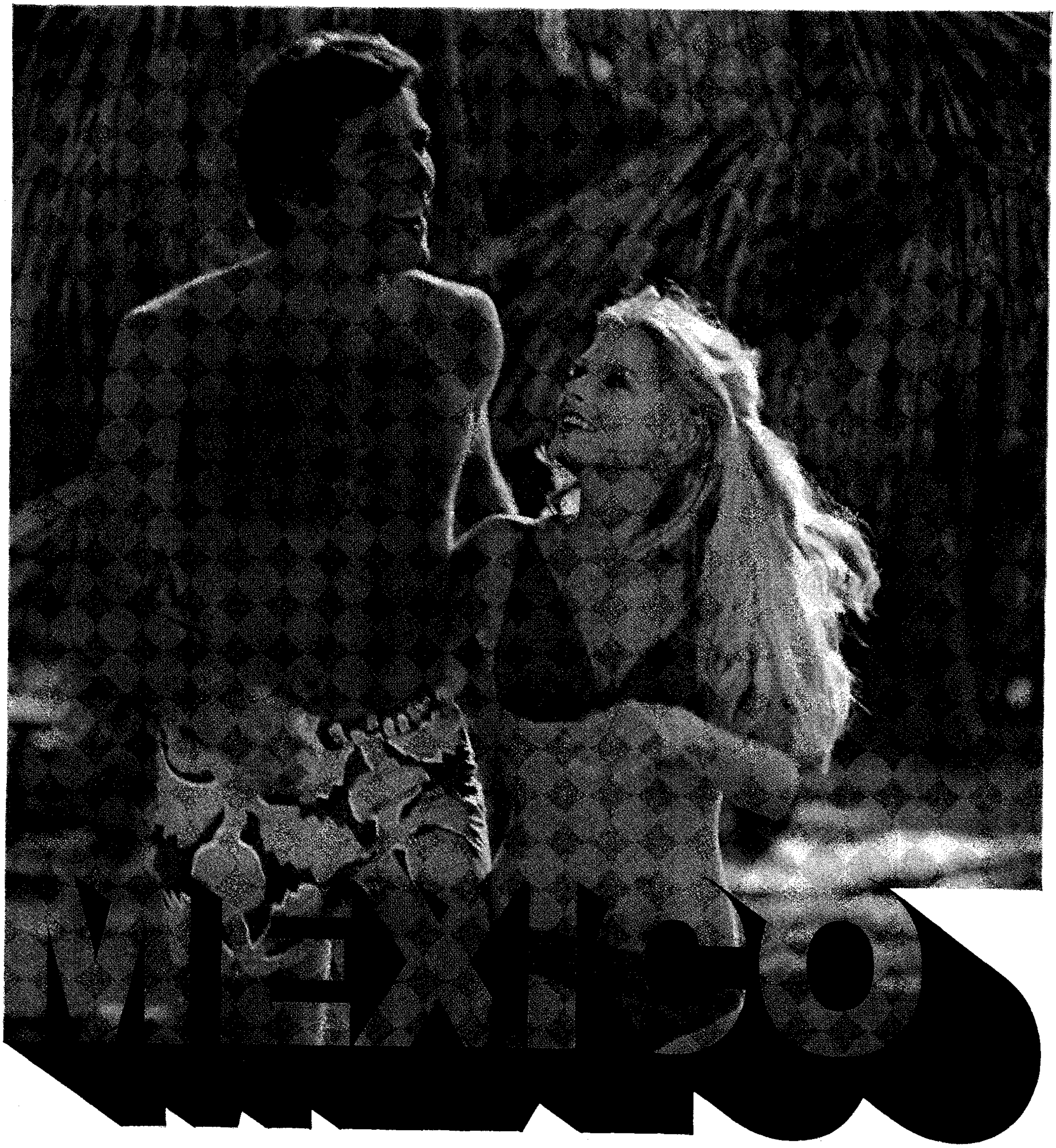

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ties) to shut down the Grand Canal, for there are all kinds of stickers on cars and fences in Dublin proclaiming "Hands off the Grand Canal," "Our Canal Is Not a Sewer," "The Grand Canal Belongs to the People," etc., etc. There are even some large billboards conveying similar messages. Behind the stickers and the billboards are some eighty Save the Canal organizations, and one evening not long ago a rally of Grand Canal defenders was held in the huge auditorium, called the Round Room, that adjoins the Mansion House on Dawson Street—the Lord Mayor of Dublin's official residence. As an interested bystander, I attended the rally, and it was quite a do. Three thousand strong and aglow with enthusiasm, the army of the waterway listened attentively and approvingly to a panel of speakers that lit into the Dublin governmental establishment with a vengeance. The speakers, most prominent among them the actor Micheál Mac Liammóir, were all agreed that the closing of the Grand Canal would be a foolish business, since the sewer notion was technologically dubious, aesthetically objectionable, and just one more damnable example of what "the gray monster of progress," as Mac Liammóir described it, was trying to inflict upon the fair city of Dublin. There were also some remarks by panelists from out of town to the effect that the Dublin Corporation was insulated from the countryside beyond its immediate jurisdiction to such an extent that it had no conception of the havoc that might be wrought in the towns along the Grand Canal if the waterway were to be closed—the point being that if one section of the amenity, as it was constantly referred to, were put out of commission, other sections would be rendered stagnant and, as the night follows the day, be taken over to serve for God knows what low purpose. The men with power in Dublin, a man named Frank Egan, from Tullamore, said sardonically, are given to informing one and all, "We know what we want. Don't confuse us with facts." There were also remarks to the effect that the plot to close the Canal was just another step in an over-all program to convert Dublin into "a concrete jungle."

It occurred to me when I left the Save the Canal meeting that I might be well advised to familiarize myself with a stretch of the celebrated amenity, so that I could converse with a degree of knowledgeability about a topic that is of such widespread interest in Ireland. Through a young friend of

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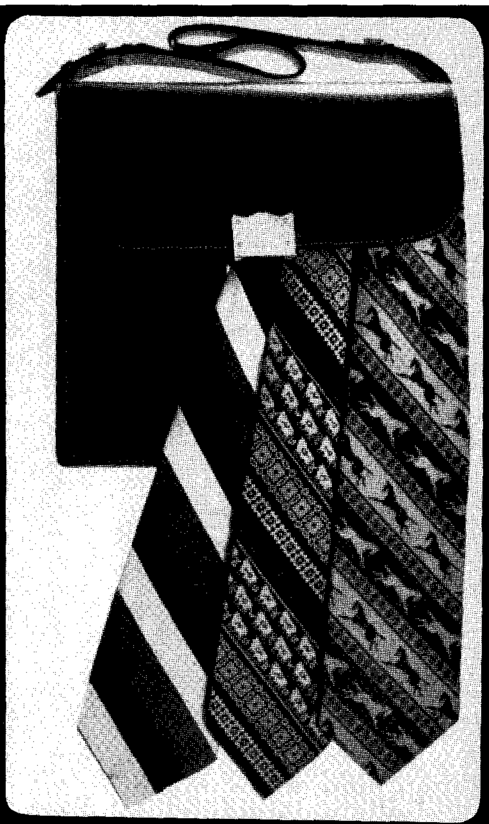

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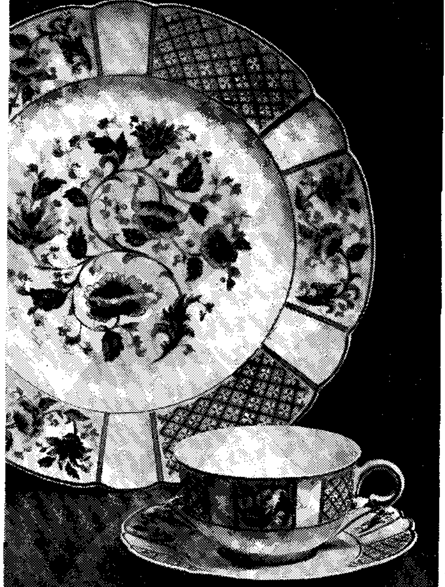

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mine named Fiach O'Broin, an Irish scholar and a great one for organizing excursions like the one I had in mind, I arranged to charter a cruiser at a place on the Grand Canal called Lucan, which is hard by Lock 12—not very far from central Dublin. The cruiser was called the Shiralee, and she looked like a worthy vessel—twenty-six and a half feet long, nine and a half feet wide, and very well appointed, with sleeping accommodations for four, a fine little galley, adequate toilet facilities, a heater to ward off any possible chills in the night, and a roomy cockpit with a roof that could be retracted to give maximum exposure to the sun when the weather came up balmy. Balmy it was indeed when Fiach and I and Austin Slowey, a chum of Fiach's from the University College, Dublin, set out from Lucan for Tullamore—a voyage scheduled to occupy us for a couple of days. I'd been warned by the owner of the Shiralee that she was a trifle bow-heavy, which made her wobble occasionally, as she certainly did when we undocked her, but we made Lock 13 in a fairly seamanlike manner. The Canal, which is about twenty feet wide, was rather weedy, and there were many dead trees along its banks, but the fields through which it meandered were bright green, and every now and then schools of fish twinkled in the water around us and cranes arose from the rushes bordering our route to soar over the sheep and cows that grazed nearby. The pastoral atmosphere was wonderfully relaxing, and it wasn't long before Fiach was leading us in a version of "Drifting and Dreaming" even slower in tempo than usual—which was appropriate, since our speed was only two knots. There was a lock-keeper at No. 13, wearing a boy's sheriff's badge, who informed us as we waited for the Shiralee to rise in the lock that his kids like him to pretend that he is Marshal Dillon, a telly favorite of theirs. "I'll be damned if I'll wear a cap pistol, though," he said, "just to please the wee imps. Can you fancy Marshal Dillon trying to flush a badman in this neighborhood? The worst fellow he'd find might be making a few jugs of poteen, and there's not too much harm in that, surely."

Once through Lock 13, and bursting with confidence in the Shiralee and her crew, I suggested that since the sun was over the yardarm it was time to splice the main brace—I was feeling pretty nautical at this point. But before Fiach could pour a drink, Austin announced that there was a swan dead

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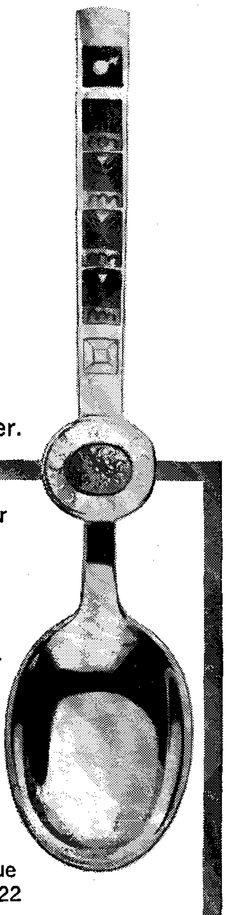

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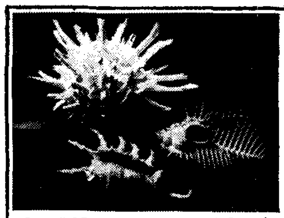

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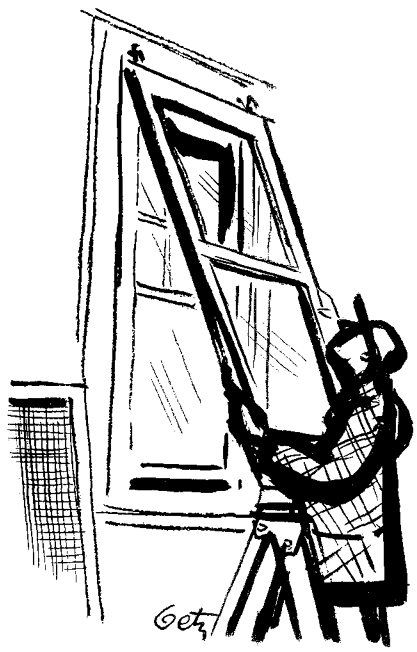
ahead that showed no inclination to make way for our cruiser. Even when I honked the horn, he stayed adamantly in the middle of the Canal, and as the Shiralee brushed past him he hissed venomously.

"I think that cob is protecting a nest around here," said Fiach when we had left the swan astern.

"My God!" said Austin, who was functioning as lookout, "he's taking off after us!" There was a great clatter to the rear as the swan prepared for a low-level attack on the Shiralee, and in a matter of seconds he skidded to a stop beside us and tried to sink his beak into the hull of our boat.

"Keep him away from the propeller," said Fiach, and Austin grabbed a broom to shoo the swan away. "He's a mean-tempered beast," said Fiach. "But then they all are. I don't know what Leda ever saw in them."

While the swan was making his next run at us, we came upon his pen, sitting on a conspicuous nest on the right bank of the Canal. She was proud and unafraid, as well she might be with a protector like the one that was giving the Shiralee such a battering. But eventually the cob, presumably convinced that he had done enough to scare us out of his territory, gave up his pursuit, and we reached what I thought was going to be the safety of Lock 14. There was no lockkeeper about, and Austin had to do the honors with the lock gates—a strenuous business, involving a lot of muscular activity with a very big spanner. When the Shiralee had risen almost to the height required for further progress, a terrier suddenly appeared from a house by the lock, glared for a while at Fiach, who was using a



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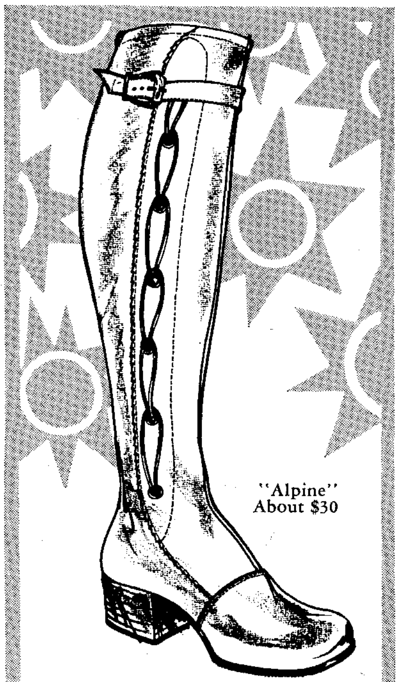

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boathook to keep the Shiralee from banging about, and then nipped him sharply on the forearm as he reached for the wall of the lock. The terrier vanished forthwith, and a woman came out of the house full of apologies. "I don't know what got into him," she said. "He's usually so gentle he won't even chase a cat. But thank God there is no rabies in Ireland, so you don't have to worry about going mad."

At Lock 15, where there was a lockkeeper on duty, we learned from the man that the terrier tries to bite everybody who comes through Lock 14, and that he himself had been bitten a couple of times. "He'd rather eat people than rabbits," the lockkeeper remarked. "He's a bloody cannibal."

"I think," said Fiach, "this trip is beginning to seem less and less necessary." The course of the Shiralee was becoming increasingly erratic, and at Lock 16 the rudder stopped responding to the wheel. We tied the boat up and sat around for a spell trying to decide whether it was advisable to jump into the Canal to find out if the rudder had been fouled with weeds. But, unexpectedly, a car drew up on the road beside the Canal, and out jumped an authoritative type who said he knew all about boats, probed around the stern of the Shiralee from inside the boat, announced that a weld had broken loose from the rudder shaft, and suggested that we turn in for the night and seek help in the morning.

I proposed, knowing the leisurely habits of Irish workingmen, that we head back for Dublin.

"You're a Yank, aren't you?" said the good Samaritan. "You all lack the pioneer spirit. But if you'll wait here for an hour or two, while I have my dinner, I'll come back and drive you into Sallins." We thanked him, and told him we'd prefer to set out for Sallins on foot.

What with the gear we had to tote, the walk to Sallins was wearisome, but on the outskirts of the town we came upon a part-time farmer named John Quinn, whose main occupation is running a bakery in Dublin. "I'm going into the city myself," he said, "and if you'll give me a minute I'll take you along." In the car, Mr. Quinn commiserated with us over our tough luck on the Canal. "I've not done too well myself today," he pointed out in passing. "One of my cows fell off the bank of a branch of the Canal and got herself caught in the crotch of one of the trees that overhang the waterway. It took me and the others on the farm four hours to extricate her. I'm glad

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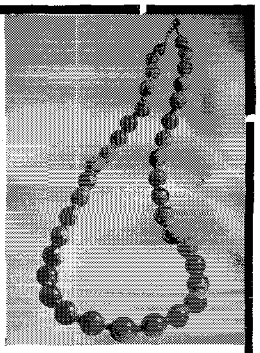

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you didn't see her on your part of the Canal—you'd probably be thinking you had the horrors."

In Dublin, Austin proposed that we give the Canal another whirl once the Shiralee had been repaired. "You know the theory that if you've been thrown from a horse you ought to remount immediately. It's applicable here. Up the Canal!"

"*You* remount," said Fiach. "I'm swearing off water temporarily."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

[*From the Federal Register, Vol. 36, No. 182*]

DRAPERIES
USE STANDARDS

To: Heads of Federal agencies.

1. *Purpose.* This regulation prescribes use standards for draperies.

2. *Effective date.* This regulation is effective upon publication in the FEDERAL REGISTER (9-18-71).

3. *Expiration date.* This regulation expires January 31, 1972, unless sooner revised or superseded. Prior to the expiration date, this regulation will be codified, as appropriate, in the permanent regulations of GSA appearing in Title 41, CFR, Public Contracts and Property Management.

4. *Applicability.* The provisions of this regulation apply to all executive agencies. Other agencies are encouraged to adhere to this regulation so that maximum benefits can be realized by the Government.

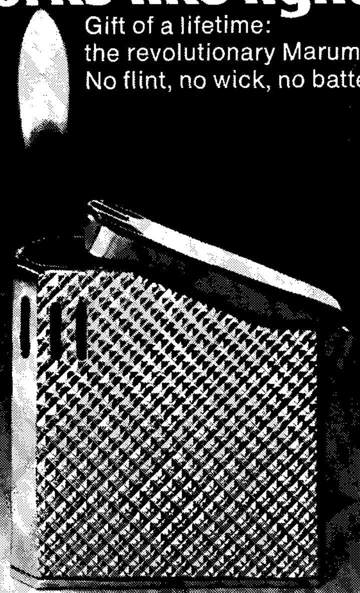
5. *Background.* FPMR 101-25.3 prescribes minimum use standards for certain Government-owned personal property. Use standards for draperies are presently confined to furnishings to be used with executive type furniture, as authorized in FPMR 101-25.302. It has been determined that draperies for use under other circumstances could result in more efficiency and improve work effectiveness.

6. *Use standards for draperies.* Draperies are authorized for use where it can be justified over other types of window coverings on the basis of cost, insulation, acoustical control, or to maintain an environment commensurate with the purpose for which the space is allocated, as when executive or unitized office furniture is authorized in FPMR 101-25.302-1. Determining whether use of draperies is justified is a responsibility of both the agency occupying and the agency operating or managing the building or the space involved.

7. *Agency comments.* Comments concerning the effect or impact of this regulation on agency operations or programs should be submitted to the General Services Administration (FF), Washington, D.C. 20406, no later than November 30, 1971, for consideration and possible incorporation into the permanent regulation.

Dated: September 14, 1971.

ROBERT L. KUNZIG,
Administrator of General Services.



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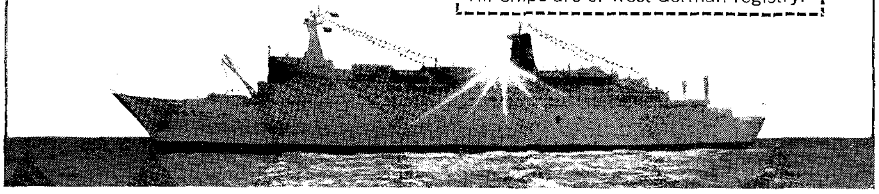

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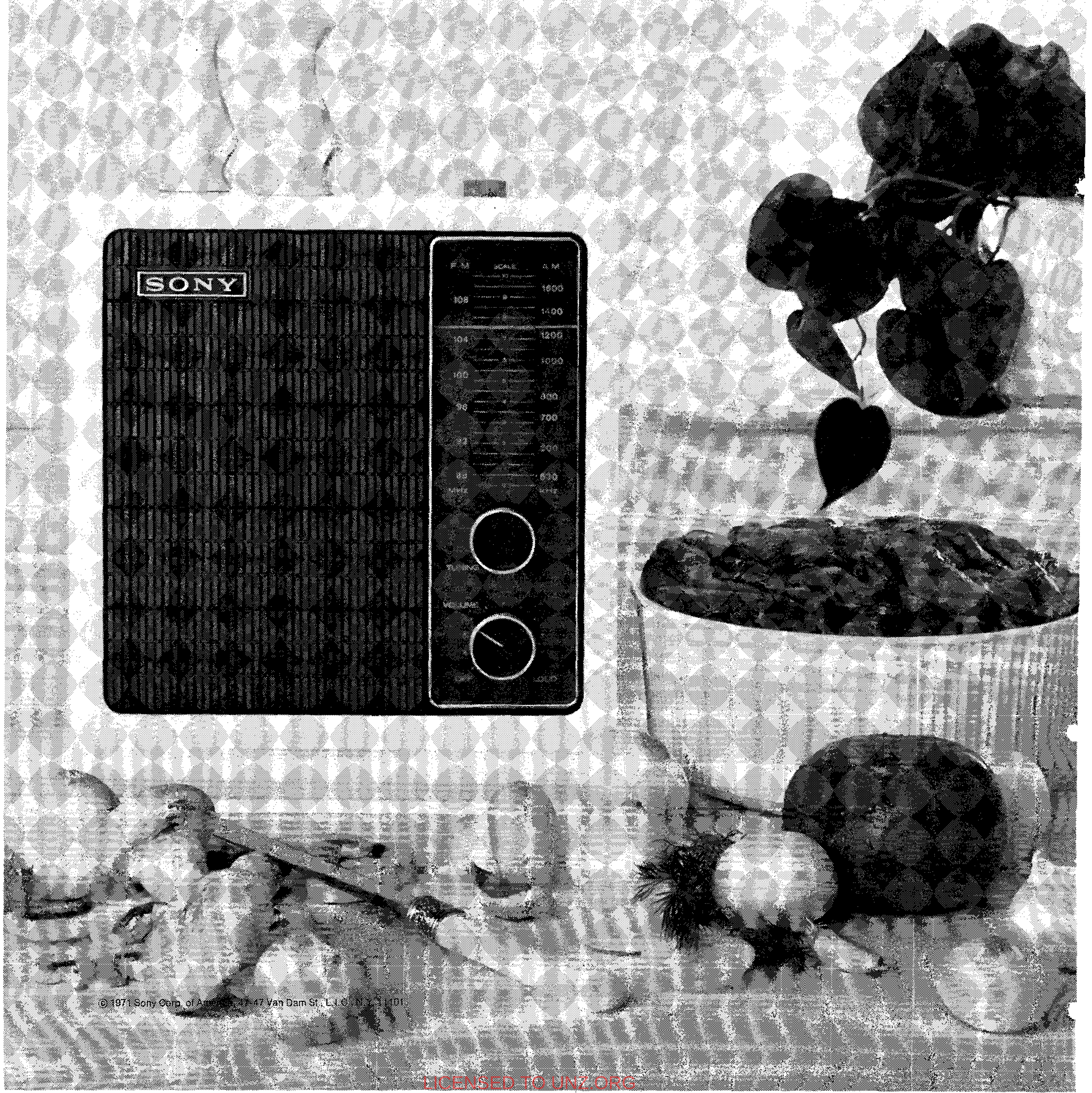

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THE ART WORLD

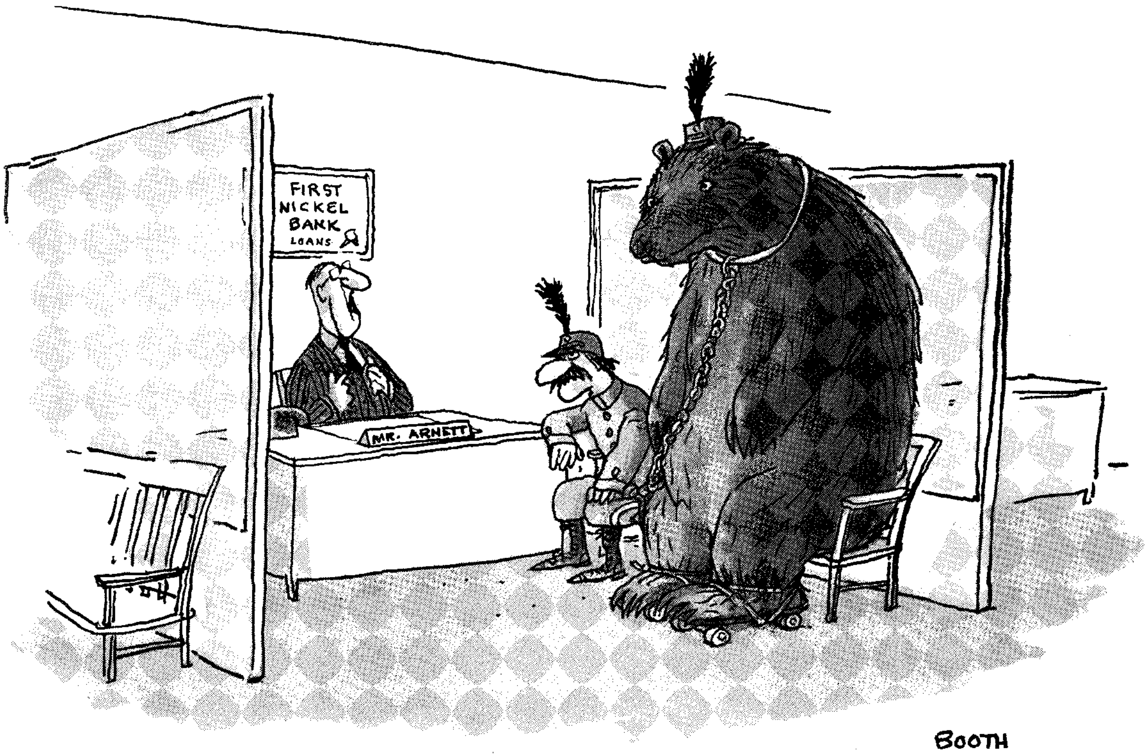
Meaning in Mondrian

A NICE question for organizers of retrospective exhibitions is whether the career of an artist such as Piet Mondrian begins when he commences to paint or when he arrives at the concept that separates him from the incoherence of his past. If it be assumed that it is sounder to think of an artist in terms of the creations by which he has identified himself, the retrospective ought to begin with these works and present the earlier ones in an "appendix." A retrospective arranged chronologically automatically promotes the impression of a "development" in which the mature paintings evolved gradually out of those that came before. Thus it supports the prevailing tendency in art criticism to ignore the idea by which the artist has transformed himself. Of course, a dramatic transformation does not always take place. But with Mondrian, arriving at his idea was of exceptional importance. The conception came before the painting; it was the primary act of creation. His Neo-Plastic abstractions are affirmations not of himself and a sensibility refined through practice ("Neo-Plasticism aims precisely at representing nothing that is individually determined") but of a carefully worked-out program regarding art, the artist, society, the past, and the future. Theo van Doesburg, with whom Mondrian worked closely during the formation of his final style, stated the Neo-Plastic position on the relation between the artist's idea and his product: "The work of art must be completely conceived and formed by the mind before its execution. It must not receive any formal impressions from nature, nor from the senses, nor from sentiment. We exclude lyricism, dramatism, symbolism, and so on."

It was the odd though exalted conviction of Mondrian that nature, the individual, and human society could be revolutionized by compositions of planes of color and intersecting straight lines. Form-making—or "plastic representation," as Mondrian called it—was a force by which the mind could impose its order on the world. (In our day, Buckminster Fuller maintains a similar view of the possibilities of design.) History, Mondrian believed, was on the side of the plastic revolution, as was evidenced by the advance in consciousness that had caused painting to break away from imitating nature. "Plastic vision," he wrote, "implies action. . . . The pure plastic vision should set up a new society . . . a society composed of balanced relationships." Like Marx, Mondrian anticipated the end of the tragedy of history and the attainment of "the great repose" of philosophy. A new type of man, selfless and indifferent to particulars, would see through the "capricious forms" of nature to the motionless center of being, abstract and universal.

Mondrian's program could not be stated in his paintings; at most, it could only be implied. For by its edict the new canvases were to be constructed of purely plastic elements and were to signify nothing but themselves. The universal human society of the future was to be signalled by compositions exclusively concerned with such qualities as flatness, balance, correct placement, angularity. Hence, nothing of the grand, radical purpose of Neo-Plasticism is visible in the large retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Mondrian's birth. (It is always a surprise to realize that modern art comes from men born that long ago.) More than half the hundred and thirty-two paintings in the show are "early"—that is, pre-Neo-Plastic—pictures (Mondrian was just short of fifty when he conceived his ultimate geometric format), of trees, churches, dunes, and the sea, plus the attractive Cubist compositions and the highly original "plus-and-minus" renderings of seascapes. The closest one comes to a message is in the mediocre emblematic triptych "Evolution," done around 1911, of symbolic nudes with triangular- and diamond-shaped nipples and navels, which represents Mondrian's immersion in theosophy. His celebrated compositions based on the horizontal, the vertical, and the "unchanging right angle" have not the faintest odor of uplift about them, to say nothing of fumes of the barricades.

If the revolution appears in Mondrian's paintings, it is only in its inward aspect—the psychic state of the re-maker of history. The outstanding quality of his Neo-Plastic canvases is the feeling of rigorous discipline they convey—a kind of on-guard stance. One entirely unfamiliar with Mondrian's theories and programs could apprehend in the paintings the passionate self-negation with which he complemented



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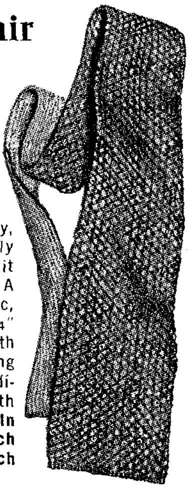

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his systematic purging of painting and its reduction to a few formal elements. Mondrian's asceticism is not, as has been suggested, that of the monk's cell but that of the laboratory or command post; its tension is that of a manipulation of units of force in which a mistake might lead to disaster. The inner equivalent of the revolution as he conceived it was an impeccable and illuminated rationality, expressed in his clarified paint surfaces—an effect now somewhat marred, especially when the canvases are seen close up, by deterioration of the whites and grays and the scuffing of edges.

Mondrian today is the patron saint of formalism, the philosophy that considers each art in terms of its "indispensable" ingredients. Yet in the years immediately following the First World War and the Bolshevik revolution, when he collaborated with van Doesburg and the De Stijl group, his strictly aesthetic approach did not deprive his paintings of radical social meanings. Criticism of the existing order was in some measure taken for granted in any mode of avant-garde art. The emphasis on form in that period of profound cultural shock—when everything, from moral values to mass housing, seemed to call for reorganization—was essentially different in content from formalism today as a method of painting pictures or analyzing them. Van Doesburg summed up the intellectual overtones of Neo-Plasticism in his 1923 manifesto "Toward Collective Construction." "Today," he said, "one may speak only of those who are building the new life." In that Mondrian's abstractions had, as everyone recognized, carried Cubism to the logical conclusion of absolutely flat and non-representational compositions, they constituted an advancing wedge into the future. They had translated the landscape into the horizontal and the vertical, had compressed the contours of objects into straight lines, and had replaced nuances of nature with strictly quantitative harmonies. Art had never before reached this degree of abstraction except among the Russians in the years around the Revolution—reason enough to expect that an upheaval in form foreshadowed overthrow in all spheres.

Thus social radicalism, though not actually visible in Mondrian's canvases, was reflected in them from the outside, like an image in the blank expanse of a store window. De Kooning says that Frederick Kiesler, looking at some abstract compositions, began softly humming the "Internationale." In

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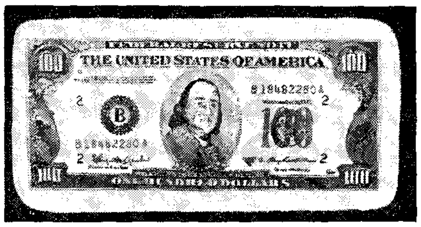

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the period of its origin, abstract art contained the projected vision of the Marxist revolution in its idealistic, semi-mystical promise of the reconstitution of man and his environment within a totally rational order. Mondrian's de-individualized compositions prefigured in the imagination the communion of the anonymous human units of mass society, the proletariat, reborn through revolution.

With the passage of time and the fading of the Marxist utopia, Mondrian's paintings have lost their political afterimage. History has diminished them to their bars and rectangles; their social and metaphysical meanings have passed out of the paintings and become data of the biography of the artist. Yet without the dimension of thought affixed to it by the artist or his public an abstract painting cannot exceed decoration—a problem Mondrian acknowledged when he said that the new painting could be "flat" without being reduced to the merely decorative because flatness made things "appear much more inward." Today, the paintings of Mondrian are in constant need of being filled out with the thought and will of their creator. Neo-Plastic paintings ought to be seen as "events" that belong to their time. To dissociate them from their intellectual origins on the ground that the spectator must confine himself to what is presented to him on the canvas is shallow aestheticism.

In the enterprise of recharging the Mondrians with their meaning, the Guggenheim retrospective is not much help. Its approach has been to accompany the abstractions with as many early pictures as possible, on the naïve assumption that the meaning of an artist is evident through the sum total of his work. Nor does the catalogue (not yet published) supply the missing context; far too much of it is devoted to Mondrian's theosophical phase, as if "Evolution" were one of his major accomplishments. Practically nothing is said of his historical outlook, and reminiscences of his personality—his choice of restaurants, his cooking, his stiff way of dancing—are given precedence over his thought as the creator of his paintings. (An interview in the catalogue with Charmion von Wiegand, a friend who watched him paint in New York, does make a contribution to the intellectual features of Mondrian at work.)

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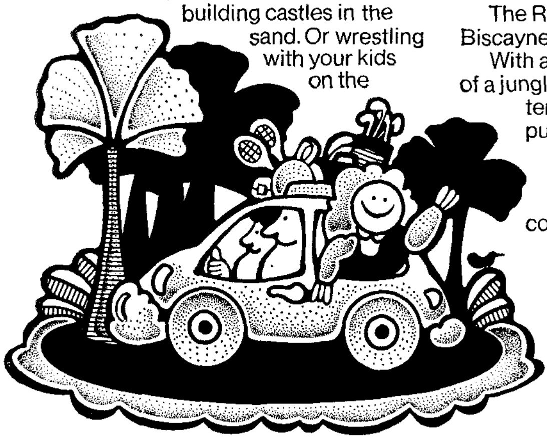

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ing expresses itself as an arrangement of lines, shapes, and hues. For its meaning, the painting is dependent on the painter, who writes articles and issues statements and manifestos to explain what he has in mind. Not only Mondrian but abstract artists from Malevich and Kandinsky to Reinhardt and Newman have felt obliged to define in words what they were doing on the canvas. (Newman's current retrospective, at the Museum of Modern Art, has run head-on into the reluctance of newspaper reviewers to take his ideas into account.) Mondrian was deeply committed to the belief that to achieve wholeness the work of art ought to speak for itself. Yet he knew that the intervention of the artist in behalf of his work is brought about by the diffused character of modern culture, which the individual artist can do nothing to cure. For paintings to convey their full meaning through direct sensation, a new phase in human development would have to be reached. "Neo-Plasticism," he wrote, "can appear as a 'style.' In the great epochs of style, the 'person' disappeared: the general thought of the age was the force guiding artistic expression. The same holds true today. More and more, the work will speak for itself: the personality changes its place; that is to say, each work of art becomes a personality instead of the artist. Each work of art becomes a different expression of the *one*."

Mondrian's solution to the division between the artist's intention and the objective meaning of his creations is the recovery of a kind of tribal unity in society. No doubt Mondrian was thinking of some ancient civilization or cult in which—at least to the eyes of outsiders—a single style seems to manifest itself in rituals, myths, and artifacts. In the future, that style was to be supplied by Neo-Plasticism, with its total emphasis on the work as against the subjective impulses of the artist. In a social communion based on "abstract reality," a painting would no longer need to convey a concept or a feeling; it could exist in and for itself, yet its significance would be apprehended immediately. The painting would blend into nature, but a nature transfigured by the common style. Under such circumstances, Neo-Plastic abstractions, in signifying nothing but themselves, would signify the collective vision as a whole, and unite in themselves absolute being with absolute meaning. The conception is, of course, completely theoretical and utopian; in practice, it would result in totalitarianism. But it

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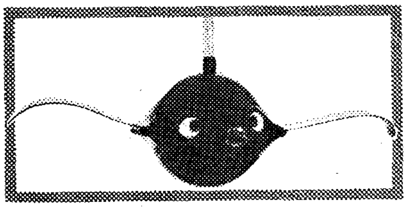

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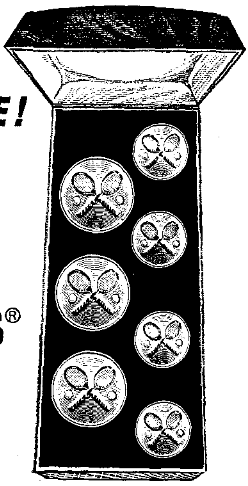

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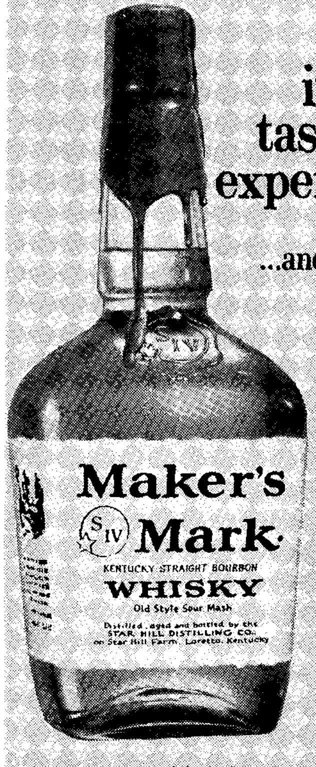
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is an acknowledgment by Mondrian of the rift between his idea and his art, and an acknowledgment that the full realization of the meaning of his work would have to be put off to the future.

In any case, events have decided against Mondrian. The new society has not arrived, and art today is further from a unique style, in Mondrian's sense, than ever before. Nor have the "personalities" of works of art replaced the personality of the artist; on the contrary, paintings and sculptures have increasingly become auxiliaries in constructing the image of the artist as a public personage. In regard to Mondrian, the irony is that in our time the meaning of his work lies not in itself, as he wished, but in his ideas, his role, his pathos. He was a collaborator—together with Dada, Surrealism, the primitivism of Klee—in closing out the European past in art. His geometrical abstractions are as alien to Renaissance solidity as are the African shapes introduced by Matisse and Picasso. Not by age but by imagination, he was a figure belonging to the period between the two World Wars, who saw society balanced upon a moment that would be followed by enormous changes. He belonged to the wing of the avant-garde that faced the future with confidence, and his purpose in stripping art to "essentials" was to prepare it for greater feats to come. He embraced the new not as an extension of the past but as representing a complete rupture with it and as a point of beginning. "At each moment of the past," he explained, "all the variations of the old might have been called *new*. But this was never the new as such. For we must not forget that we are at a turning point in the history of culture, at the end of everything *old* in the global sense. The divorce between the old and the new is now absolute, definitive. Plastic art must move not only parallel with human progress, but must advance ahead of it." Apart from the thoughts embodied in them, Mondrian's superb designs are at home in the universe of factories, high-rise, urban layouts, electronic bulletin boards—whatever seems to emanate from the spirit of the machine—and through its influence on the applied crafts his art continues to seek a monopoly for his aesthetics in the creations of the future. In the magazine *Transformations*, edited by his heir, Harry Holtzman, a document by Mondrian predicted the extinction of private life ("home-sweet-home") as well as the street, and the replacement of both by the city as a "unity formed by planes

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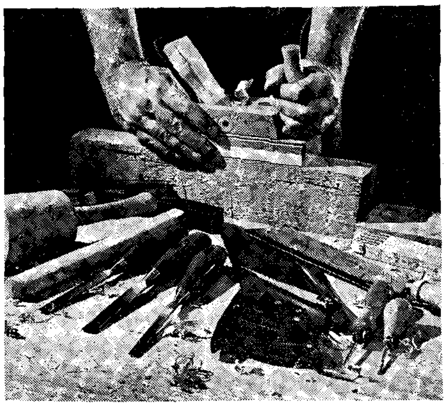

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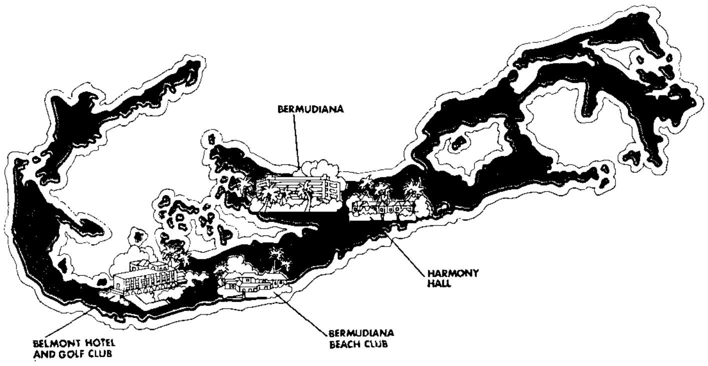

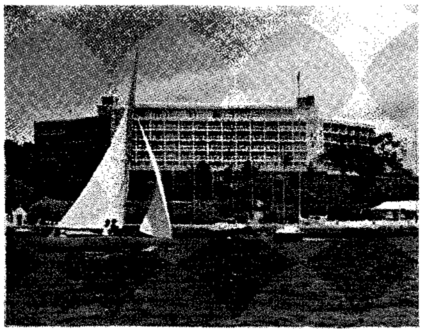

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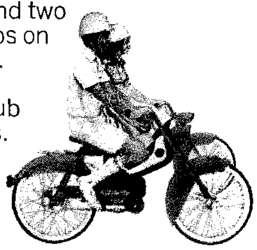

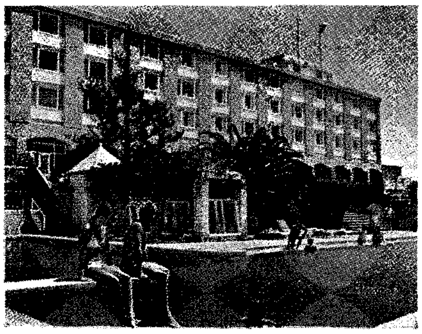

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composed in neutralizing opposition that destroys all exclusiveness."

It seems inevitable that Mondrian's career should have ended in the United States, where his angular world had advanced furthest toward realization. Even more than Duchamp, he responded to the "modernism" of New York, to the vast, glittering modules of its skyscraper walls, its Africa-inspired dance rhythms. In New York, the fierce abstractness of his utopianism blended with the abstract constructions and dynamic beat of an actual human habitation. The effect was to relax his style. In some degree, he was won over to "particulars;" many of his paintings done or completed in New York carry names suggested by places or happenings—"Place de la Concorde," "Trafalgar Square," "New York," "Broadway Boogie-Woogie," "Victory Boogie-Woogie"—instead of the customary "Composition." With his reëntry into "nature," stasis gave way to animation, and the black vertical and horizontal bars were transformed into ribbons of red, yellow, and blue, into small, connected blocks of color, and, finally, into dancing motes of pigment on a diamond-shaped canvas. His painting, Mondrian said, had become "homogeneous in intention" with boogie-woogie. Here, as in his conception of the person "disappearing" into the style of the culture, one may catch a glimpse of the witch doctor through the mathematical grid.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The Conservatory last year successfully completed a fund drive to match a $750,000 Ford Foundation grant, but even this $1.5 million was not enough to ensure its failure.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

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NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 19—After four years of diving, digging, napping and electronic sounding, an American explorer believes he is getting warm in his search for the wreckage of Christopher Columbus's flagship, the Santa Maria.
—*Roy Reed in the Times.*

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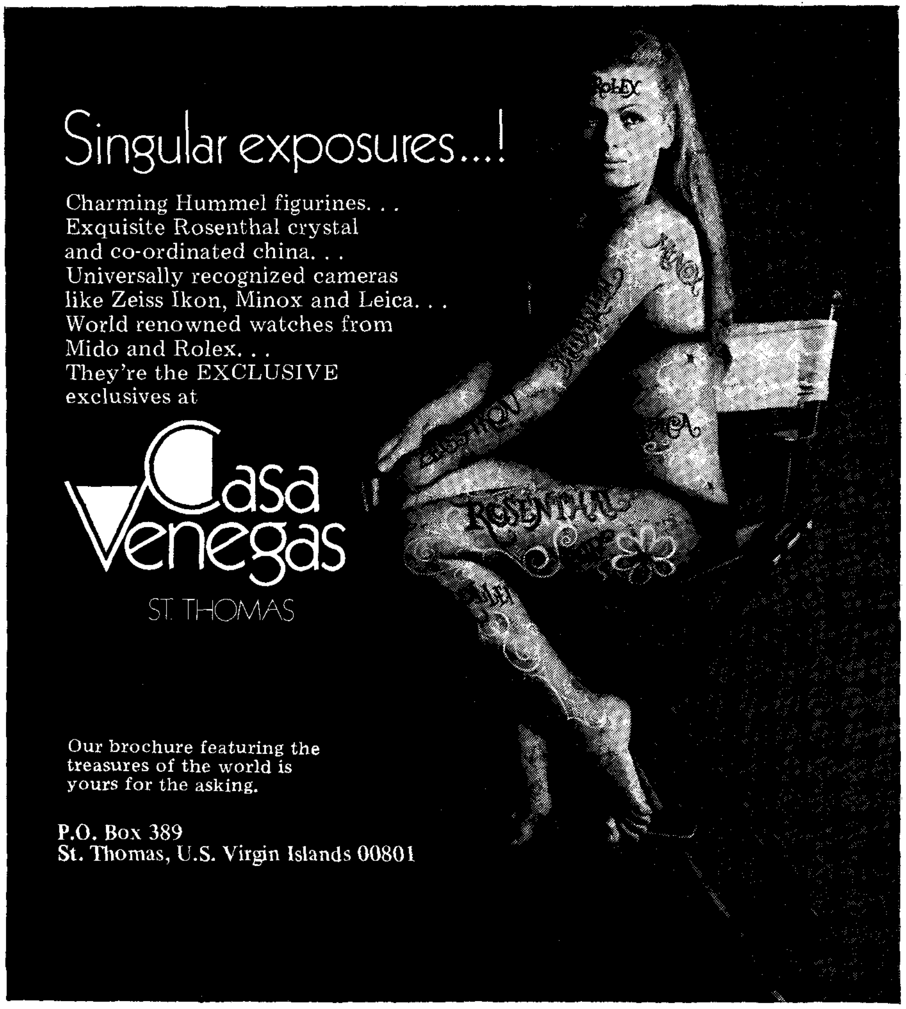
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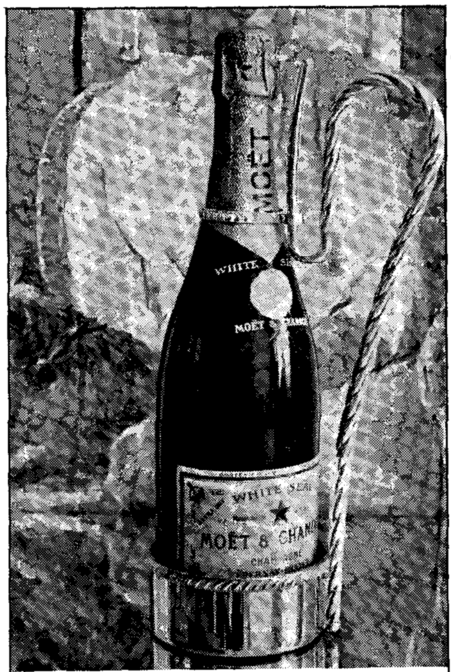

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FOOTBALL

Hard Lines

THE life expectancy of the quarterback in the years since the single wing was removed from view has steadily lowered, and so has his threshold of pain, physical and emotional. Instead of being just one of the boys, he is the most sought-after performer on deck, and often enough, in the course of the seeking-after, he is so effectively taken apart that reconstruction may keep him out of action for anything from a week to a season. And his dismissal from office is so public an affair (he is socially prominent in that he must handle the ball on every maneuver) that it cannot go unnoted. Dartmouth, which went along with Pollock for a comforting succession of triumphs this fall, removed him from the magistrate's seat in the midst of the difficulties with Columbia a fortnight ago—difficulties for which the Dartmouth defense, impaired by injuries, seemed to outsiders more responsible than Pollock—and moved Stetson in. Stetson was still in when his team went up against Cornell last Saturday, and Dartmouth made up for its downfall at the hands of Columbia by overturning Cornell, 24–14. Good on Stetson, yes, but likewise good on the returned-to-service Dartmouth defense men who were not around when Columbia was. It was a saddening afternoon for Cornell, which hadn't dropped a match this year, but a hearty day for its Marinaro, who added two touchdowns and a mass of yardage to his already glorious record.

Harvard began with Crone as head man this fall, went to Foster (after Crone was knocked out of action), then to Stoeckel (after Foster was knocked out of action in practice), and then (after Stoeckel was knocked out of action) back to the repaired Crone, who pieced out a 24–19 overcoming of Brown on Saturday. Harvard used to say that Brown, scheduled between the meets with Princeton and Yale, didn't matter—especially if Harvard came in second. This year, Harvard, in its newest formative period, is in a position to accept with thanks any conquest, and this one was a dizzying piece of theatricality. Yale has had a time of it this season: Sizemore (sent down), Pfeil (damaged in action), and then Purrington, a quiet, calm, not espe-

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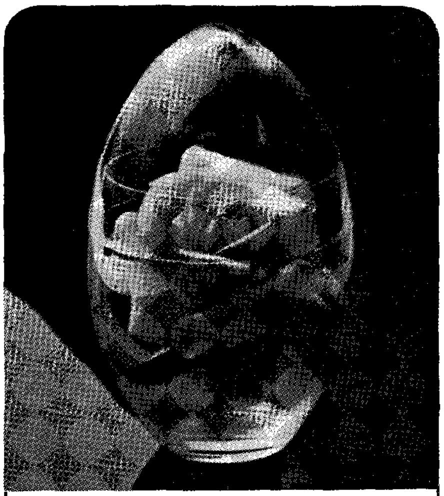

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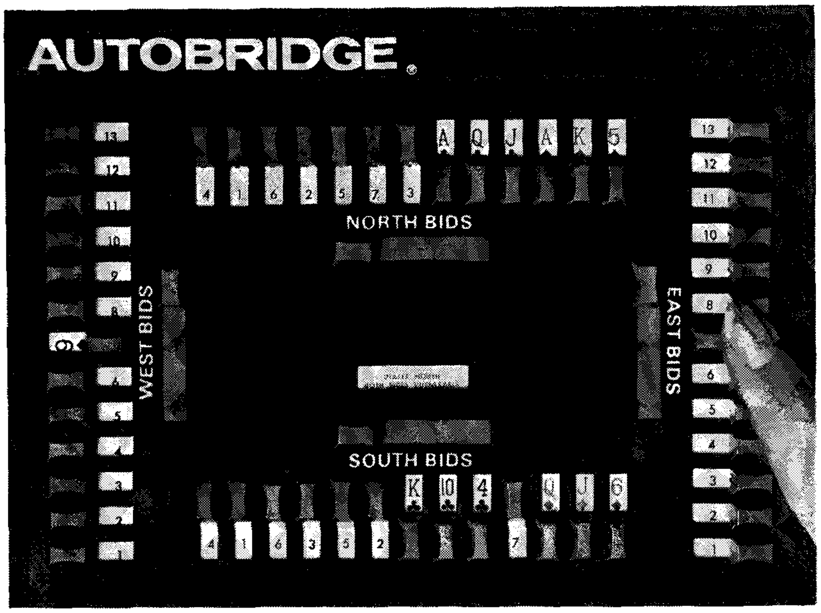
cially impressive but—in service against Princeton last weekend—efficacious handler, runner, and pitcher. He was assisted no end by Jauron, who, following a week's holiday and, more important, following the discovery of how the Princeton line could be opened up, did some prancing that must be termed spectacular until, as he always does, he got himself hurt. Princeton was its own self—gifted, fanatically ingenious at drawing down penalties, and (as it was not when it overcame Harvard the week before) unwilling to take chances on fourth down. Yale *was* willing, and thereby went the match, 10–6. Plummer, whose case history at Princeton cites a tendency to put passes in the wrong hands, was retired in favor of the novice Flynn after being bunged up in the match with Cornell, but he returned in the final moments of the game with Yale to get off the most astonishing throw of his career, running a warp-and-woof pattern to escape six tacklers until he spotted the catcher he wanted—fifty-four yards, and almost the touchdown that would have beaten Yale.

Columbia, after one afternoon in which Jackson and Erickson were quarterbacking in almost steady succession, decided, as everyone else already had, that Jackson is the best quarterback in the Ivy League. He proved it again last weekend, 17–3, against Pennsylvania, whose Shue (another fill-in, and a crackerjack) is substituting for the damaged Pinto. Army's Atha and Fink must have no emotional problems, because both of them began as fill-in men, and they keep on filling in, in a just-one-of-the-boys situation. Last Saturday, Army, which collects touchdowns sparingly, nursed its first one along until deep in the fourth quarter, and then Pittsburgh used up all of two minutes and four seconds to acquire two touchdowns. For Army, it had been Fink, then Atha. Now it was Fink's turn once more, and his thirty-yard pass tied matters up, 14–14. Barely five minutes left to go, and Army, which plays to the biggest collegiate houses in this part of the world (thirty-nine thousand for Pittsburgh), seemed to be in for no better than a tie. But no; a lovely fumble of an Army punt, and Fink soon had Army only three yards, but also only half a minute, from victory. Barclay came onfield ("I wouldn't risk a fumble at *that* point on a running play," said Cahill, the Army head thinker, afterward) and—never mind a bad pass from center—booted his ninth field goal of the year: Army 17, Pittsburgh 14.

—J. W. L.



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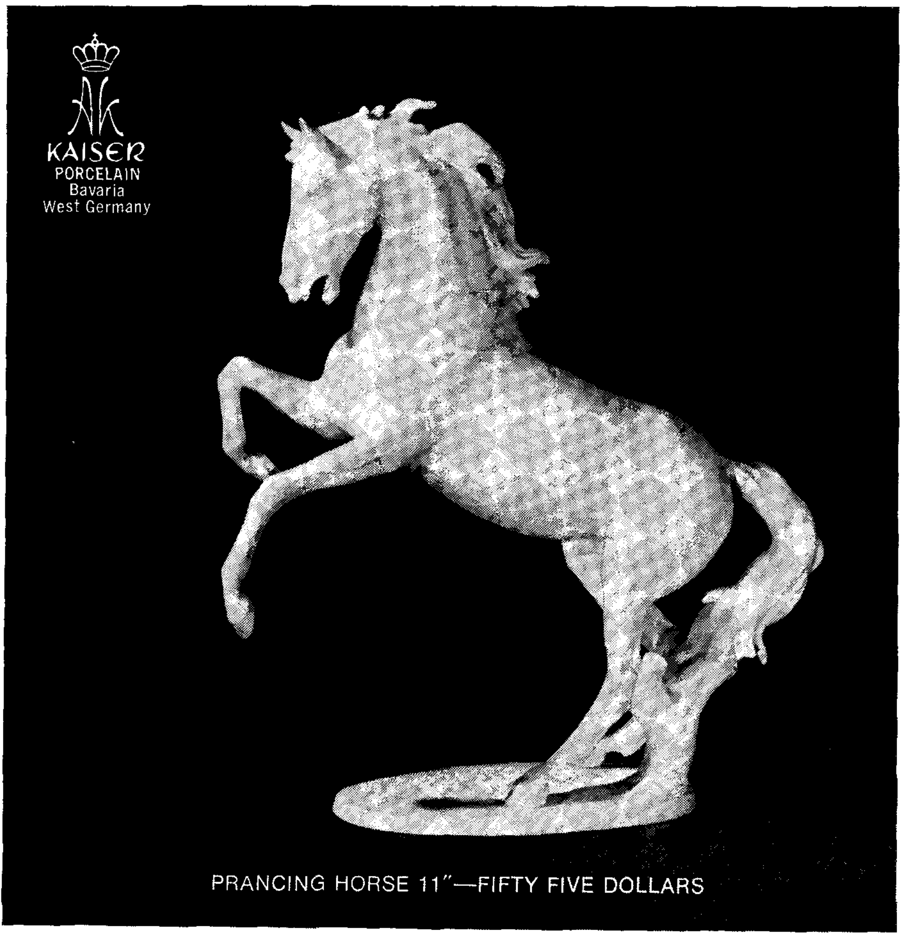

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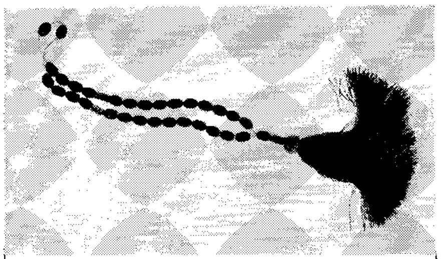

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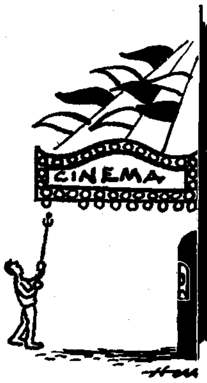
THE CURRENT CINEMA

El Poto—Head Comics

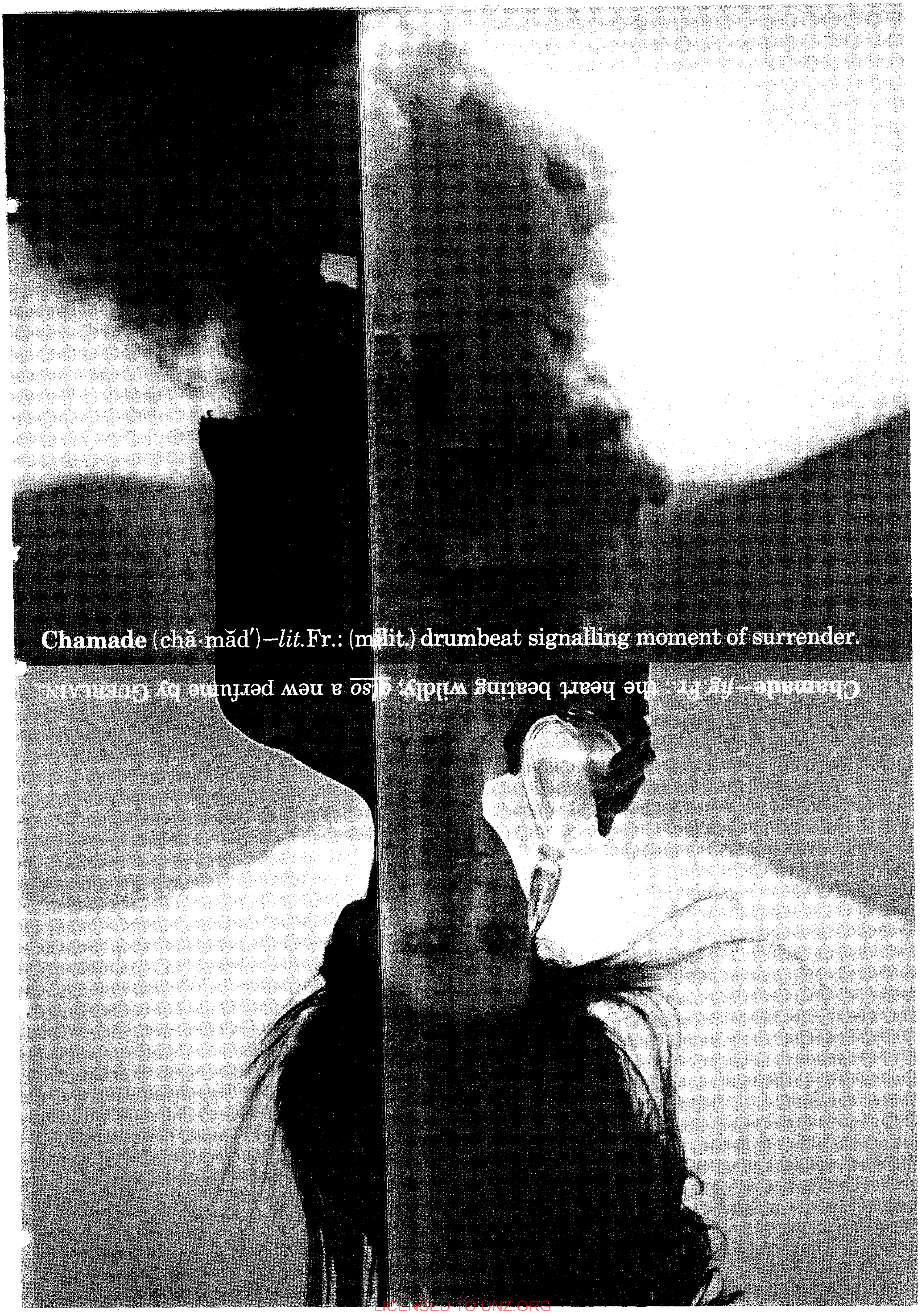
THE atmosphere in the theatre is enough to inform you that "El Topo" is a head film, but while I was watching Alexandro Jodorowsky's horror circus I was nevertheless puzzled about why the mostly young audience sat there quietly—occasionally laughing at a particularly garish murder or mutilation—while the few older people staggered out in disgust. At one point, I drew in my breath sharply at the prospect of another slaughter scene, and a pretty, blank-faced girl sitting in front of me with her boyfriend's arm on her shoulder turned her head slightly toward me, as if to say, "What's the matter with her? Is she taking it seriously, or something?" And I realized that I and those older people who left—I would have joined them if I had not had a professional interest in seeing the film—were responding on a different level from the rest of the audience, part of which had probably already seen the film before its official opening last week, during the six months it played at midnight screenings, like a Black Mass. This film that they return to over and over doesn't need reviews (not in the overground press, anyway) to lure an audience, but maybe it's up to reviewers to try to explain why that audience is being lured.

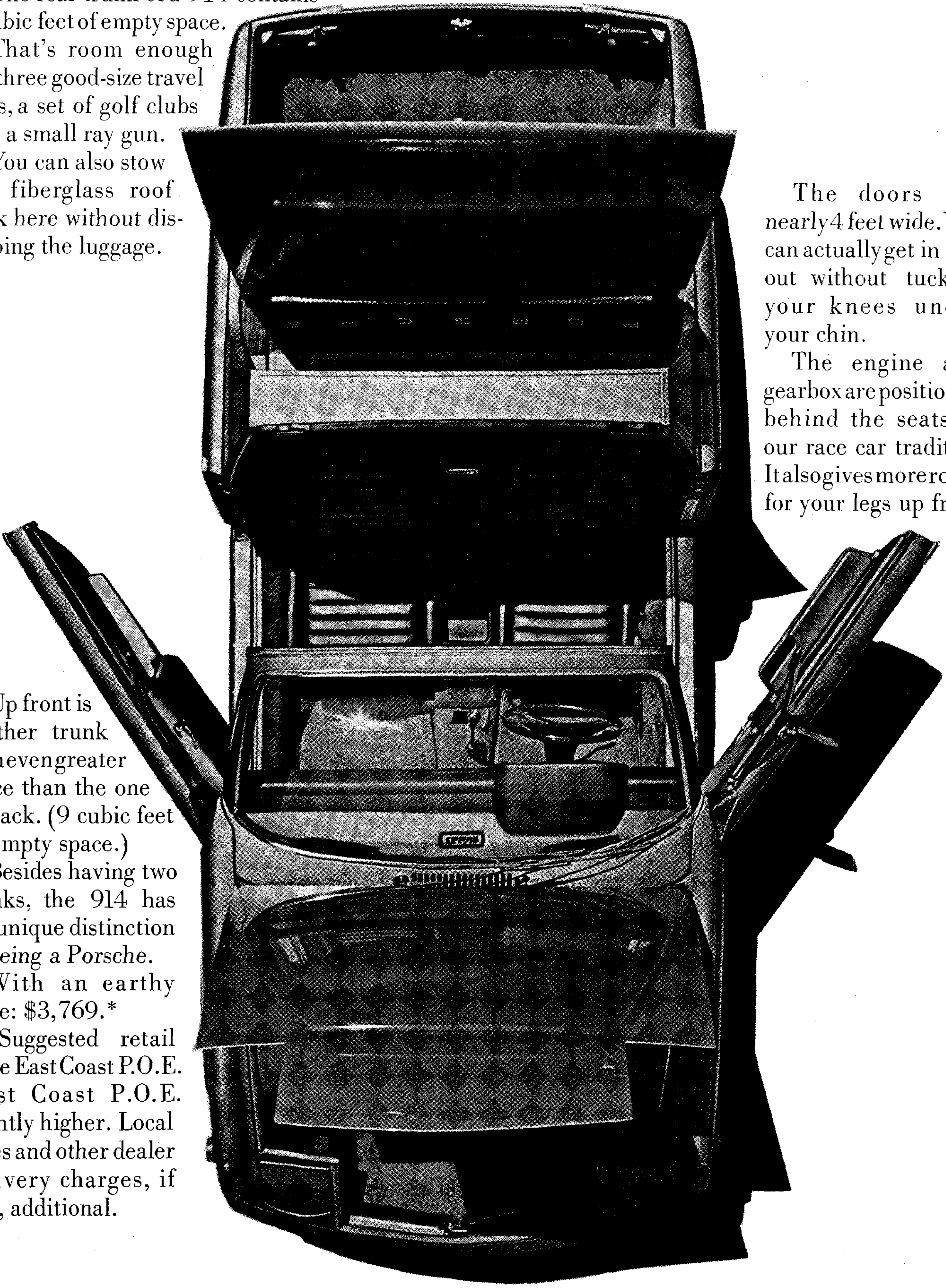


Jodorowsky, born in Chile in 1930 of Polish-Russian parentage, was once a member of Marcel Marceau's company and composed some of Marceau's pantomimes; he is now a theatre director in Mexico, and a cartoonist as well, whose weekly comic strip "Fabulas Panicas" (or "Panic Fables") appears in a major Mexico City newspaper. "El Topo" (it means "The Mole") was made in Mexico, and it resembles the spaghetti Westerns. It begins with a bearded stranger in black leather (Jodorowsky) riding on a sandy plain; the color looks cheap and overbright, unreal in that gaudy way that unsophisticated attempts at realism often produce—it's like Kodacolor, with aquamarine skies. But the stranger rides with his naked son sitting behind him, and it is immediately apparent that the nakedness is symbolic—the more so when the father says, "Now you are a man. You are seven years old. Bury your first toy and your mother's picture," and the burial ceremony consists of propping the symbols up in the sand. And when the father and son come to a town, the town is a scene of more than usual spaghetti-Western carnage. It is a town of corpses and entrails; animals, children—everyone has been butchered, and the waters literally flow red. The bearded man in black becomes the gunfighter, the avenger; he tracks down the murderous bandits and castrates their warlord. Then, with the words "Destroy me. Depend on no one," he leaves his son with a group of young monks whom he has liberated, and takes up with the warlord's mistress. Up to this point, the carnage has been steady, and with quantities of fetishism and perversion. (As captives of the brigands, used for sexual sport, the young monks had bloodstained bare bottoms.)

In the next section, the picture becomes more occult, and more like a fairy tale, as the man in black and the woman, whom he christens Mara, go into the desert, where she persuades him that he must conquer the four masters who dwell there. The masters being different varieties of holy men, each of the four contests is enigmatic, and in this section the characters converse in high-flown riddles—a sort of Zen, Confucius-say talk ("The desert is a circle"). The hero wins his contests by trickery and realizes too late that he has truly lost, and cries out to ask why God has forsaken him. Meanwhile, Mara has been joined by a sadistic lesbian in butch black couture, and as he thrashes about in guilt for his crimes, battering himself against walls that crumble, the lesbian comes at him, like Mercedes McCambridge in "Johnny Guitar," and pumps lead into him; he keeps walking, arms outstretched and with stigmata on his hands and feet, until Mara shoots him down. The women kiss—tongues extended—and leave him for dead. A group of dwarfs and cripples lug his body off. Can it be the end? No, there is a third section.

Years have passed—perhaps twenty. He sits as a holy man in a cave in a mountain, tended by a worshipful dwarf woman. Spiritually reborn, with his beard and head shaved in penitence, he pledges himself to liberate the tiny, shrivelled cave people, who are now


Chamade (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; also a new perfume by Guerlain.



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trapped in the mountain, imprisoned there by the people of a nearby town, so that the townspeople will not have to see the deformed results of their generations of incest. The holy man begins work on a tunnel; because of his height, he himself can scale the walls of the cave, and he comes and goes, taking the woman dwarf with him. When they go into the town, we are once more back in a Western. The town is a synthesis of the gambling, whoring saloon towns of American movies, with a cartoon catalogue of evils: blacks are sold as slaves and branded, accused of rape by lecherous women, lynched, and so on. The penitent cleans toilets in the town jail and becomes a clown—God's fool—in order to buy dynamite to blast the mountain open. When he and his little woman (the only good woman in the entire film, and good by virtue of her total selfless devotion to him) go to the church (where the parishioners normally play Russian roulette) and ask to be married, the priest turns out to be the abandoned son. The three of them go back to the mountain to free the cave people; once free, however, the crippled, helpless little monstrosities—they're like deformed Munchkins—rush to see the wonders of the town, and the townspeople meet them with rifles and shoot them down. The holy man arrives too late; they have all been massacred. He yells and is shot, and is shot again and again, but he keeps coming toward the townspeople, like a Golem. Full of holes (like Toshiro Mifune's porcupine Macbeth full of spears in "Throne of Blood"), he picks up a gun and, once more the avenger, retaliates by slaughtering the townspeople. Seated then, crosslegged, he soaks himself in kerosene from a Western lamp and immolates himself (successfully). A new holy family—his son, bearded and dressed in black, and his dwarf widow, carrying his newborn baby, ride away into the whatever the movie began from.

Blood-soaked and piled high with deformity, the film is commercialized Surrealism. "El Topo" has been called a Zen Buddhist Western, but in terms of its derivations it's a spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The avant-garde devices that once fascinated a small bohemian group because they seemed a direct pipeline to the occult and "the marvellous" now reach the new mass bohemianism of youth. But the marvellous has become a bag of old Surrealist tricks: the acid-Western style is synthesized from devices of the once avant-garde—especially "L'Age d'Or"

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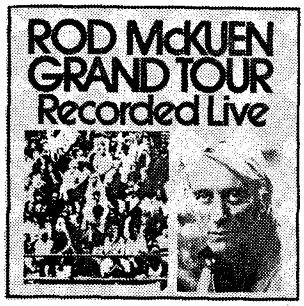

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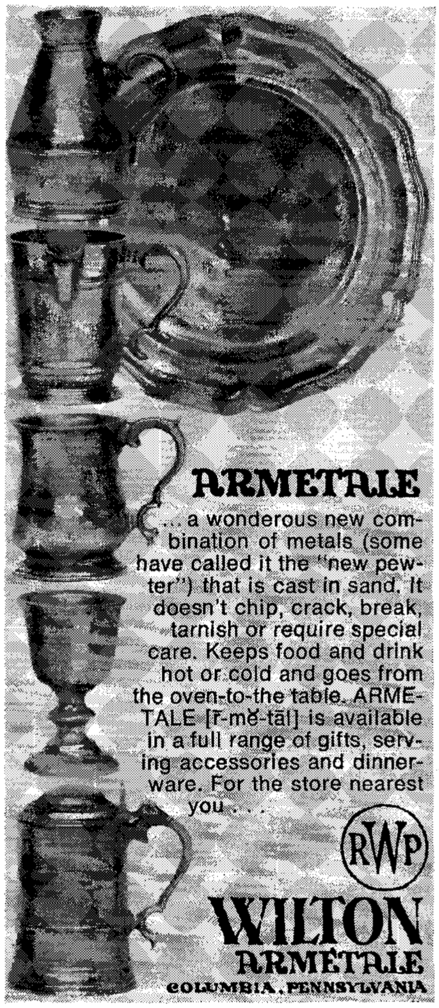
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and the whole lifework of Buñuel, with choice lifts from Cocteau's "The Blood of a Poet," too. In "El Topo," a brigand out on a rocky terrain sucks a woman's pink slipper, and then a collection of women's slippers are set up on the rocks as targets for shooting practice. An armless man and a legless man he carries on his shoulders function as one person—stumps exposed, of course; when shot apart, the helpless sections writhe on the ground. A man cuts a banana with a sabre. Crowds in the Western town applaud murders as if they were theatrical events. The lesbian lashes Mara's back, licks and kisses the wounds, and then offers her blood-smeared face for Mara to kiss. Even the dwarf woman is forced into a sex show by the lewd townspeople, and must remove her blouse and expose her pathetic little body. And not just to them but to us.

Bizarrely complicated though it is, one can follow the story without difficulty. The movie may seem bewildering, however, because the narrative is overlaid with a clutter of symbols and ideas. Jodorowsky employs anything that can give the audience a charge, even if the charges are drawn from different systems of thought that are—*as thought*—incompatible. For example, he gets a lot of mileage out of the viciousness of lecherous, sex-starved fat old women gloating over murders, pawing a young black boy to the accompaniment of pig noises on the track, and taking up rifles to mow down helpless, stunted children on crutches; it's a further distortion of the conventional distortions of Freudianism in American movies. But the movie is not a Freudian movie; if it were, the saintly love between the hero and the selfless, crippled dwarf might look pretty funny, but for *that* Jodorowsky shifts gears to penitential piety. One enthusiast of the film, who characterized it in an article in the Sunday *Times* as "a monumental work of filmic art," described Jodorowsky as "a man of passionate erudition in matters religious and philosophical, which he draws on with the zest of the instinctual thinker for whom ideas are sensuous entities." Well, of course, you *don't need erudition to draw on* matters religious and philosophical that way—any dabbler can do it. All you need is a theatrical instinct and a talent for (a word I once promised myself never to use) *frisson.* Jodorowsky is, it is true, a director for whom ideas are sensuous entities—sensuous toys, really, to be played with. By piling onto the Western man-with-no-name righteous-avenger form elements from Eastern

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fables, Catholic symbolism, and so on, Jodorowsky achieves a kind of comic-strip mythology. And when you play with ideas this way, promiscuously—with thoughts and enigmas and with symbols of human suffering—the resonances get so thick and confused that the game may seem not just theatre but labyrinthine, "deep": a masterpiece. I used the term "enthusiast" deliberately; the same writer describes the worshipful audiences and is himself among the worshipful, who treat "El Topo" as if it were the movie equivalent of a holy book. It is taken to be deep in the same sense that "The Prophet" used to be; "a work of incomprehensible depth," another enthusiast called it, and, still another, "an indescribable masterpiece." "El Topo" is really "The Bloody Prophet."

At the beginning, when the gunfighter in black is asked, "Who are you to judge me?," he replies, "I am God," and after punishing those who are not good enough to live he immolates himself because of the evil in the world. Unlike Buñuel, whose Surrealist techniques cracked open conventional pieties, Jodorowsky uses those techniques to support a sanctimonious view: Man-God tempted by evil, power-hungry woman abandons righteous ways and then, with the love of a good woman, becomes spiritual man, only to learn that the world is not ready for his spirituality. The movie uses Catholic symbols for "depth" much the way symbols were used to deepen "On the Waterfront," or the way the directors of American-made Westerns hang a cross around the neck of a poor Mexican whore. Catholics may be losing belief in the magical power of artifacts, but moviemakers still squeeze crosses for the last drops of superstitious thrill. Titles flash on the screen—"Genesis," "Prophets," "Psalms," "Apocalypse"—like "Powie!" in a cartoon. They inflate the meaning of what you actually get. The Eastern riddles and prophetic utterances are used the same way, only they're cute—lisping profundities. But, of course, those who are drawn to the movie can say, "What's the matter with putting it all together? Everything is Everything." Or, as someone actually wrote, " 'El Topo' is the all-inclusive myth, the Jungian archetypical dream of love/death, power and glory, body and spirit."

What makes it a head hit? Jodorowsky is not totally untalented; he has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, and he seems to get the performances he wants. But he wouldn't be called a great master if he were be-

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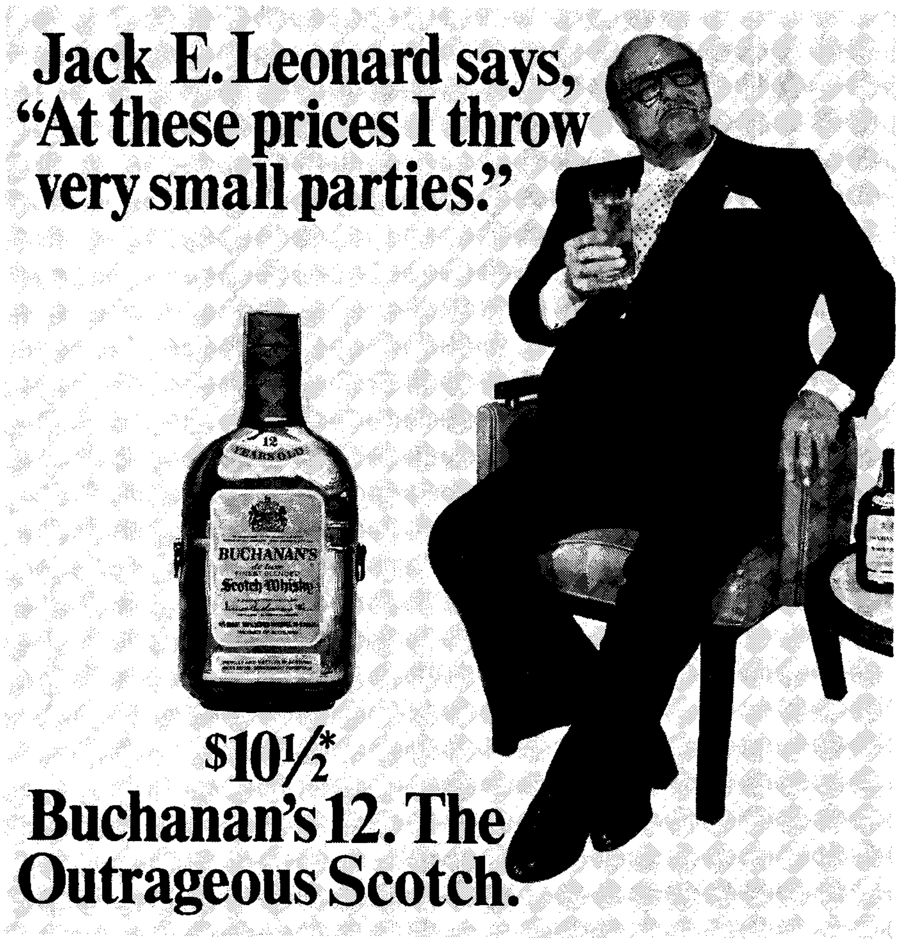

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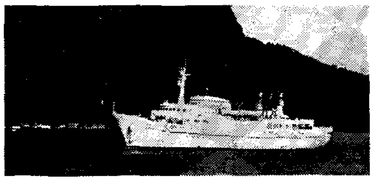

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ing judged simply as a film director; enthusiasts think of him as a visionary, and even as a saint. Jodorowsky doesn't treat horror seriously as horror but, rather, treats it as both commonplace and somewhat funny—and, in a way, reversible. People in cruel comics who have their heads cut off sometimes put them right back on. The movie has a comparable buffoonishness about death—as, indeed, the spaghetti Westerns often have, but there is more of it here. It's a death romp, and the young audience appears to accept the film as no more "real" than the experiences they have in their skulls on drugs. That's why the blood doesn't bother them; that's why they don't gasp at knife thrusts or castrations, and why they're not repelled, either. I don't mean to suggest that this film appeals only to heads, or only to the pot generation (roughly, those who use marijuana frequently and trip out occasionally); there are others—probably some of the parents of the pot generation—who share in the sensibility, and still others who try to in order to feel in touch with youth. But "El Topo" has the right properties for a head film—the glaring color, the excesses and anomalies, the comic-strip jumble of periods and places, cacophonous music alternating with camp music and screeching bird sounds, women who speak with men's voices, primitive settings, nameless universal characters, porno eroticism, prophecies, transformations, rituals, miracles, and a sacrificial, somewhat paranoid vision. "El Topo" is all freaked out on love and mystery. And it's *violent*.

The confusion in talking about this film with someone who thinks it's a masterpiece comes from the fact that many heads consider their actual drug trips to be aesthetic experiences, and their only criterion for judging certain movies—head movies, especially, but some others, too—has become the intensity with which the movies hit them. I do not believe they would flock to "El Topo" and return to it if it were not for the violence. And, although I'm certainly not an authority on marijuana or on drugs, it seems obvious why: If the intensity of your sensations is what you judge a movie by, then the more shocks and dislocations and bloody thrills the better. On the one hand, the violence doesn't bother the heads, because they don't take it for real—it's a trip, a fantasy experience, separate from day-to-day living. On the other hand, the violence is what blows their minds. Devices from the theatre of cruelty are used to set off kicky fantasies. The

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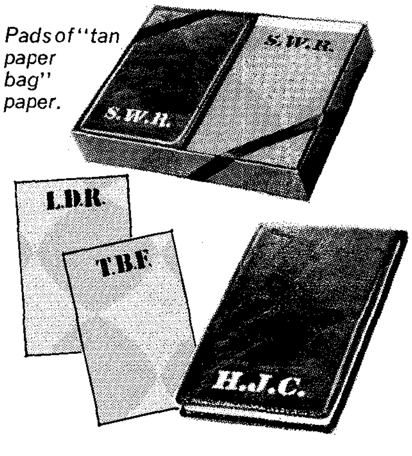

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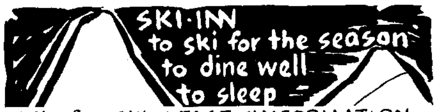

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cruelty becomes delectable, like the gore. I look at the screen and I know that the animals being slaughtered aren't plaster—not in Mexico, they're not—and I look at the cripples exhibiting their sores and shrunken limbs, which aren't plaster, either. And I react to the brutality, because I still associate violence with pain. But my guess is that for the head-movie audiences violence is dissociated from pain and is the richest ingredient of fantasy. It's the violence that turns them on.

I would not presume to guess whether there are dangers in this; I just don't know enough. But I do think this is at the core of why some of us want to walk out while others are having a big experience. One enthusiast wrote that the audience was "intoxicated" by the blood, another that " 'El Topo' runs RED, with castrations, beheadings, shootings, and mass murders which make the Sharon Tate scene look like kindergarten fare." Jodorowsky uses violence, just as he uses the collection of cripples, to excite the audience, to help it fantasize, and I don't imagine that the young audience drawn to this film sees anything wrong with that, since indeed it does excite fantasies in them, and that is basically their criterion for a great movie. But I do see something wrong with it, and I feel it the more strongly because Jodorowsky's fundamental amorality isn't even honest amorality. He's an exploitation filmmaker, but he glazes everything with a useful piety. It's the violence plus the unctuous prophetic tone that makes "El Topo" a *heavy* trip. The filmmaker-star says, I am God and I sacrifice Myself for your sins; I am Christ-turned-killer for your sins. The whole movie is an act of self-worship, a narcissist's Mass, and it sells mystical violence at just the moment when the counter-culture is buying mystical violence. Who would have thought that in the twentieth century Americans would become Spaniards?

Exploitation filmmakers have always specialized in sex or shock (or a combo), and their greatest virtue—their only virtue, really—has been how nakedly they sold it. Hollywood might titillate and pour on the sentimentality, but the exploitation men weren't such hypocrites; besides, they didn't have the means to pour on sentimentality. Jodorowsky has come up with something new: exploitation filmmaking joined to sentimentality—the sentimentality of the counter-culture. They mix frighteningly well: for the counter-culture violence is romantic and shock is beautiful, because extremes of feeling and

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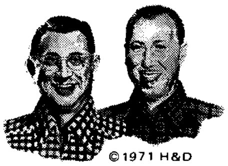

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lack of control are what one takes drugs *for*. What has been happening, I think, is that the counter-culture has begun to look for the equivalent of a drug trip in its theatrical experiences. I think it still responds to non-head movies if there's a possibility of direct identification with the characters, but increasingly movies appear to be valued only for their intensity. In the Arts and Leisure section of the Sunday *Times*, which has become a gathering place for euphoric critics, one can see that even the critical prose attempts to evoke psychedelic experience: "At moments [Ken] Russell achieves a kind of cinematic synesthesia, a dizzying, disorienting experience in which all senses—visual, aural, even tactile—seem to blur," and so on. The worst blows to the art of motion pictures in the past have come from the businessmen who primed everything for the tastes of the conformist mass audience; the worst blows now (and maybe not just to films) could come from the businessmen priming everything for the counter-culture—if the biggest successes turn out to be head movies. ("El Topo" is being distributed by the manager of three of the Beatles.) Head movies don't have to be works of art—they just have to be sensational. For heads, there appears to be no difference.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

Fall is here and the leaves are beginning to change color. The colors will stay bright for awhile, but, as everyone knows, the leaves will eventually turn brown and fall to the ground, causing innumerable problems for municipalities which must find some way to get rid of them.

Burning has often been homeowners' way to dispose of leaves, but beginning January 1, 1972, a state law prohibiting leaf burning will take effect.

Meanwhile, however, it is up to each local government to determine whether residents may burn leases.—*Princeton (N.J.) Packet.*

"Come, little lease," said the wind one day. . . .

●

At the swearing-in ceremony there were more jolly jokes against himself. He told the new commissioner as they were having their photograph taken together: "If you ever show this picture in Queens you'll be finished politically." (In Queens, where the commissioner lives, the mayor is notorious for having been slow in having Snow removed just after he first gained office.)—*London Times.*

Snow was that crooked official in the rock-salt scandal.

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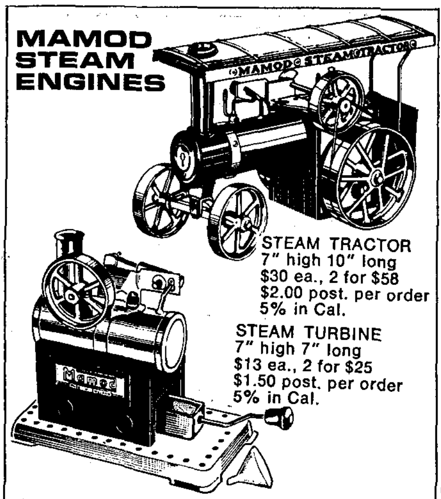

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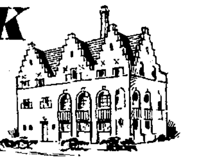

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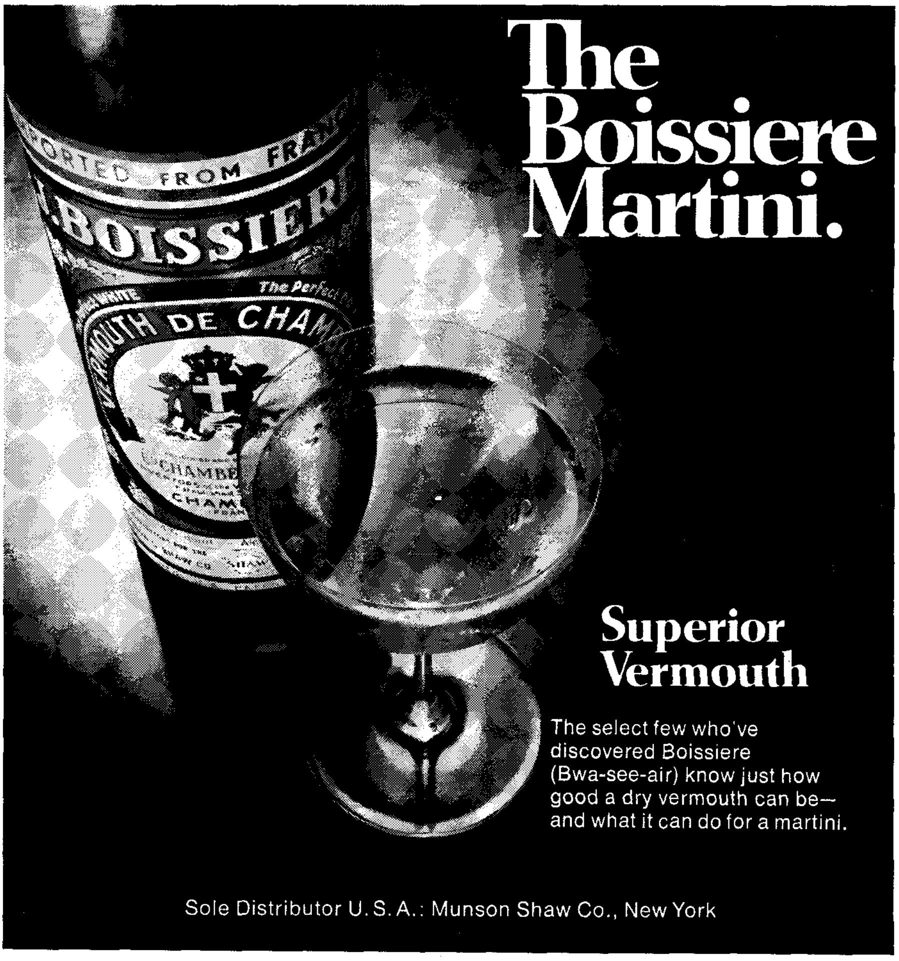
THE RACE TRACK

Male Superiority

DOWN at Garden State Park in Jersey last Saturday, people were wearing big buttons, some reading "I'm for the Queen," others "I'm for the King." Well, it was Riva Ridge, the King, who won the Garden State Stakes, settling any doubts as to who is the best two-year-old this season. He did it with authority, too, racing Key to the Mint into submission on the turn into the straight and going on to pass the post two and a half lengths ahead of Freetex, a 52–1 chance in the betting, who beat Key to the Mint by a neck. The Queen of the occasion, Numbered Account, was fourth, three-quarters of a length farther back. Though those who had hoped to see Riva Ridge and Numbered Account come down the stretch head and head were disappointed, it was an exciting race. In the early stages, Explodent popped off to a long lead (as you'd expect from his name), but Key to the Mint passed him and looked the winner until Riva Ridge came bearing relentlessly down on him. He and Riva Ridge were the pick of the eight runners on looks; Numbered Account, I thought, was lighter in flesh than she was at Belmont, and her coat was not as bright. She was away slowly, too. Baeza, her jockey, summed it up with "She didn't run her race." Riva Ridge's race was a repetition of his victories in the Flash, the Futurity, the Champagne, and the Laurel Futurity, which, with Saturday's victory, have earned him $503,263. Lucien Laurin, who trains him for the Meadow Stable, was too happy for words.

THERE will be no jumping races at Belmont or Aqueduct next season, the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association announced last week. However, they will be run on twenty days at Saratoga. The reason for dropping steeplechases—which, of course, was not given—was that there isn't as much betting on them as there is on flat races. The decision hardly came as a surprise. Last spring, there were no steeplechases at Belmont, which used to have one every day, and at the later meeting they were all, except for a few stakes, relegated to the last race on the card. That did it. A lot



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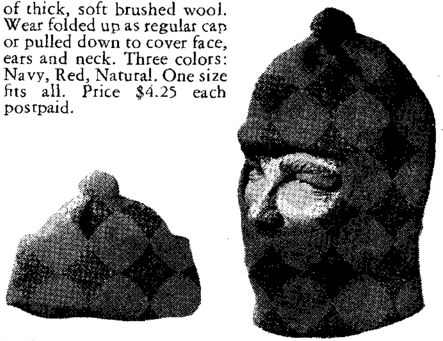

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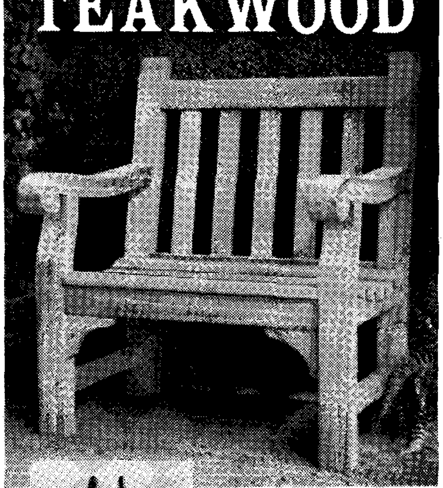

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of horseplayers leave before the last race.

Something has gone out of racing. There's really nothing comparable to a good steeplechase; it has more glamour and excitement than flat racing, and it's a sporting affair—not primarily business. Still, I can't scream at the N.Y.R.A. for what it has done. Year by year, the stables devoted to jumpers have been getting fewer, and their stock poorer. From a financial point of view, it's not hard to imagine why anyone except owners who can well afford it—and who, incidentally, win most of the races—would keep steeplechasers. Certainly nobody develops them the way they were turned out when Mrs. Payne Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, and Joe Widener were high on the winning list. And I can't blame the public for not betting on jumpers, who these days aren't much to begin with. Except in the Temple Gwathmey and the Brook Steeplechase, they put on a poor show.

The Colonial Cup Steeplechase, that hundred-thousand-dollar event at Camden, South Carolina, will be run this Saturday, and the chances are that Shadow Brook or Top Bid will win it. There will be fewer horses from abroad this year; because of the threat of equine encephalitis last summer, stricter quarantine regulations have reduced the shipments. But the race will be on television (Channel 9, at 2:30 P.M.), and you can have a flutter on it at the Off-Track Betting Corporation shops around town. You couldn't get a bet down if you were in Camden, unless a Midnight Charlie bookmaker was around, because betting is illegal there.

OH, yes, there was racing at the Big A last Saturday. The Cragwood Stable brought off a 20–1 chance with Red Reality in the Queens County Handicap, and Hobeau Farm's Peace Corps and Tunex finished second and third. The day's handle was $4,640,376. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Newport Pharmaceuticals International Inc. of Newport Beach is now disavowing its disavowal. Or at least it seems so.

Recently the firm came out with a press release which said that no company employe had ever claimed its "anti-cold" drug was an anti-cold drug or that the wage-price freeze is an anti-hepatitis drug.
—*Gene Wekall in the Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

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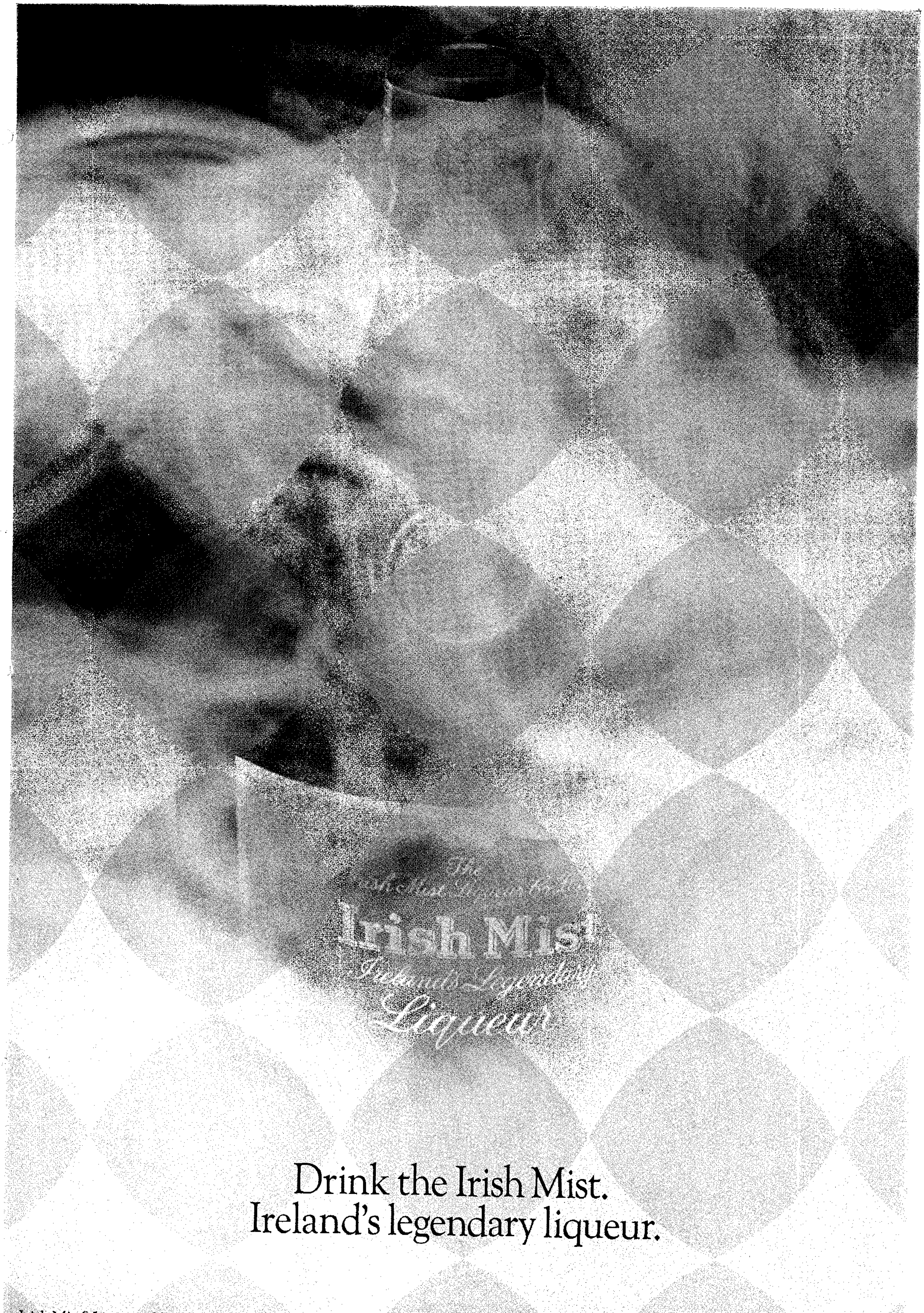
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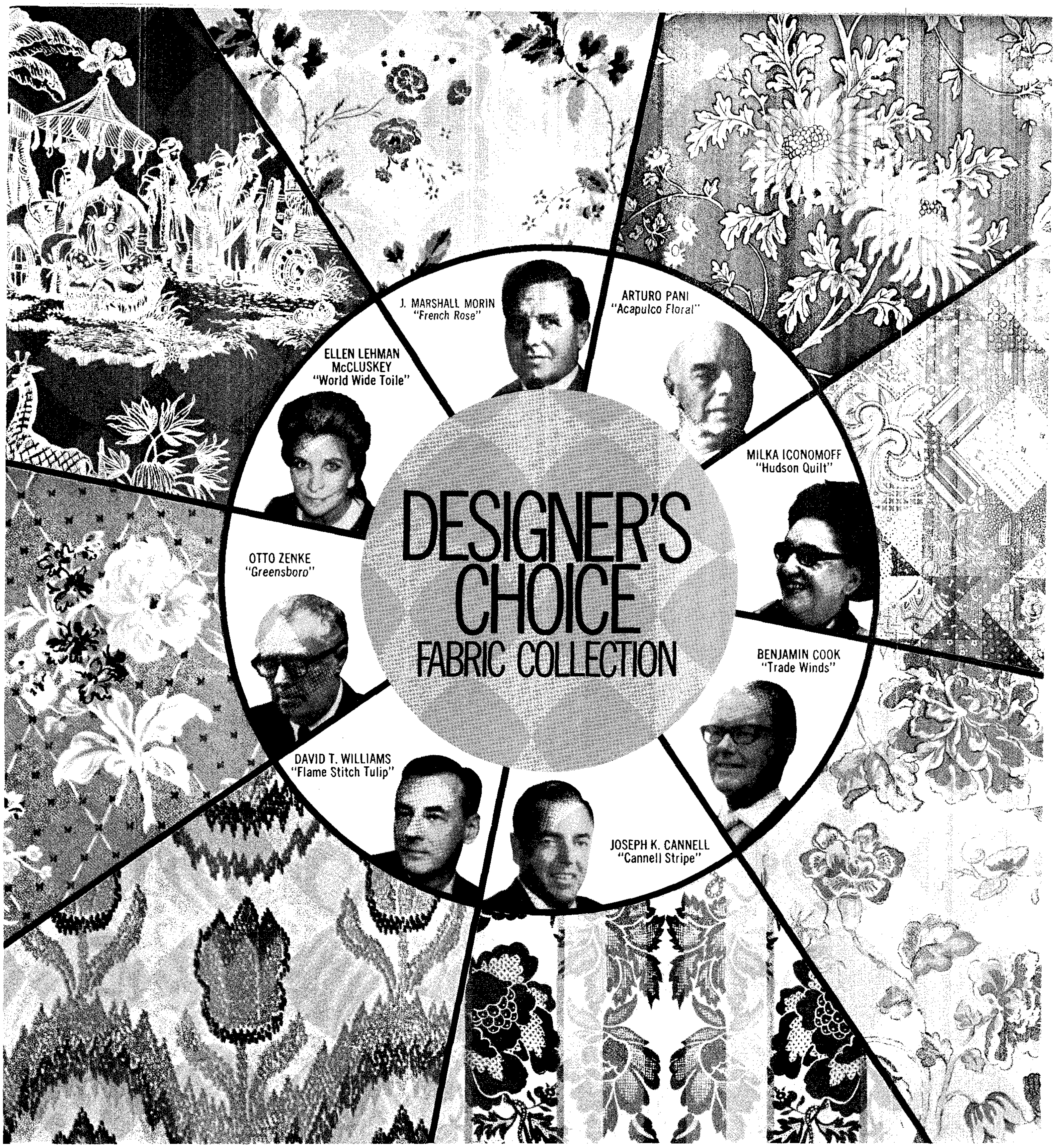
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BOOKS

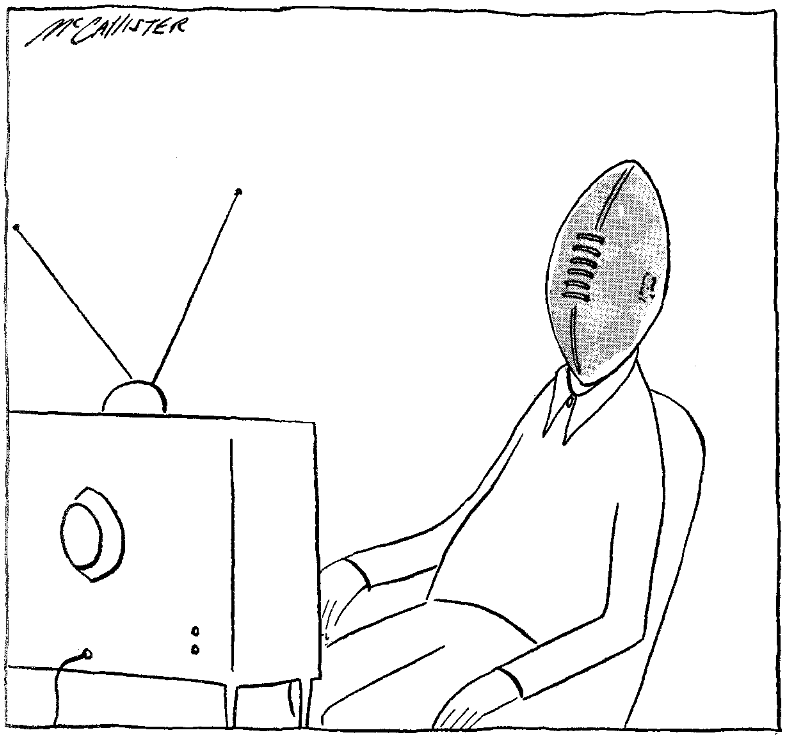
E Pluribus What?

“Why Can't They Be Like Us? America's White Ethnic Groups” (Dutton) is a short, intelligent work that its author, Andrew M. Greeley (a Catholic priest who is a sociologist at the University of Chicago), announces is both a preface to and a plea for further studies he thinks should be done about the individual natures and peculiar qualities of those American groups that still identify themselves with a European ethnicity. Some of the chapters report on surveys, some argue, some are anecdotal or impressionistic, but the theme is all one—a plea for the rights of ethnicity. The book is informative, pleasant to read, sometimes diverting, and sometimes surprising. It is also frequently perplexing, since findings about ethnic groups can be mysterious, at least to outsiders: Why do Polish-Americans and Irish-Americans get along badly? Greeley's enthusiastic espousal of ethnic nationalisms in the United States is even more puzzling, inasmuch as he admits that the European contributions to these hyphenated American cultures are not especially glorious but merely the cultures of European peasant villages that—both cultures and villages—failed to sustain themselves in nineteenth-century Europe. One of Greeley's points—the most important, perhaps—is indisputable: prejudice against members of white ethnic groups is as unjustifiable as any other prejudice. But on this matter, too, Greeley is puzzling. He keeps saying that ethnic groups dislike each other (sometimes his plea for research on ethnicity seems motivated solely by a wish to abate this form of hostility—a social-science program equivalent to “find out what the children are doing and tell them to stop it”), but just as often he suggests that prejudices against ethnic Americans are held only, or mainly, by left-wing intellectuals. Were this true, we could all rejoice, for it would mean that American Nativism, which was politically powerful for nearly a century (from the days of the Know-Nothings to the election of 1928), is now confined to that tiny number of Americans who consider themselves radicals or revolutionaries or intellectuals. And yet, though Greeley is witty and lively about this, he is not jubilant, possibly because he must realize that he is pushing a good argument so far that it becomes a bad one. His praise of self-created ethnic ghettos, of urban ethnic “turfs,” as quasi-public and legitimate arrangements is unpersuasive. He extols pluralism and diversity, but his system of multiple apartheid promises that Americans tucked into ethnic and racial Bantustans would encounter not diversity but homogeneity. And he keeps talking of “primordial” human urges to differentiate between a “we” and a “they,” of the “territorial imperative,” and of similar speculative and ahistorical notions, as if we all agreed on what is “primordial” and as if what is “primordial” had precedence over what is civilized. That opens all sorts of vistas. Incest, anybody?

The philosophical implications of all this primitivism and particularism are deplorable. They are at odds with Christianity, and, for that matter, with any of the first-rate thought of the Western World, which, whether pagan or religious or secular, is universal. Ethnicity in our time has been the refuge of the second-rate: at best, nationalism; at worst, Fascism. This is probably because loyalty to one's own kind, a virtue Greeley extols, is an insufficient virtue; as Jesus noted, “For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?” But the main difficulty in emphasizing, perpetuating, or even having any respect for ethnic and racial differences within this country is simply that our state and federal constitutions, our public institutions, and the spirit of our laws have always been opposed to such divisions. Our government cannot, and never could, accept them, because the generations that brought about the Revolution, wrote the state and federal constitutions, and led the young republic were bent on eradicating hereditary qualitative distinctions among men—the ranks, estates, and castes that made the governments of Europe evil or “absurd,” as this word is used in the Massachusetts constitution of 1780:

> No man, nor corporation or association of men, have any other title to obtain advantages, or particular and exclusive privileges, distinct from those of the community, than what arises from the consideration of services rendered to the public; and this title, being in nature neither hereditary nor transmissible to children, or descendants, or relations by blood, the idea of a man born a magistrate, lawgiver, or judge, is absurd and unnatural.

Thus—and not, I think, by accident—our political ancestors wrote constitutions that made other hereditary distinctions either unconstitutional or incongruous, or both. Nobody, naturally, knows exactly what the founding fathers, or any other group of eighteenth-century radicals, foresaw; one imagines that no man of the time could have guessed, judging by what was by then visible in England, how industrialization would transform the Western world—how it would drive European peasants to the cities of Europe and the United States, empty some New England villages and convert others into mill towns. The convention that drew up the federal Constitution did discuss the possibil-



ity that agriculture might one day lose its predominance, and nevertheless voted down a proposal to limit suffrage to freeholders. The delegates to that convention did not conceive the United States to be a great power; they deemed it to be feeble, and liable to be—if not recolonized by England—dismantled or manipulated by all or any of the other great powers of the day. When the convention debated whether naturalized citizens should sit in the House and Senate, some delegates said they feared that foreign-born legislators might work on behalf of their native countries, but the convention balanced this fear against its hopes and decided not to limit the political future of foreign-born Americans, except for the Presidency. We have the habit—mistaken, I think—of assuming that the lower motive is always the truer one, and perhaps the real reason the Constitution is not a Nativist, exclusionary document is that the delegates wished desperately to populate their weak and empty country. But many of them recalled with gratitude the foreigners who had served the Revolution, and the word that was reiterated to defeat the proposals to place disabilities on the foreign-born was "illiberal." John Adams, discussing the state constitutions before the federal Constitution had been written, sums up their ideas in his "Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America":

> In America, there are different orders of offices, but none of men. Out of office, all men are of the same species, and of one blood.

I myself think that all of us, at least with part—the better part—of our hearts, accept that last sentence, and I think that this, and not, as Greeley suggests, ethnic shame or Nativist prejudice, is why many Americans feel uneasy about our accommodations with race and ethnicity. Ethnic spokesmen, race leaders, balanced tickets—all these, and similar contemptuous kindnesses, belittle the nature of American citizenship. The difficulty—in the past, at any rate—has been a naïve notion of American nationality: the assumption that later immigrants would grow to resemble the earlier ones, while the originals and their descendants would remain unchanged, the living definitions and examples of American nationality. Greeley is right to deride this concept, but wrong, I feel, to think that the cultures of either new or old Americans can remain separate and unchanging. Groups of people have always affected one another: American

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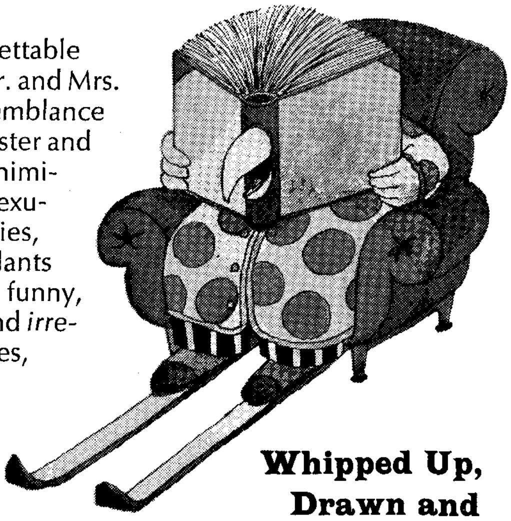

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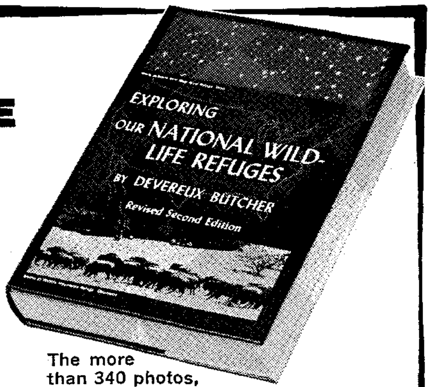

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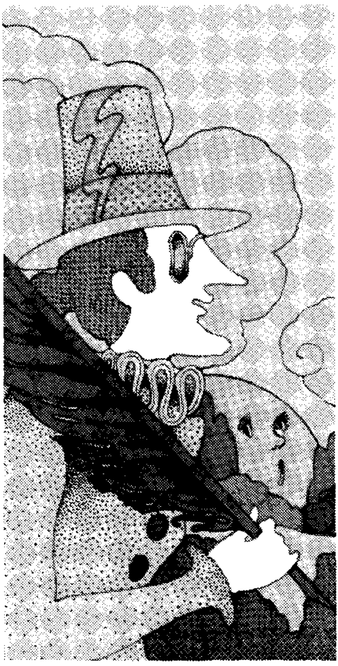

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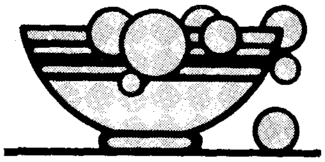

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blacks taught American whites their dances, American Catholics alleviated the Protestant Sunday. Benjamin Franklin could hardly have objected to either development.

There is a tradition of radicalism masquerading as conservatism (English revolutionaries in the seventeenth century claimed to be restoring an ancient Constitution that had never existed), but I do not believe that I am indulging in that kind of radicalism. In any case, our Constitution does exist. And Greeley keeps referring to a past more remote than the eighteenth century, arguing that, despite changes in human society, human beings and human nature have not changed since approximately the Creation, and that ethnic communities meet the same unaltering needs that pre-industrial villages did. I wish I felt as sure about the past as Greeley does. Historical, let alone prehistorical, times are often hard to grasp: for instance, the reality of Rome—an empire that included cities as diverse as York, Sofia, Alexandria. And it is hard to imagine why, in that mighty sovereignty, municipal officials were expected to provide those hideous games. Marcus Aurelius was no great fan of such spectacles, but even when the price of gladiators became exorbitant he did not dare to abolish the games. Instead, with the idea of making public service less impoverishing—in the spirit in which we now want to reduce campaign costs—he allowed the municipal officials in Lyon to buy men who had been imprisoned for being Christians to be killed in the arena. Whether human nature has changed or not, people's political behavior has certainly changed. Lyonnais officials may still consider the people demanding, but their demands are different. It is unlikely that the citizens of Chicago will demand the cosseting of their ethnicity *ad infinitum* (or ad nauseam).

The most useful political thought nowadays—and there should be more of it—is designing utopias. We need to tell each other what we hope for, where we wish to go. Greeley talks mostly of the present, though he prophesies that "ethnic groups . . . will . . . continue to play an important role," and the utopia his book implies resembles the Austro-Hungarian Empire, whose re-creation would be impractical, even among utopias. Greeley may seem realistic when he speaks, say, of ethnic worries about school busing—at least when you compare him with a founding father like James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, who during the Constitutional debates grew impatient with

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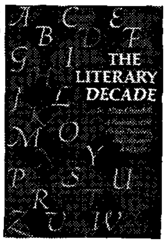

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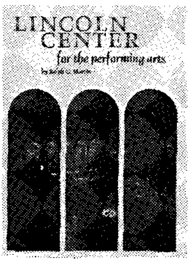

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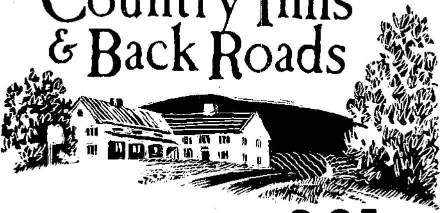

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everybody's trying to be so down-to-earth and declared that he "could not agree that property was the sole or the primary object of Government or society. The cultivation and improvement of the human mind was the most noble object." Yet who, after all, is impractical or unrealistic—a man like Wilson, evidently irritable on a July day in 1787, who looked forward to a "most noble" future, or a man who, like Greeley, urbane and sensible in 1971, dwells on those deserted villages and longs for an irrecoverable past?

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WILLY REMEMBERS, by Irvin Faust (Arbor House). Willy Kleinhans, a flannelmouthed ninety-three-year-old retired East Side dairyman, looks back on his service in the Spanish-American War and other vicissitudes of a crowded and extremely opinionated lifetime. The hero's monologues are stuffed not only with his own old doings but also with several decades of news headlines, politics, songs, public gossip, sports events, advertising slogans, and other fragments of popular culture, which have begun to blur and clog in his memory (the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" marries Lana Turner). This is comical stuff, and there are also passages of sustained sprightliness, including the account of a son's obsessed career as a wholly incompetent pole-vaulter. Unfortunately, Mr. Faust, who writes with almost undue ease and dash, is much less successful with some other bravura attempts, most notably his combat scenes; the entire bloody business at San Juan Hill remains less affecting than Willy's tabloid *madeleines*—Pebeco, Magda Lupescu, California Syrup of Figs, Muni Weisenfreund, "Jump on the Manhattan Merry Go Round," "nov shmoz ka pop."

GENERAL

RIDING THE STORM, 1956-1959, by Harold Macmillan (Harper & Row). The author's account of the Suez crisis, Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, and his own tenure as Prime Minister up to the dissolution of his Government in September, 1959, and the new Parliamentary elections that—in the next volume—returned him with an increased majority. Macmillan's career is a political success story, though it does

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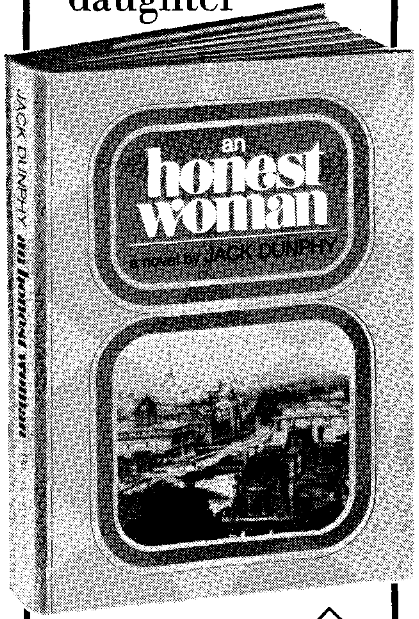

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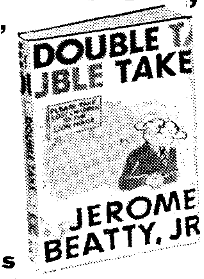

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not seem that way to him; he was earnest and eager to serve, rather than merely ambitious to shine, through all the multitudinous events and anxieties, alarums and excursions in this chronicle. But the most exciting thing that Macmillan does in this book is simply to tell what it is like to be a Prime Minister. Whether American readers will most enjoy reading about what is common to both countries or what is particular to each is hard to say. Macmillan, on either side, is a jaunty writer: "The House of Lords . . . can be more troublesome to a Government of the Right than to one of the Left. As exhausted or discarded Ministers and retired Members of the House of Commons begin to congregate in the Upper House, the combination of experience with disappointment can sometimes be formidable." Fifteen dollars.

WHAT BECAME OF JANE AUSTEN? AND OTHER QUESTIONS, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A collection of thirty-one literary and/or autobiographical essays. Most of them—and all the most interesting ones—express views that, for the moment at least, are heretically unfashionable. On Nabokov: "The sustained din of pun, allusion, neologism, *cynghanedd*, apostrophe, parenthesis, rhetorical question, French, Latin, 'anent,' 'perchance,' 'would fain,' 'for the nonce'—here is style and no mistake . . . [but] the end product sadly evokes a Charles Atlas muscleman of language as opposed to the healthy and useful adult." On D. H. Lawrence: "It might even be more intelligent to leave Lawrence on his pinnacle, inspiring, unapproachable, and unread." On literary regimentation: "Our cultural puritanism does not encourage the writers of thrillers or adventure stories, any of the genres, unless it can be maintained that the genre in question is being used as no more than a vehicle, a metaphor, and that the author is really going on about modern society and the human heart." On the sources of his disenchantment with the left: "On famed October 27th, 1968, seven people in London demonstrated against the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia while fifty thousand, at the lowest count, were demonstrating against U.S. 'imperialism' in Vietnam." A stimulating book.

STREETS, ACTIONS, ALTERNATIVES, RAPS, by John Stickney (Putnam). Here is a book that tells us a good

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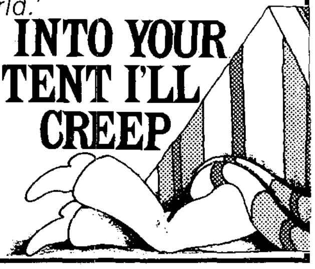
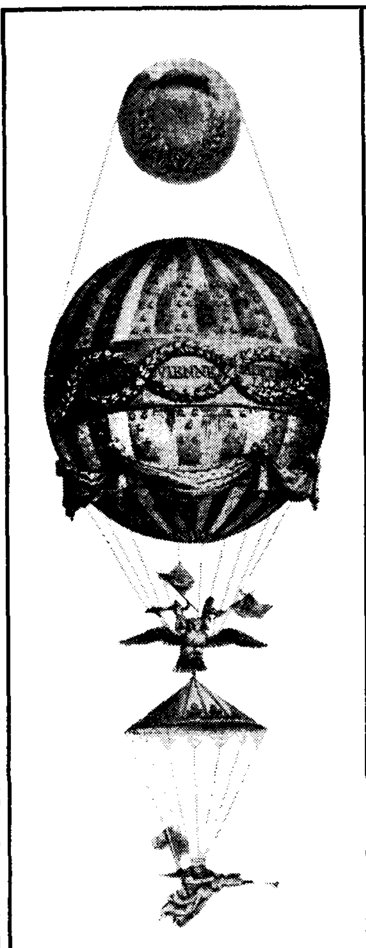


deal that we already knew, but tells it with such clarity that it seems fresh. The author, a twenty-five-year-old reporter, hitchhiked around the country in the summer and fall of 1970, stopping at universities, communes, coöperatives, main streets, underground papers, and other places sheltering what he calls "the new culture." In general, he found that culture to be in disarray—shaken by the recent bombings, split by women's liberation, and demoralized by governmental repression. These are not startling findings, and this could be called a superficial book. Mr. Stickney does not get to the bottom of any important question; he often seems excessively eager to move on. However, he has recorded his wide travels clearly and sympathetically—a difficult feat, and one that helps all of us to consider where the radical movement may go next.

THE GRAND ORIGINAL: PORTRAITS OF RANDOLPH CHURCHILL BY HIS FRIENDS, edited by Kay Halle (Houghton Mifflin). Everyone, including Randolph Churchill himself, always agreed that he was affected by growing up as the son of a famous public figure, but nobody ever agreed exactly how. His failures to make the best of his undeniable gifts, along with his propensity for (verbally) violent controversy, pretty well summed up the public image of the Prime Minister's difficult boy—at least until his biography of his father demonstrated his capacity for solid, sustained work. In this volume, a motley collection of friends of varied backgrounds and nationalities contribute their recollections and impressions of a man who was considerably more complicated and infinitely more charming than strangers knew. No one contributor grasps all of him (he naturally had disparate relationships with an American journalist, an Oxford don, and a Yugoslav partisan) but the irrepressible, brilliant, outgoing, quarrelsome, funny, unself-conscious person they describe becomes ever more captivating—and therefore, curiously, ever less tragic or unfulfilled.

THE WHITE GENERALS, by Richard Luckett (Viking). A history of the civil war of nearly four years that followed the Russian Revolution of 1917. It is written in terms of the military campaigns and of the four White Russian generals and an admiral—Kornilov, Denikin, Mannerheim, Wrangel, and Admiral Kolchak—who fought them. These are



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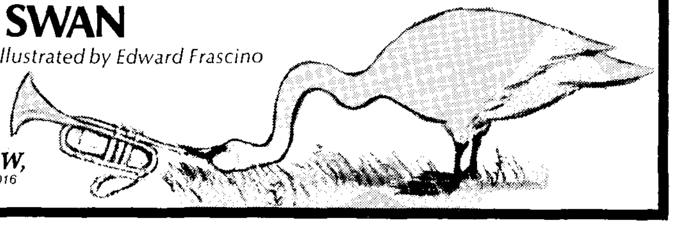

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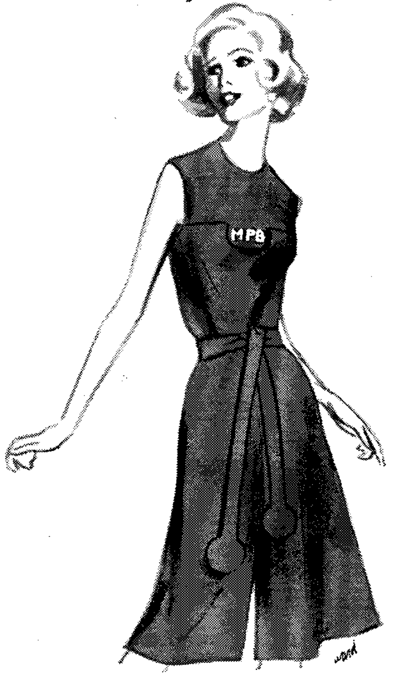

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storied names, of course, but, unfortunately for their posterity, and for the integrity of history, they have been storied chiefly in the "White Guard" propaganda of the Soviet Russians, which has always portrayed them as corrupt and murderous clowns. The author, a young and very bright British historian, is not out to make revisionist heroes of the White generals; he has sought to establish the truth of the civil war, as far as it can be ascertained, and to tell us the fate of these Russian leaders—not all rigid reactionaries by any means—who fought to save their country from the Bolsheviks. Photographs and maps.

OUR KATE, by Catherine Cookson (Bobbs-Merrill). The autobiography of an Englishwoman who in the past twenty years or so has produced a number of distinguished novels set in the industrial towns along the banks of the Tyne. Our Kate is the author's mother. (She was addressed that way, too—"Can I go to the store for you, our Kate?") She had had her daughter out of wedlock, and had been taken back by her family to drudge for them at no pay. She drank; her daughter loved her when she was sober, for she was a wonderful, loving person, and loathed her when she'd been at it, for then she could be terrible. Home life was hell; there was the constant stigma of bastardy and other humiliations—no decent clothes, having to go to the pawn, being seen carrying the beer through the streets from the bar. The book, then, is about being poor and despised, but it is about other things—about a little girl's fight, taking on all comers, to win out over her circumstances, and about the conquest of the fear, the generalized, many-faced fear, that lives with the poor, waking and sleeping.

NOTE: Harper & Row has published "Something Marvellous Is About to Happen," a collection of picture-essays, comic strips, and unclassifiable items by James Stevenson. Much of the material first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

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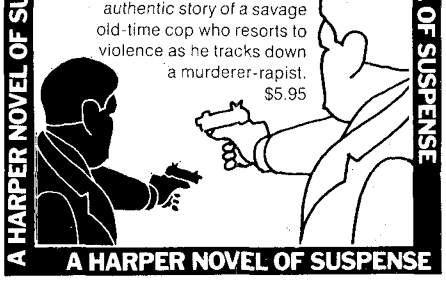

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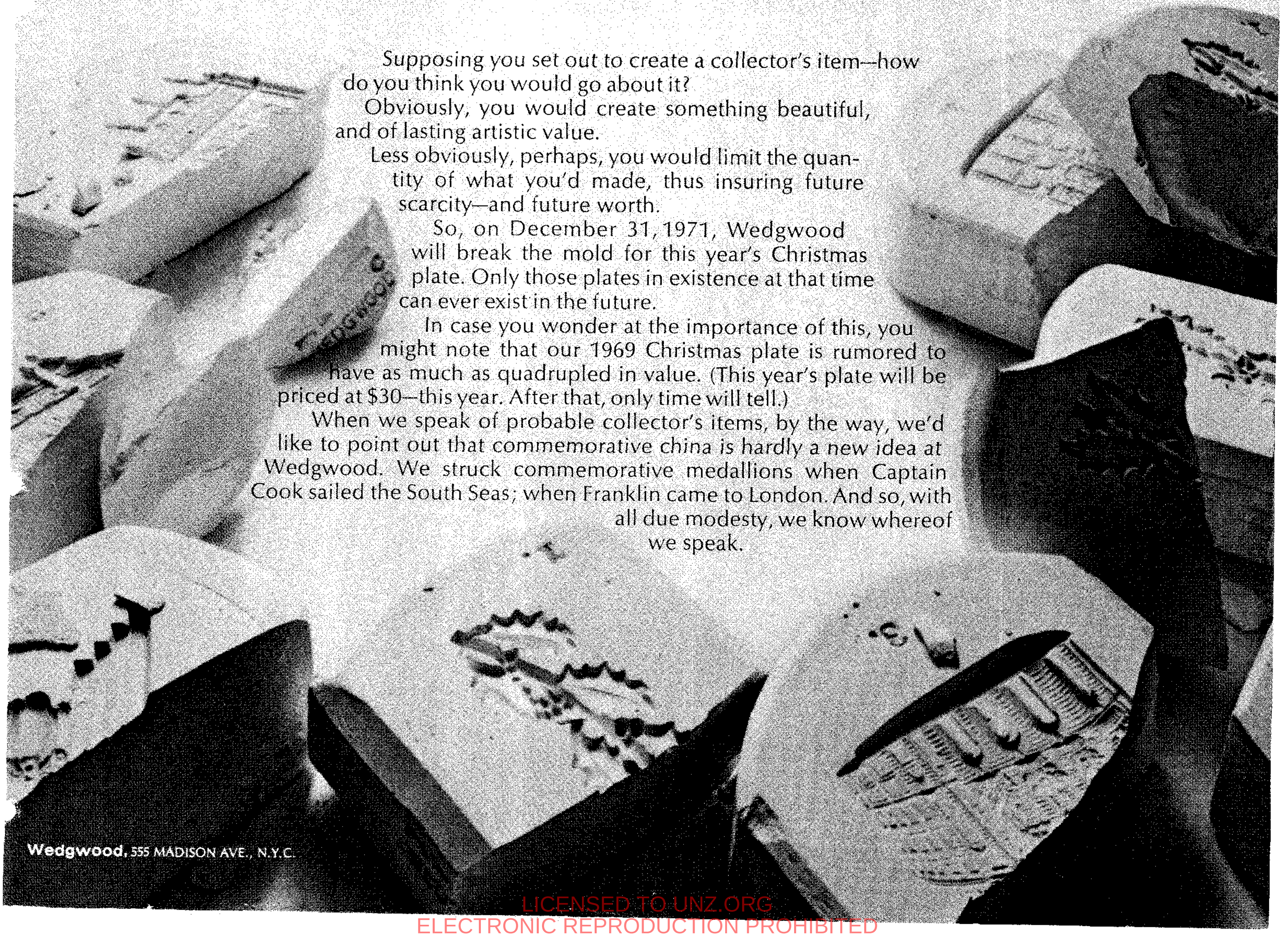

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